

CONNING TOWER

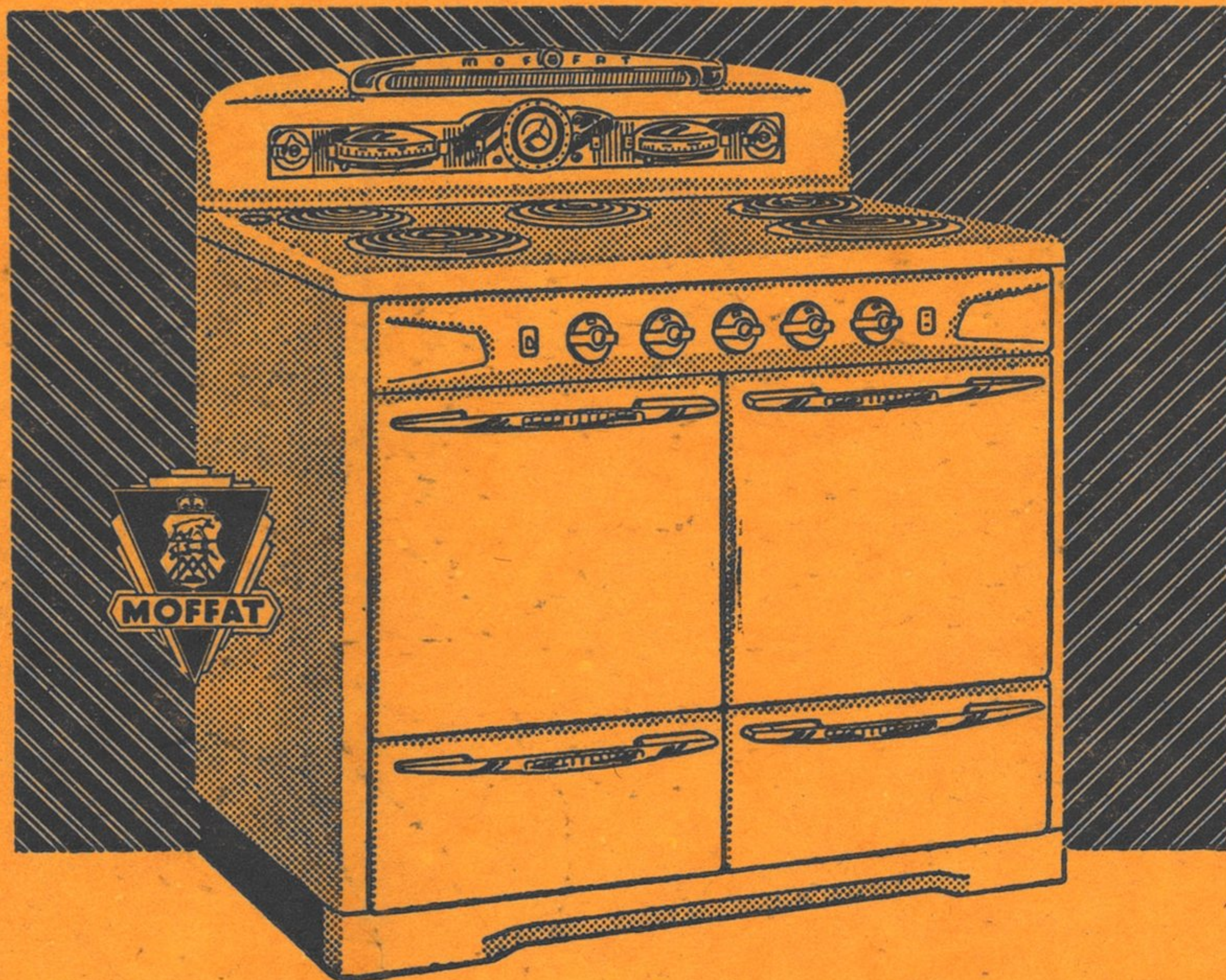
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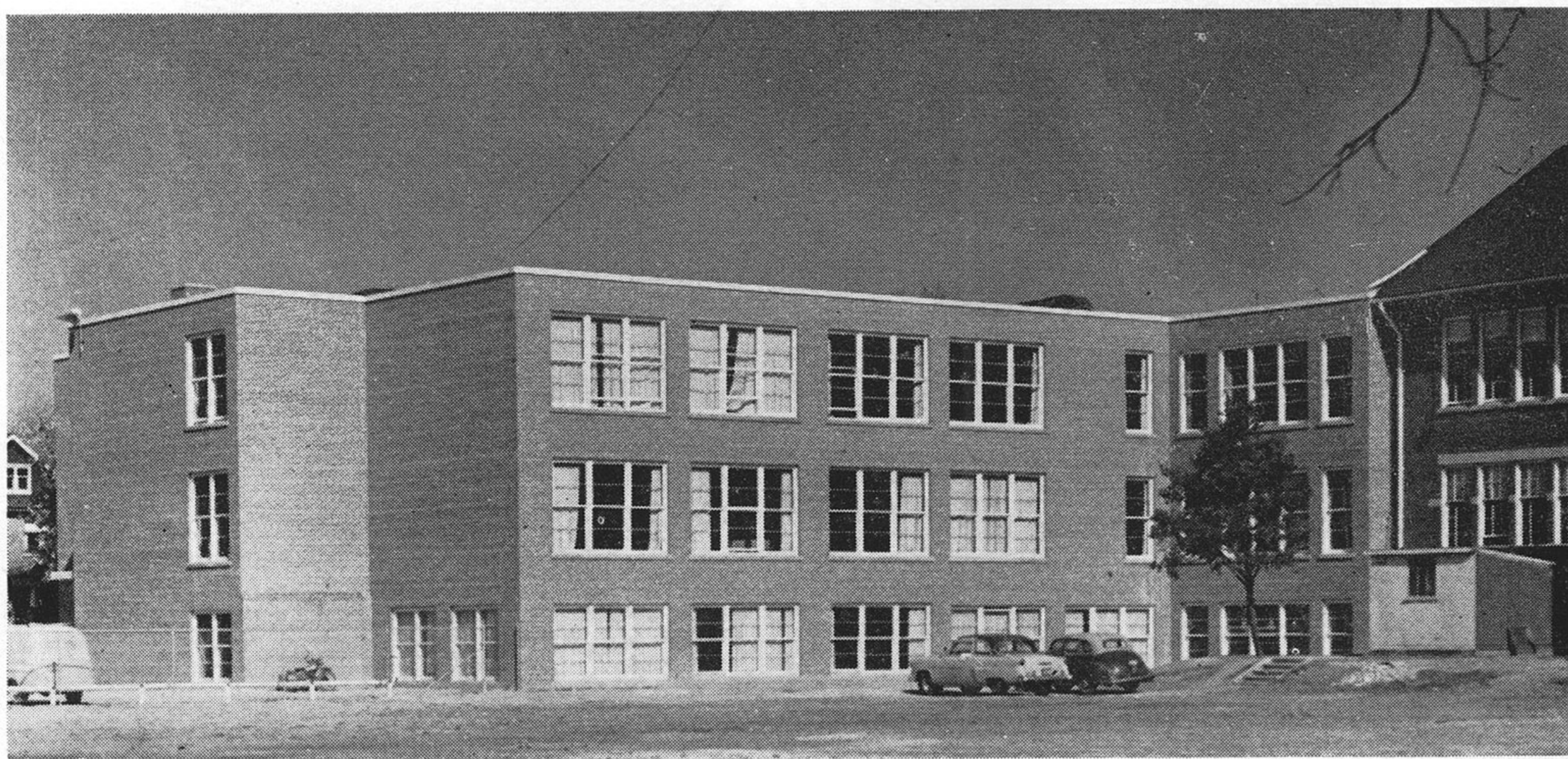


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THE

CONNING TOWER



MANU CORDEQUE

Weston Collegiate
and Vocational School

Easter, 1954



The Principal's Message

It is a pleasure to introduce the Conning Tower once more. In it is reflected the large number of activities carried out in the School.

This year the chief item of interest is the opening of the new wing. We have all been very happy about activities in connection with the Official Opening and the continuing pleasure of "having enough space in pleasing surroundings."

I would like to record my personal thanks for the co-operation of the staff and student body during the building program.

In conclusion, may I extend to those who are leaving the School this year the best of good wishes for their success in the future.

E. H. G. WORDEN.

THE CONNING TOWER

Weston Collegiate and Vocational School

1954

EDITORIAL STAFF

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF	Joan Walton
ASSOCIATE EDITORS	Sandra Hudson, Barbara Simpson
ACTIVITIES	Dorothy Wilson
ADVERTISING	Julia Mostoway
ALUMNI	Norah Thomson, John Catherwood
ART	Barbara Savage
BUSINESS	Deanne Ashwell
CADETS	Bernard Lynch
FORM NEWS	Janet McCormick
HUMOUR	Ann Brown
LITERARY	Bob Taylor
PHOTOGRAPHY	John Bell
SPORTS	Phyllis Peters, Vincent Taylor

STAFF ADVISERS

ADVERTISING	Mr. Gemmell
EDITORIAL	Mr. Bailey, Mr. Branscombe
PHOTOGRAPHY	Mr. Clayson
PRODUCTION	Mr. Yeigh



MEMBERS OF THIS YEAR'S CONNING TOWER STAFF

Front row: Vince Taylor, Joan Walton, Barbara Savage, Bob Taylor.

Second row: Sandra Hudson, Phyllis Peters, Julia Mostoway, Barbara Simpson.

Third row: Deanne Ashwell, B. Lynch, Anne Brown, Dorothy Wilson, Janet McCormick.

Absent: Norah Thompson, John Bell, John Catherwood.

PRIZE-WINNERS

Many fine contributions were made to our Literary Section this year, but the judges finally made these awards:

Poetry: The Passing Seasons, Carol Slater, 13B.

Essay: Memoirs of a Blackboard, Janet Berketa, C11A.

Story: A Short-Cut to Insanity, Armand Hollinsworth, 12C.

Honourable mention:

Poetry: On Keeping Canada Free, Carol Slater, 13B; School Spirit, Bill Plewes, 13A.

Essays: Miseries of Oral Composition, Ruth Parker, 10B; Citizenship, Vernon Smith 13A.

Stories: CF-100, Barbara Savage, 12A; I. M. Slick — The Private Dick; David Watts, 13A.

The Literary Editor and members of the literary staff wish to express their deep appreciation to Miss D. M. Wattie, Miss Janet Smith, and Mr. W. J. Burgess who very capably judged this contest.

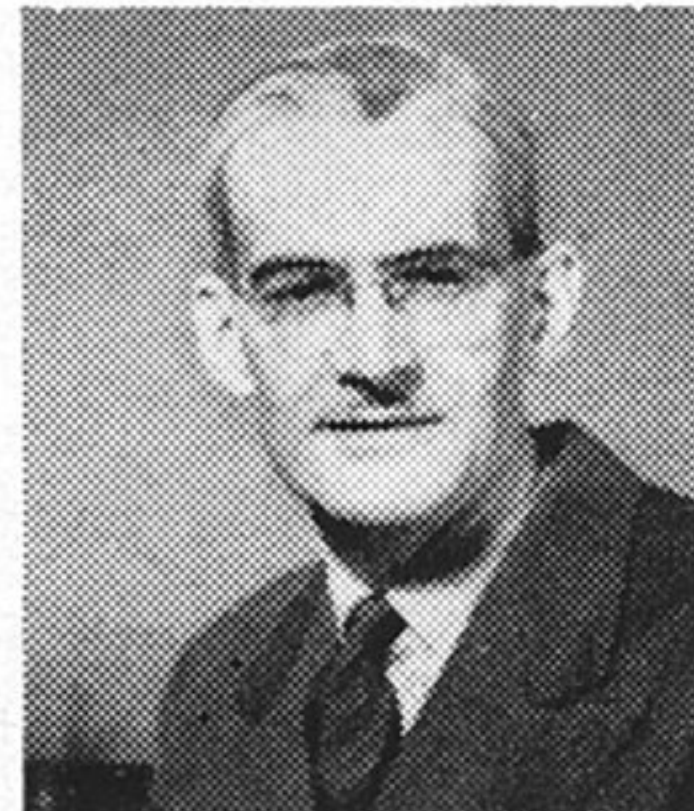
THE W.C.V.S. STAFF, 1953-54



E. H. G. Worden



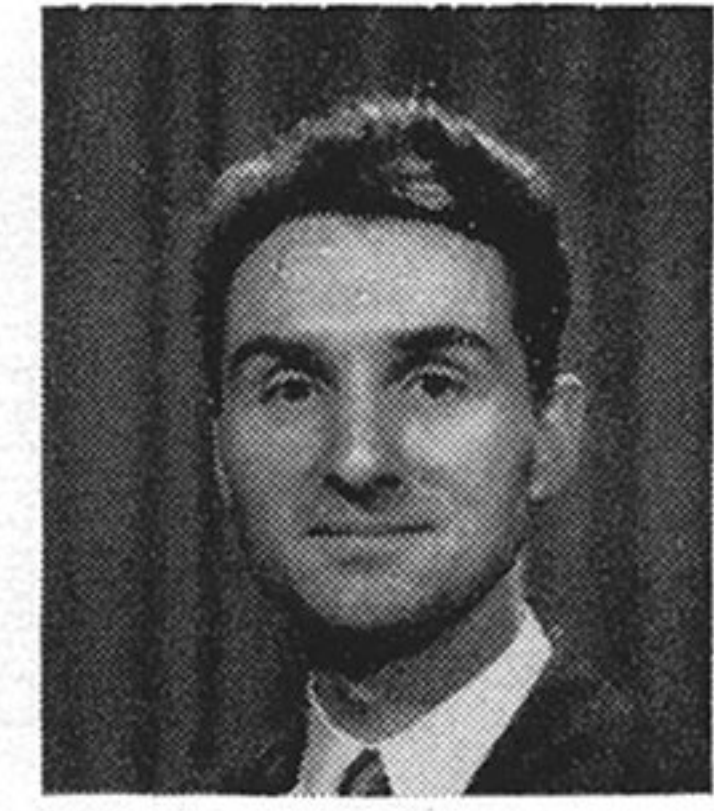
C. W. Christie



G. H. Bailey



R. G. Baxter



G. A. Beech



A. Bell



E. M. Buell



F. R. Branscombe



I. Bullock



W. J. Burgess



T. J. Calnan



M. E. Cameron



M. Campbell



V. G. Carrie



J. C. Clayson



L. I. Coburn



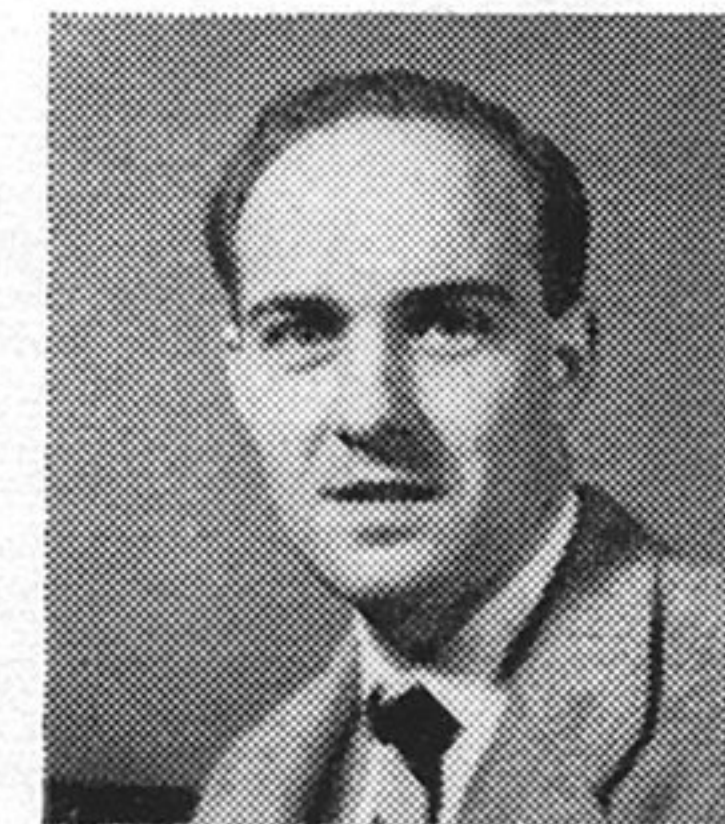
R. C. Calhoun



H. A. Constable



W. J. Ellison



P. H. E. Ferguson



R. G. Gemmell



W. G. Goddard



J. Govenlock



T. E. R. Green



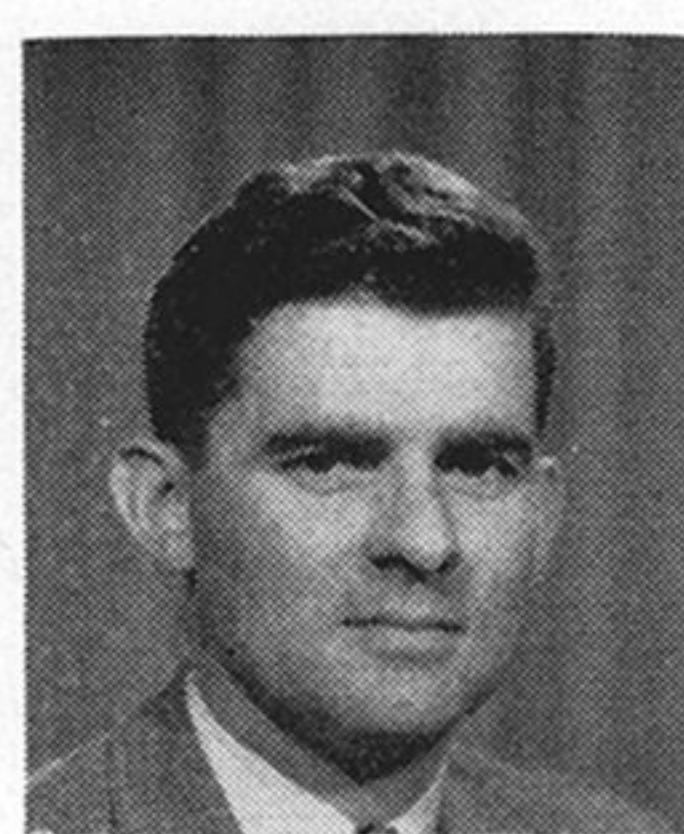
R. R. Heard



W. C. Hewitt



J. E. Hoey



S. Inch



M. Klopp



W. D. Lancaster



R. H. Leckie



J. Lethbridge



D. E. Loney



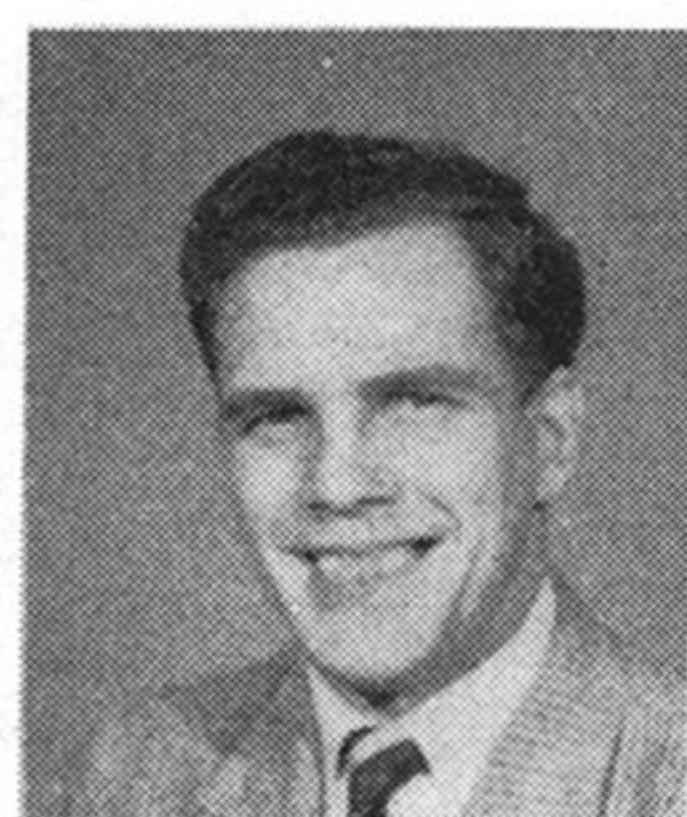
B. Metcalfe



W. K. McGilis



J. G. McLean



E. C. McMillan



G. M. Miller



G. H. Russell



R. S. Scott



J. H. Smith



A. Taylor



M. Thompson



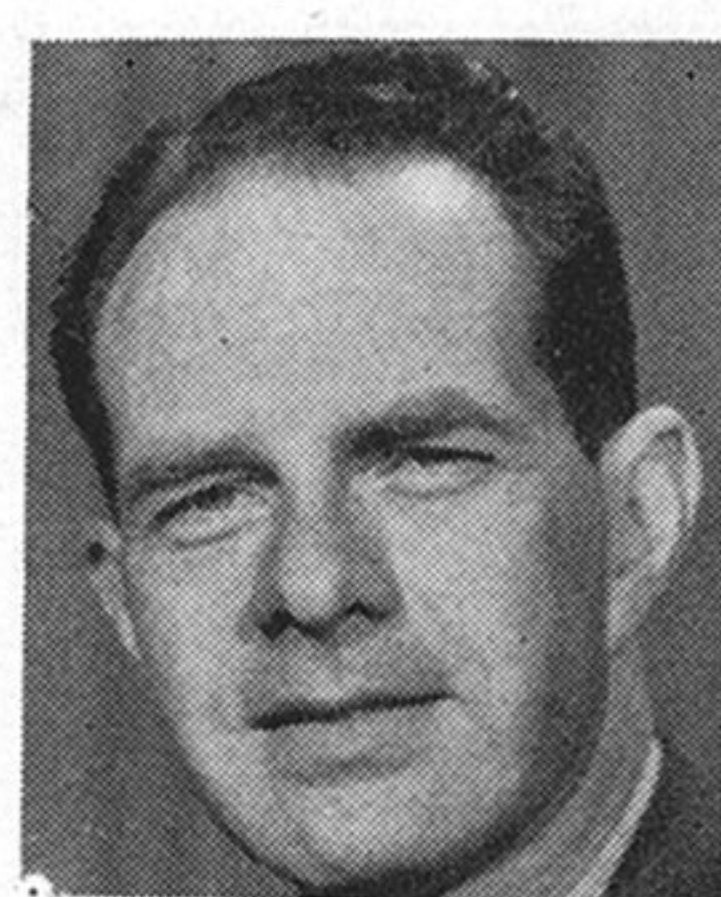
W. Walton



D. E. Wattie



R. E. Whiting



R. B. Wickett



M. E. Woods



F. N. Yeigh

REGRET By Valerie Findlay, 9E

Oh, winding road and waiting river, beckoning to me,
 You say you've hidden wondrous sights, and such you'll let me see.
 But I can't come, for business calls me back once more,
 To the bustling, restless city and the work that I abhor.
 You say you have a quiet spot, picked out for me to rest,
 And if the city were not there, the country I'd like best.
 I wish I could just rest awhile and paddle my canoe,
 And visit all the old haunts — and do what I used to do.

You're right, peace comes not from dusty buildings reaching high,
 But from a peaceful river flowing 'neath a summer sky.



A Memorable Year

THE year 1954 is a memorable one for the students and staff of this school. The completion of the new wing has provided us with comfortable surroundings for study as well as excellent facilities for carrying out an expanded programme of extra-curricular activities.

It is indeed a new and pleasant experience to be seated during assembly, and an even greater thrill to hear the old hymns played on our new organ. After many campaigns during the years, the organ sits majestically in the auditorium; a symbol of school spirit through the years. One is able to browse through the library, or quietly read the periodicals without being jostled about. New lockers for each student line the halls and to some this is the greatest change of all, for in previous years many lockers had three occupants. Miss Hardy, who has been in great need of space for a long while, is installed in her long-awaited quarters. Bleachers line the football field and Weston now plays host to visiting teams. For the first time our school has basketball teams playing in the TDIAA.

Last but not least is the 1954 edition of the Conning Tower. On behalf of the departmental editors I would like to say "thank you" to the reporters, photographers, typists, and staff advisors who have made this magazine a reality. This is your magazine, here is the record of the clubs, the form news, the literary contributions, and the sporting and social events which play a necessary part in a well-balanced school life.

J. M. W.

"Thank You"

IN the hustle and bustle of our everyday life, we often overlook the simple courtesy of saying "thank you". If we would stop and think for a moment, each one of us would be able to find an incident in our lives where a simple "thank you" would have meant a great deal.

A busy switchboard operator was asked by her boss, Mr. Walters, to contact a very important business associate, Mr. Thomas, who was traveling in Regina. Mr. Thomas was not to be found at his hotel or at any of the places listed on his itinerary. With growing impatience, the operator tried numerous places, until at 4.45 the call came through. After the call was completed, Mr. Walters thanked the operator for her fruitful efforts. This "thank you" was all she needed to brighten her day and it left her with a feeling of accomplishment.

The importance of saying "thank you" may seem small and trivial, but how important it is when it can mean the change in a person's day!

J. M. W.

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The New W.C.V.S. Wing Is Opened

MANY months, even years, of planning and working came to a happy climax on the night of October 30th when our school's new wing was officially opened at a special ceremony held in the auditorium.

During the evening, the whole school, with its new section and renovated shops and classrooms in the old section, was open for inspection, and a large crowd of parents, graduates and friends of the school were on hand.

Anyone visiting the school last summer probably wondered how on earth the new wing would ever be ready in time for September, but somehow or other it was, and we all rejoiced at the "new look" that W.C.V.S. had taken on.

Construction had started 18 months before, but we all happily endured the banging of steam-shovels and the rat-tatting of riveting machines and the banging of carpenters' hammers because we were looking forward to the day when our crowded classrooms and dingy cafeteria would be a thing of the past.

For those who like building statistics, the new wing is three storeys high, has 62,000 square feet of space in which to roam, and is of steel and brick construction. The flooring is mastic tile and terrazzo on concrete slabs, with an acoustic ceiling throughout. The whole school now has a total of 46 rooms. The original building was designed for 750 students, so it's not hard to imagine that the 1,270 students in it last year felt a trifle cramped.

We now boast a modern cafeteria that seats 464, a new gym with 150 seats in the gallery, a new auditorium with a large stage, and a projection room. The "aud." too, has special banks of stage lights.

Finest feature of the auditorium, however, is the electronic organ, bought by student subscription over a period of years. It is inscribed: "Memorial Organ presented by the students of Weston Collegiate and Vocational School, 1946-1953, in Memory of the Students of This School who gave their lives in the Second World War."

Official opening ceremonies were held under the chairmanship of Dr. Clarke Mills, chairman of the Weston Board of Education, and guest speaker was Mr. L. S. Beattie, superintendent of secondary education for the Province of Ontario. Mr. Beattie was introduced by Trustee Oliver Master and thanked by Trustee Charles Conroy. The invocation and dedication were given by Rev. Currie Creelman, M.B.E., M.A., B.D.

Two presentations were highlights of the opening ceremony. Mrs. S. J. Norman, president, pre-



sented the school with a Bible for the auditorium on behalf of the Local Council of Women, while Mrs. W. Lewis, regent, John Countryman Chapter, I.O.D.E., gave the school three flags in honour of graduates who served in World War II. An interesting sidelight was the playing of several selections on the memorial organ by Mr. Bruce Metcalfe.

Plans for the new wing also included an "inter-com" system throughout the whole school over which the opening exercises are now given in the mornings for those classes who do not attend assembly in the auditorium. The new wing has meant a new playing field, too—and we now boast fine seats overlooking the new field which is just east of the school. And for rugby and basketball players there is a fine new locker and a set of showers.

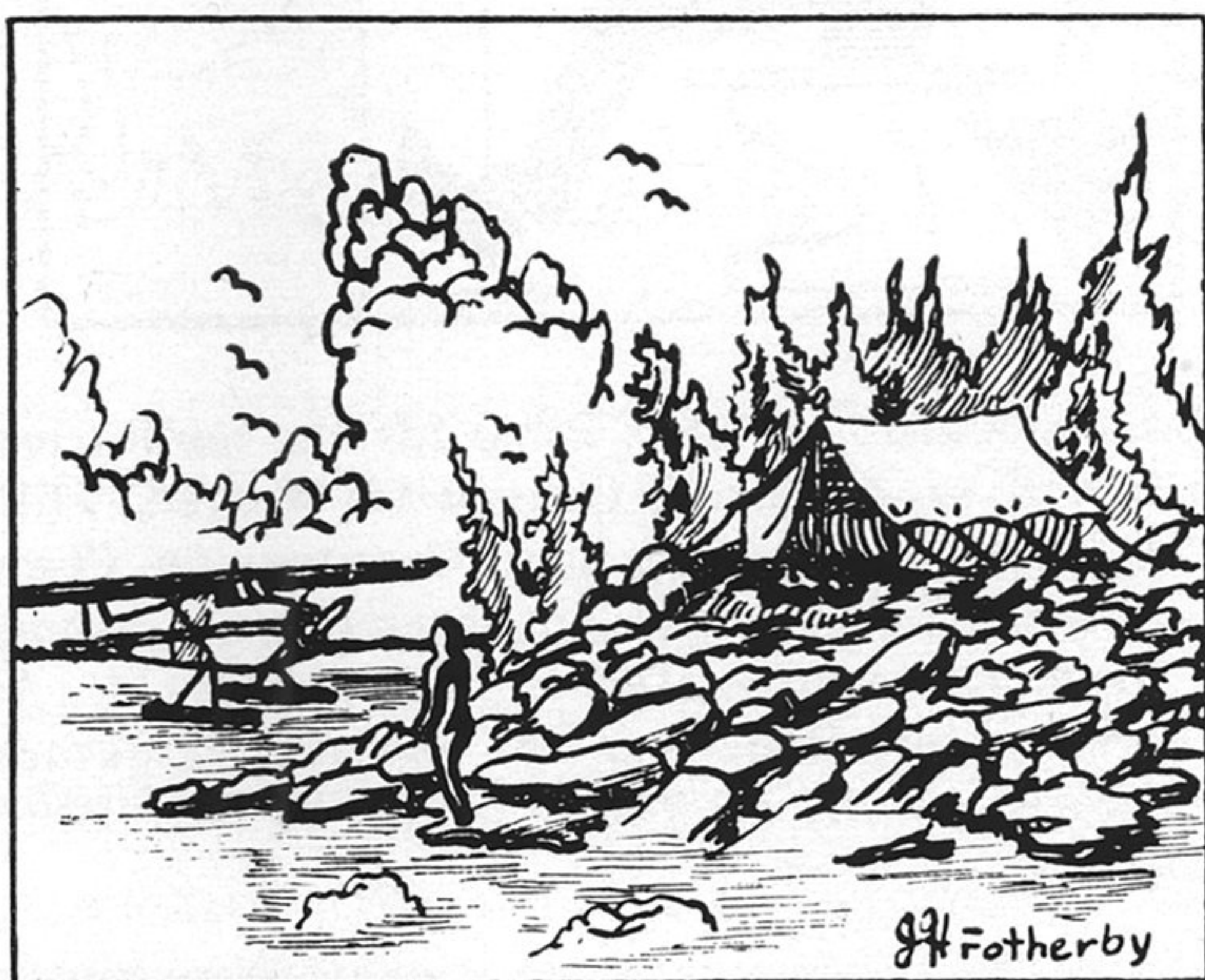
For the girls, the old "aud." has been turned into a gym of their own, and while it was a bit chilly there on the odd day during our cold spells, the girls have certainly cheered at having a gym of their very own, with their own dressing room adjacent to it too. Result has been a fine program of girls' inter-form sports.

Apart from our classrooms, however, the "aud" is the feature we most appreciate, and it is becoming a centre not only for school activities but for community meetings as well. It was there last fall that we saw the "Hamlet" and "Tale of Two Cities" films, while a number of other films have helped to enliven assembly periods there. Too, all connected with Music and Drama Night appreciated the fine facilities of the "aud" when this highlight of the school year was staged last March. We all have been lucky indeed to be at W.C.V.S. in a year when the long-awaited "face-lifting" of our school became a reality.

CANADA'S LAST FRONTIER

By Bill Marsh, 13A

I SPENT last summer in Canada's most fantastic community—Uranium City, Saskatchewan. Uranium City is 650 miles north-east of Edmonton. In this land of the midnight sun I saw a woman flip a coin, double or nothing, to get ownership of a log cabin; I travelled 600 miles to see a show; and I bought potatoes at \$26 a bag. Places to live are hard to come by, so people live in tents, in shacks, in anything that has a roof, for this is Canada's newest boom town.



The 18th of June found me in a plane high over Lake Athabaska only a thousand miles south of the Arctic Ocean. Lake Athabaska which was still dotted by large chunks of ice on that June day, is the fourth largest lake in Canada, and covers 2,482 square miles. Soon a small area cut out of the bush came into view. Surely we were not going to land there! The trees came up at us fast, and then we were on the field, stopping only a few feet from the end of the runway.

Uranium City is the centre of the most exciting uranium finds in Canada. At Beaverlodge, which is only about seven miles from Uranium City, is the Eldorado Mining and Refining Company. There are large modern bunkhouses and there is a concentrator for Uranium that is worth millions. As Uranium City grows, Canada's contribution to atomic energy will grow also.

I went to Uranium City for my summer job. I was to work in a world-famous place that only seven thousand people have had the privilege of visiting. My plane fare that totalled \$350 was paid by the company. Clothes were easy to get for all I needed was good heavy work clothes. The hardest decision to make was what kind of boots to take. I asked lots of questions before I finally decided on a pair of \$23 boots.

In that rugged, rocky country my job was prospecting. My instructor was a mining engineer from Boston, by the name of Tom Crossman. Tom, big and husky, was a patient teacher. He showed me how to read the maps and claim posts and how to use the geiger counter. In a few days I was sent off into the bush by myself to cover the property. Each day I walked the rock outcrops slowly, watching carefully, and listening to the steady beat of the counter.

Everyone in that country works seven days a week and we were no exception. Some days Tom would sit down and record the core of the diamond drill. I spent a couple of days cutting a base line for a map through the heavy undergrowth. The trees were all scrubby, about three inches in diameter and about thirty-five feet tall. The reason these trees are so small although 75 to 100 years old is because of the long winters and the short summers.

Unless you have lived in the north you would never understand what Uranium City is like. It is just a conglomeration of tar-papered shacks, log cabins and tents straggling haphazardly up and down the sandy roads. Many of the buildings were originally erected at Gold Fields, some distance away, and a year ago were hauled over the ice and set up in Uranium City.

There are no sidewalks or street lights in the town. The streets are sandy, just laneways cut out of the bush. The planners have looked years ahead for they have left a strip of trees down the middle of each street so that someday it will be a boulevard.

The amusements of Uranium City consist of the pool hall and the local theatre. Everything is rough and carefree just like in a western novel. One night a group of us went to the show in Uranium City only to find we had all seen the

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picture before. So we hopped in a plane to see the show at Yellowknife—300 miles there and 300 miles back—up from the north-east tip of Saskatchewan, over the barrens to another fantastic mining town on the north arm of Great Slave Lake. Six hundred miles to see a show—nearly twice the distance from Toronto to Montreal—and we thought nothing of it.

There is a population of 4,400 scattered over an area of more than 4,000 square miles; there are only 75 white women, and the single girls say they average three proposals a week.

The cost of living is the big drawback. A haircut is \$2.50 while a shave is \$2.00. To rent a one-room log cabin for one night costs ten dollars. The show is one of the cheapest places in town—it costs only \$1.00 but to play pool for an hour takes \$2.00. One taxi-driver told me he was making \$25 a day but the price of his new Pontiac was \$1,500 more than in Weston.

All these high prices never bothered me for I spent most of my time out in our bush camp. Every time Nick, our wonderful cook, came back from town he would reel off the prices. Apples were 20c each, potatoes \$26 a bag, even a coke was a quarter. One thing you could not buy in town was fresh milk.

Nick figured that it cost \$7 a day to feed a man in camp. (The pay for an inexperienced person like myself was \$350 a month plus board.)

The fresh lake trout that were so abundant made a grand meal. I was an ardent fisherman but the fish were too willing. I caught four lake trout that averaged twelve pounds in half an hour and got tired of this simple sport. All these things add up to prove that I spent my summer in Canada's most fantastic community, Uranium City, Saskatchewan.

TEACHER'S LIFE

By Ronald Tumber, 10D

I once thought I would like to be
A teacher with a life of ease.
To sit up front and be the boss,
To me that, really did seem soft.
No tests to write, no work marked wrong!
I'd sit up front and tell the throng,
"Now do this right or you will be
Staying in long after three."

Now I have a different view.
How do they do the things they do?
How do they get their knowledge vast,
And try to teach it to the class?
Patient, tolerant, they must be
And understanding to a "tee."
So for awhile content I'll be
To sit, and learn in class 10D.

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A LETTER FROM MISS HANLON

(The Conning Tower editors thought Weston students would be interested in hearing from Miss Hanlon, who is studying in Montpellier, France, on a year's leave of absence from the W.C.V.S. staff after winning a scholarship. Here is the letter Miss Hanlon recently wrote us. We leave it to the French students in our midst to translate the first and last paragraphs!)

Mes chers élèves:

Quand on m'a demandé d'écrire un article pour le "Conning Tower" au sujet de ma vie en France, je me suis sentie un peu comme Odile Metz. Vous rappelez-vous la jeune fille française qui a écrit le chapitre de Cours Moyen 1 intitulé "Angleterre vue par une jeune Française"? Moi, je vais essayer de vous raconter — en anglais — quelque chose qu'on peu appeler "La France vue par une professeur Canadien."

* * * * *

As those of you who have studied French can imagine, the European city which I was most anxious to see was Paris. However, due to a transportation strike in France, my friends and I decided it was wiser to land in England. Consequently, we spent five days in London, and then visited Belgium, Holland, Germany, Switzerland and Italy. We had our introduction to France when we travelled along the French Riviera, that is, along the Mediterranean coast from Nice and Cannes to Marseilles. Our train for that trip and then north to Paris was a famous one called "Le Mistral." I had a few wonderful days in Paris, seeing in reality so many of the famous places we had read about in school, but I feel I can describe Montpellier, where I am living, with a little more authority.

Montpellier, like many European cities, has a comparatively small area for the size of its population — almost 100,000. This is partly due to the fact that in the older, central section of the city there is very little space not covered by buildings. There are no lawns or gardens, and the streets are extremely narrow. Some have very narrow sidewalks, often tapering away to nothing, and in others the sidewalks are non-existent. Many of them are one-way streets, wide enough for only one car, and on some only bicycles are permitted. Most of them are paved with bricks.

In this section, built around 1400, there are some beautiful old homes. They are always flush with the street. Through two big wooden doors, usually provided with brass knockers, you enter a courtyard, off which open the various rooms of the house. The courtyard is paved with cobblestones, and in the centre of it you will find a fountain. Usually various attractive shrubs or vines are found growing here too.

Since the sidewalks in this section are either very narrow or non-existent, the majority of the pedestrians walk in the streets. This creates

somewhat of a traffic problem. Even the streets, wide enough for two cars, are narrow from our point of view. The French drivers seem to thread their way through by leaning on their horns, and the numerous cyclists by constantly clanging their bells. One of these streets during the noon or evening rush hour is not a place you would choose for a quiet stroll. The streets are so crowded right at noon-hour because all the shops, churches — everything except the restaurants — close from twelve to two. Once the first mad rush is over, you could hear a pin drop.

There are only two stores in the town which might be termed "chain stores." One is a department store, a branch of the "Galeries Lafayette" in Paris, and the second is a subsidiary of the former, called "Monoprix," really a sort of Woolworth's or Kresge's. There are three types of butcher shops everywhere in France, one which sells pork only and is known as "la charcuterie," another called "la boucherie chevaline" which sells horse, donkey and goat meat, and a third which sells every kind of meat except those mentioned above, called "la boucherie."

In Montpellier there are some florist shops, but most of the flowers are sold at very low prices in outdoor stands. Outside the main marketplace in town there is a daily flower market. (Incidentally, speaking of flowers, some of you may be interested to know that in France you don't bring chrysanthemums as a casual gift to a friend, as I tried to do. They are only used for putting on graves!)

Some of the smaller food shops, whose doors are usually open, have curtains in the doorway made of long strings of wooden beads. Many stores have counters on the sidewalk, where they sell cheaper lines of merchandise, and there are daily open markets, not only for food products, but for dry goods as well. A typical French housewife, returning from shopping, carries her purchases in a string bag, and almost always projecting at the top of her bag are a long loaf of bread and a bouquet of flowers.

I am gradually working my way around to a very important subject — that of food! Our friend Odile Metz wasn't fooling when she said that the French ate a great deal more bread than the English. I have never in my life seen as much bread consumed, a very good, crusty type of bread. In an ordinary family, the long loaf, projecting away over the wicker basket at either end, appears on the table at every meal.

A large tureen of soup, complete with ladle, also appears every day both for dinner and for supper. After the soup comes an hors d'oeuvre course, normally a few slices of a cold meat, sometimes a meat-filled pastry. This is followed by the main meat dish, and after that the vegetable appears. The two are never served together. The dessert is usually quite simple, fruit or cheese, occasionally a pastry.

The evening meal is served much later than we

usually have it at home. Normally it is not eaten until seven-thirty. I think this is due to the fact that, because of their long noon hour, the French finish their work much later than we do. Also they are much more inclined to stay at home in the evenings than Canadians are. If you do go to a play or a movie, it doesn't begin until nine o'clock, and you don't get home until after twelve.

In newer sections, such as the one I live in, most of the homes have more land around them, and are enclosed, sometimes with a fence of tall green iron stakes, but more often than not with a wall six feet or more in height, made of stucco or concrete. These walls frequently have small pieces of sharp glass imbedded in the top, to discourage would-be climbers.

The floors of the house itself are usually of tile, that is, in southern France, to counteract the extreme heat of summer. I expect it is also because wood is much scarcer here than at home. The houses in the suburbs are called "villas," and are named rather than being numbered. For instance, the house where I live is called "Villa les Pervenches." My window looks out on a vineyard, which is to be expected since grapes are the most important crop in southern France. In among the vines on our property, there are also a few fruit trees, pear, apricot, quince, and fig. The more ornamental trees are chestnuts, acacias, pines and palms.

While I am talking about trees, I must mention the plane tree — "le platane." You see it as often in France, as you do the maple in Canada. Oddly enough, its leaf is just about the same shape as the maple leaf. However, its bark is quite different; it is much smoother, and a sort of mottled grey and yellow. You find this tree in all the parks and on both sides of most highways.

All through Europe you see many more bicycles than you do in Canada, but it wasn't until I settled down in Montpellier that I really realized how many there are. Cars are much less common than they are at home, and I suppose that it is because of this that almost everyone of every age has a bicycle. The garage of "Villa les Pervenches" has no car, but five bicycles for the five occupants of the house. Two of these are "vélo-moteurs" — an ordinary-sized bicycle with a small motor attached. You can use either the motor or the pedals. Some bicycles are equipped with a small seat over the back wheel into which a child can be strapped. It is quite common to see a mother off to do shopping with Junior sitting up behind her. On rainy days you often see a workman pedaling along, holding a big black umbrella over his head with one hand.

* * * * *

J'espère vous avoir donné dans cette lettre une petite idée de la vie en France. L'année prochaine vous l'entendez d'une manière plus directe, sans doute!

Votre professeur de français qui garde un bon souvenir de vous tous.

—Rita M. Hanlon.

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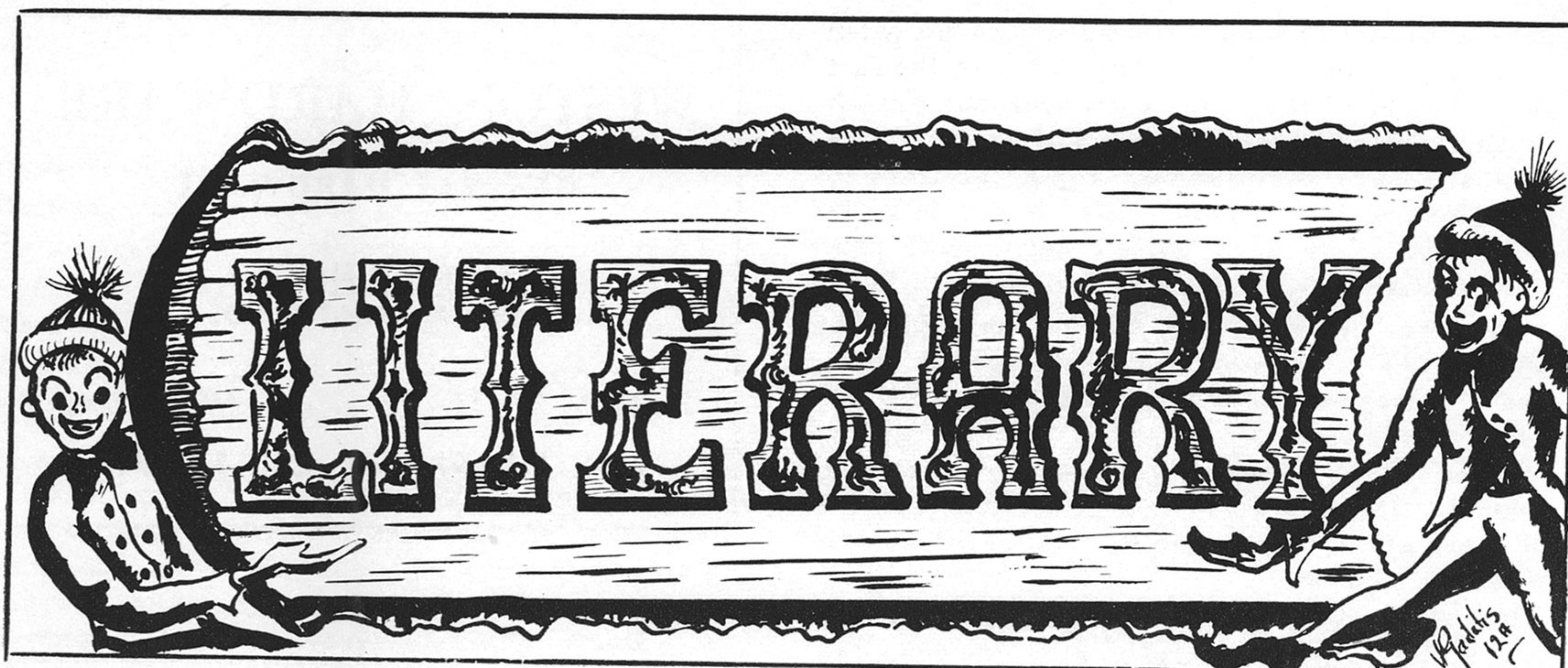
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A SHORT CUT TO INSANITY

By Armand Hollinsworth, 12C

I SIDLED up to the information counter of a large downtown department store. Behind the desk sat a stout, middle-aged matron, busily reading a pocket novel.

"I beg your pardon," I began politely, "where would I buy a flash light?" — I received no answer.

"I beg your pardon," I replied a little louder. "Where may I find a flash light?" — Again no reply as the woman remained buried in her book.

Seeing that my question was falling on deaf ears, I slammed my fist on the counter!

"Flash lights!" I screamed.

"Hardware department," mumbled the woman without taking her eyes from the book.

"Where would I find the hardware department?"

"Sixth-floor-second-aisle-past-men's-shoes" was the rapid-fire reply.

I threw a "thank you" over my shoulder as I rushed away, wiping the perspiration from my brow.

I rode the escalator to the sixth floor and began my search for the hardware department. I found it without too much difficulty and advanced upon the crowded counter. A clerk was busily rushing back and forth, trying to satisfy the needs of a crowd of lady shoppers. After what seemed hours of standing and listening to the high-pitched squeal of female voices, I finally cornered the clerk against a show-case.

"May I see your selection of flashlights?" I asked.

"Flashlights? Oh I'm sorry sir, you'll find flashlights in the bargain basement.

"Oh — thank you," I replied, outwardly calm. Inwardly my blood boiled.

Have you ever been on a farm and had occasion to feed a flock of chickens? Before you place the feed in the feeding trough, all is peace and quiet, and the chickens are scampering around minding their own business. But when the feed is placed in the trough, all is confusion, with chickens cackling and converging on the trough from all directions, resulting in utter chaos. This was my impression of the 'bargain basement,' the 'feed' in this case being certain goods marked down in price, and the chickens — hoards of bargain-hunting women!

I set my jaw grimly and advanced into the fray! A heavy shoe descended on my foot, but I kept going! I nearly stumbled over the pitiful form of a prostrate floorwalker, but I recovered my balance and staggered on! An elbow hit me in the face! Another shoe crashed against my shin, but I didn't turn back! Then, just as I was beginning to succumb to the brutality of that feminine mob, the counter loomed up before me! With a sigh of relief I collapsed over it and regained my breath, waiting for a chance to hail a clerk!

The confusion was terrific! A clerk rushed past!

"Pardon me," I began, "Have you any—"

"Wait your turn please."

Another salesman appeared.

"Have you got a—"

"Hold on, bud! You're not the only customer!"

At this point I was getting desperate! The din around me was deafening!

"Hey Mac" I yelled frantically. At last I was confronted by what once was a neatly dressed young man, but who now looked as if he had been through an atom smasher.

"Gotta flashlight?" I shouted above the noise.

"Not here, try sporting goods, 4th floor," said he, and hurried off to some far corner of the counter. I was stunned. Somehow I stumbled out of that awful place and boarded an elevator.

After some more inquiries, I found myself at the sporting goods counter. It was comparatively deserted. A beady-eyed clerk approached.

"May I help you?" he asked dryly.

"Heaven help me if you can't," I muttered to myself. "I'd like to see your selection of flashlights." A minute later the clerk appeared with three flashlights in his hands.

"This is all we have here," he said.

"Have you tried the Bargain Basement?"

I was about to deliver him a lethal blow on the head with a nearby hockey-stick, when my better judgment interfered. I quickly changed the subject.

"How much are they?" I queried.

"Dollar ninety-five to eight-fifty," said he.

Now being a practical man with a sense of values, I did the wisest thing. I selected the cheapest flashlight. The clerk eyed me gravely.

"Want it wrapped?" he asked as I received my change. I answered negatively and hurried away from the counter. I thought I heard the clerk mutter 'cheap-skate' under his breath, but I was too worn out to be positive. It was with a feeling of great relief that I finally left the department store.

Now I am sitting in the peace and solitude of my own living room. I have taken several aspirin and a cold shower to help me recover from my ordeal. I have just tried out my dearly won flashlight. It doesn't work!

Some time in the future I shall again enter that department store for the purpose of returning the flashlight. Whatever other adventures await me in that place is a question only time will answer.

Now I am ready for anything!

FLOWERS

By Jennifer Smith, 9D

Flowers are blooming along the lane,
And spring with its beauty is here again.

Tulips and roses are almost in bloom,
And they sparkle in splendor beneath the bright moon.

Carnations and asters are coming this way,
To perk up a garden when snow fades away.

For miles around I see a great view,
Although pretty flowers are still but few.

Winter draws near and the flowers are bending,
They close their eyes as their lives are ending.

The flowers, my friends, have gone away,
But I know they'll be back some other bright day.

THE PASSING SEASONS

By Carol Slater, 13B

The maple tree gave densest shade
Throughout the summer heat.
Beneath its green the children played,
And travellers found a seat.

Then autumn came with frosty night
To light the flaming torch.
Through darkening days it gave a light
About the winter's porch.

When quiet night had faded light
The snow came sifting down.
It spread a cover soft and white
And hid the leaves of brown.

The charcoal trees were sketched on snow.
And winter's parchment sky;
The months were drear, no leaves could grow,
And they did seem to die.

Then came a day of sun and rain;
The snow was washed away.
The swollen buds which long had lain
Burst forth in bright array.

Now hope sprang up within the heart
To see the resurrection;
It showed us once again a part
Of nature's own direction.

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MEMOIRS OF A BLACKBOARD

By Janet Berketa, C11A

YES, I'm a blackboard. Just an old, plain, dusty-grey blackboard. I have been at the school for so many years now I don't remember just how long. I remember my first day here, when the two workmen carried me in, and set me in place by the window. Through all these years I've been grateful for that window. I've watched the tree outside come into bud; I have seen the leaves turn green, and, when school started once more, turn brilliant yellow, orange, red, and then brown. Finally, all the leaves blew away, with only a stubborn few clinging, refusing to leave the old tree, like a shy child clutching from behind its mother's skirts.

I remember the morning my first class trooped in: eager, laughing, talking, and a few shouting a little, but on the whole, all were glad to be back. It was a beautiful sunshiny day, and their spirits seemed to match it. Soon, however, their new teacher, a young and pretty woman, hurried in and introduced herself. Then she set to putting a timetable on my face. Well, I thought that the timetable was pretty wonderful, and I guess that the class thought so too. I watched their happy faces, and I think I must have smiled, too, for youth, and the independence of youth, and the joy of starting school, for it meant that I wouldn't be lonely any more.

After a while I got to know each child in every class, some rowdy and uncontrolled, and some quiet and thoughtful, seeking no-one's attention. For example, there was Shirley, a quiet shy girl, whose face lit up in an ecstasy of happiness when she read a poem she particularly liked. Then there was Tom. Tom was a devil, no kidding. He used to write faces on my face, and then label them after the teachers, or he would talk incessantly during classes, and then curse the teacher for keeping him in after the others had all gone home. Then there was Linda, pretty Linda, who hated school violently, and never did her homework, and after a while, when she had turned sixteen she quit school, and I never saw her again. Then there was Terry, who was afraid of everything. He let everyone else in the class bully him around. He never did anything wrong, and all he needed was a bit of encouragement to get on the right side of "the crowd". But, all in all, they were nice, lovable kids, every one of them. They had their fun, got into trouble (show me any kids who don't), but underneath it all was a seriousness about them that I liked.

As the years passed, the children also passed by, and their teacher, who had been once young and pretty, had now grown old and fat, and a bit grouchy, but she was still kind. I saw new and different faces looking up at me attentively every year. And it seemed that I liked the newer classes even more than I had my first classes, if possible. And as the years passed, the leaves

IN MEMORIAM

By Roger Ofield, 13B

We bow our heads
We pay respect,
To those who fought and died,
We place the wreath,
We sound the post,
We think of them with pride.

"The poppies blow
In Flanders fields",
No guns boom overhead;
The price was high
To set us free;
The organ honours our dead.

Our heads then lift,
The notes ring out,
The organ swells in praise,
We'll not forget
They paid the debt,
It stands there, "In Memoriam."

A TEACHER

By Pat Taylor, C9A

*A teacher is a frightful thing,
That most of us do dread.
For if we have no homework done,
We might as well be dead.*

*He stands outside the classroom door
To welcome us inside,
Where everyone looks sleepy,
And, oh, so bleary-eyed.*

*And when he starts to teach a text,
About some far-off place,
We wish that we could ship him there,
Within a well-sealed case.*

*But teachers are not quite as bad,
As you may have thought;
For, without them and the schools,
Our knowledge would be nought.*

fell like a wonderful symphony of colour, and my slate, which was once brand new, and a shiny black, had now turned a dingy grey, even after I'd just been washed thoroughly.

I just sit here now in my old face. And I think of all the things that have been written on me, and of all the children who have looked so eagerly to me when they copied some work from me, and I think that they, too, are satisfied with the things they learned from what was written on me, for almost all of them have achieved success and happiness in all the many and varied goals they have set themselves in life.

CRIPPLED

By Valerie Findlay, 9E

I sit here at the window, looking out into the street
And watch the people going by, on strong and able feet:
My feet are lame and motionless; in here upon my chair
I'm crippled; but I'm happy, as I watch the world out there.

For there's a woman rushing by, a frown upon her face
And there's a little fellow, staring sadly into space.
They all look so unhappy that I'm glad I'm safe in here,
With books to keep me happy, and a fire for my cheer.

I live in worlds of fancy which are safe from prying eyes,
With little folks and leprechauns, and men of giant size;
No bombs have fallen from the skies, no wars are being fought
For in this country peace, not strife, is the goal forever sought.

Why aren't the people happy who have healthy legs and feet,
Who can do more than watch the folks out walking down the street?
They have no need for fancy, or the tales I know so well.
They know the hidden mysteries, of the mountain, lake and dell.

Does someone know the answer? Could he pass it on to me?
For I'd love to know, I really would, if only just to see
How much they'd need, to get enough and not be wanting more,
To banish greed and envy, and be happy evermore.

I. M. SLICK, THE PRIVATE DICK

By David Watts, 13A

I'M a slick-operating private eye. I pack a heater that would blow a hole in you as big as the Queen Mary. Right now, I have "Louis the Lump" and his boys on the lam. Yeh! I'm a big operator in this town.

The ratty garret which serves as my headquarters is located in the most distinctive district of smoke-filled "slab town." After mounting six flights of increasingly creaky and increasingly dusty stairs, I am able to see the equally dusty sign that hangs crookedly over the door of my—office (?)

Being a poet of some renown in my own sphere, I composed a verse for my attractive little, dingy green and fading red sign. To quote,
"Swindlers, robbers, bigamists, quick.

All are snared by I. M. Slick,

The Private Dick."

I enter the outer office, which is only "outer" as the result of a tattered cotton curtain strung the width of the room and eight feet from the far wall. Furniture, to use the term loosely, is conspicuous because of its absence.

A chair, that once stood in all its leathern glory in my great-grandfather's study, now stands in ragged shame by the single foggy window. A magazine rack, bearing a striking resemblance to an orange crate, is filled with last year's subscriptions of Esquire. A rusty, pot-bellied stove stands soldier-like in another corner. Such modern conveniences as heat are not supplied in this office building.

But I shall not tarry here. I must retire to the haven of my inner office, that is, to the other side

of the aforementioned curtain. Another relic from my great-grandfather's study is found here. A great, hand-carved oak desk is trying in vain to retain some of its former grandeur, while the swivel chair behind it, that I bought at a fire sale, seems to be mocking its large and clumsy companion, the desk. With a consoling word to the battered old desk, I ease onto one of my few luxurious possessions—an air-foam cushion on the swivel chair—lean back, and place my feet carefully on oak. To top it off I fill my Indian-made pipe with genuine "Old Briar." I relax. I close my eyes, puffing contentedly on my pipe, thinking of the usual things a slick-operating private eye thinks about—wine, women, and song.

But my peace is disturbed. The electric buzzer, of which I am very proud, goes buz-z-z, meaning someone is entering the outer office. Too contented to move, from my reclining position, I holler out to the peace-wrecking newcomer, but doubtlessly a prospective client and meal-ticket, to come in. The person obliges. A well-groomed female hand parts the flimsy curtains. The hand is followed by a curvacious blonde in a tight wool suit with a neckline that adds interest. I jump to my feet. I stretch a hand toward her to—shake hands.

My hand is caught in a strong grip and yanked forward. There is a pounding thump on my back.

"Dreaming again?"

I am lying on the floor beside my bed. My brother is standing over me laughing his head off. The mystery novel which I have been reading lies innocently beside me.

CITIZENSHIP

By Vernon Smith, 13A

YEARS ago, in Roman times, when a Roman citizen was travelling through any part of the Roman Empire and fell into trouble of any kind, the power of Rome was extended to help him.

Similarly, in modern times, the great countries watch over their citizens in foreign lands by means of legations or consulates generally situated in the capital of the nation. When a traveller is in distress, he appeals for help to the local consul or diplomatic representative of his native country. His passport, given to him by his government, is really a security, telling anybody concerned that the holder is a good citizen, entitled to travel overseas. This is only one of the many privileges of citizenship.

In a democratic country like Canada, one of the main rights of the citizen is the right to vote for candidates for the provincial and federal governments. This privilege, which often has an effect on international relations, is sometimes abused by lazy and uncooperative citizens who do not even bother to go to the polling stations.

Another of the citizen's privileges is the freedom of speech, whereby a citizen can speak his opinions of the government's policies without fear of being arrested by the secret police as happened in Germany under Nazis rule and is taking place now behind the Iron Curtain.

Freedom of the press is another right enjoyed by the citizens of a democratic country. So long as it is true, anything may be printed about anybody by the nation's newspapers, within the limits of fairness and good taste.

A foreigner may become a citizen of a country other than his own by naturalization after a certain period of time spent in the country.

However, life is not all rights and privileges for the citizen. In return for these he must give his services to the community, the province and the country as a whole.

One of the best-known duties the citizen must render is the payment of income-tax. At the end of each financial year the government receives from the citizens of the country an amount of money based on their annual earnings.

Another duty in some countries is service in the armed forces for a certain length of time. Many countries form their defenses by allowing men to enlist by themselves instead of by conscription.

It can be seen then, that the boiled-down definition of citizenship is: A two-way proposition between the government and the citizen.

THE DAY BEFORE EXAMS

By Andrew Watson, 12A

'Twas the day before exams,
And all through the school,
All students were busy,
Except the odd fool
The books were all lined
On the desks with such care,
That the pupils just hated
To move them from there.
Then the grave teacher rose,
And said to the class,
"You had better get busy,
Or you will not pass."
They opened their books
And studied with care,
Working with fury
To learn what was there.
The history was boring,
The science was dull.
The English was terrible,
The French worst of all.
The seconds went by,
And the minutes went too,
But the hours dragged on
Till the day was all through.
And then the bells rang,
And the pupils all hurried
To get home and study,
Because they were worried.
This day is most crucial
To many a class,
Because it's the chance
To fail or to pass.

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CF - 100

By Barbara Savage, 12A

SEVENTEEN tons of dynamite, sleek, swift supersonic lines! According to theory, it flew! This new, long-range, high-speed, radar-equipped, CF-100 had in its infancy been only a figment of the imagination.

Engineers made it theoretically possible. Electricians, chemists, scientists, machinists, draftsmen, photographers, typists and mechanics spent over four million hours creating it.

It was my job to fulfil dreams, prove theories and justify long hours of hard work.

I set the throttle and pulled the starter. Immediately the engines split the air with screaming intensity. The mass of metal came alive with a throbbing pulse and a beating heart. Who is master—man or machine? A slight wavering of the balance and . . .

I added throttle, and felt the plane surge ahead, eating up nearly a mile of stark white concrete runway, before climbing skyward.

A gentle backward motion of the "stick" put the plane into a climbing attitude, streaking upward at eight miles a minute.

I pushed another button on the crowded instrument panel and again felt the plane jump ahead, gaining speed as the undercarriage was retracted.

A silver streak twenty miles above the minute earth going at the speed of eleven miles per minute.

An infinite speck in the universe.

Tomorrow in the daily paper two lines will read "Yesterday, AVRO Canada's first Mark 4, CF-100 rolled off the assembly line ahead of schedule and is a great aeronautical success."

My altimeter now reads forty miles. I stop climbing. Somewhere far behind I have left the whine of power-packed engines and now an even more awesome silence reigns. All clouds and weather phenomena are below me; I am part of that inverted blue bowl of the sky.

But I am not up here to enjoy the scenery; I have a job to do—put this power plant through every manoeuvre in the books and some that aren't

So I put the plane into a 35° bank to the right and note that the tail sinks too much—another problem for the engineers. Another turn, this time to the left.

The screaming howl of powerful engines is overtaking me — my altimeter is dropping — a stall!

"Stick forward, throttle on — stick forward, throttle on," goes frantically round in my brain.

One wing drops and I am whirling round and round, careening in a spiral pattern towards the tiny spinning ball.

The pressure is closing in, harder and harder—my brain frantically gives orders to my muscles which go undeeded.

My hand on the stick — the knuckles white with fear and tension.

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The terrific pounding pressure beats on my brain, making me unable to lift the hand which would save me.

Losing altitude fast—25 miles now.

I am tied with bonds of fear, all the world centered in the few inches in front of me.

The button! Press it! Press it! Press the button! But my hands will not obey. The ejector seat! My hand creeps painfully, inch by inch, hesitatingly, along the instrument panel. All my brain is crying out for self-preservation and my body is frozen with fear, unable to respond.

Altitude—ten miles!

The pressure is increasing. Even the muscles in my face, my eyes, my mouth will not move. My fingers inch closer to the one last hope, closer, closer, closer, one more move—a blinding flash of light—oblivion.



But his Savings Account defies Newton's Law. It just goes up and up at



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Our Girl Pilot

Most everyone has a hobby or special interest, and Barbara Savage of 12A is no exception. Barbara's hobby is flying and she has the distinction of being the youngest woman pilot in Canada.

In the summer of 1952, which she spent in Europe, she became interested in flying after having made several flights with a friend. Last summer she received her family's permission to take lessons. She became a student at the Toronto Flying Club, and made her first flight as a student in June. Later on, in July, she attended Ground School at the University of Toronto. Ground School meant giving up two evenings every week for the latter part of the summer and early fall.



Above is Barbara in a CF-100 Mark IV with chief AVRO test pilot Don Rogers

While at Ground School she studied navigation, meteorology, air frames, aero engines and air regulations. Towards the end of November, Barbara wrote her examinations at the Department of Transport, and passed these successfully.

Early in December, Barb was the guest of Don Rogers, chief test pilot at Avro Canada. Barbara spent an interesting afternoon with Mr. Rogers as he showed her the new CF-100 Mk. IV.

Barbara's dream was shattered when she learned that airline officials take a dim view of women commercial pilots and place no confidence in them. She then turned her ambition to bush flying, but was disillusioned after talking to a bush pilot who presented the true, unglamorous picture. Barb now has another dream; to fly a jet aircraft and later still "break the sound barrier". At present, this dream seems a long way off, but she has high hopes of its fulfilment.

Barb does not confine all her time to flying, she has a very active social life and also a good share of extra-curricular activities at school. She is Art editor of the Conning Tower and plays in all interform girls' sports.

ON KEEPING CANADA FREE

By Carol Slater, 13B

From one wide shore of ocean sands arise
The far green hills and stretching plains of land;
A mighty range of mountains show their size
And drop once more to new and level sand.
Three thousand miles finds space beneath these
skies

For men, by home and birth a scattered band.
These people know of Thee, and raise their eyes
To hills of hope — to Thee, and firmly stand.
O Lord, we ask of Thee to build us here
A rock of faith and hope that never dies.
Keep from us now, we pray, all hate and fear
Of nations great whose strength and aims give
rise

To lust for power. Keep safe all we hold dear;
We love this land, our home, our race, our prize.

SCHOOL SPIRIT

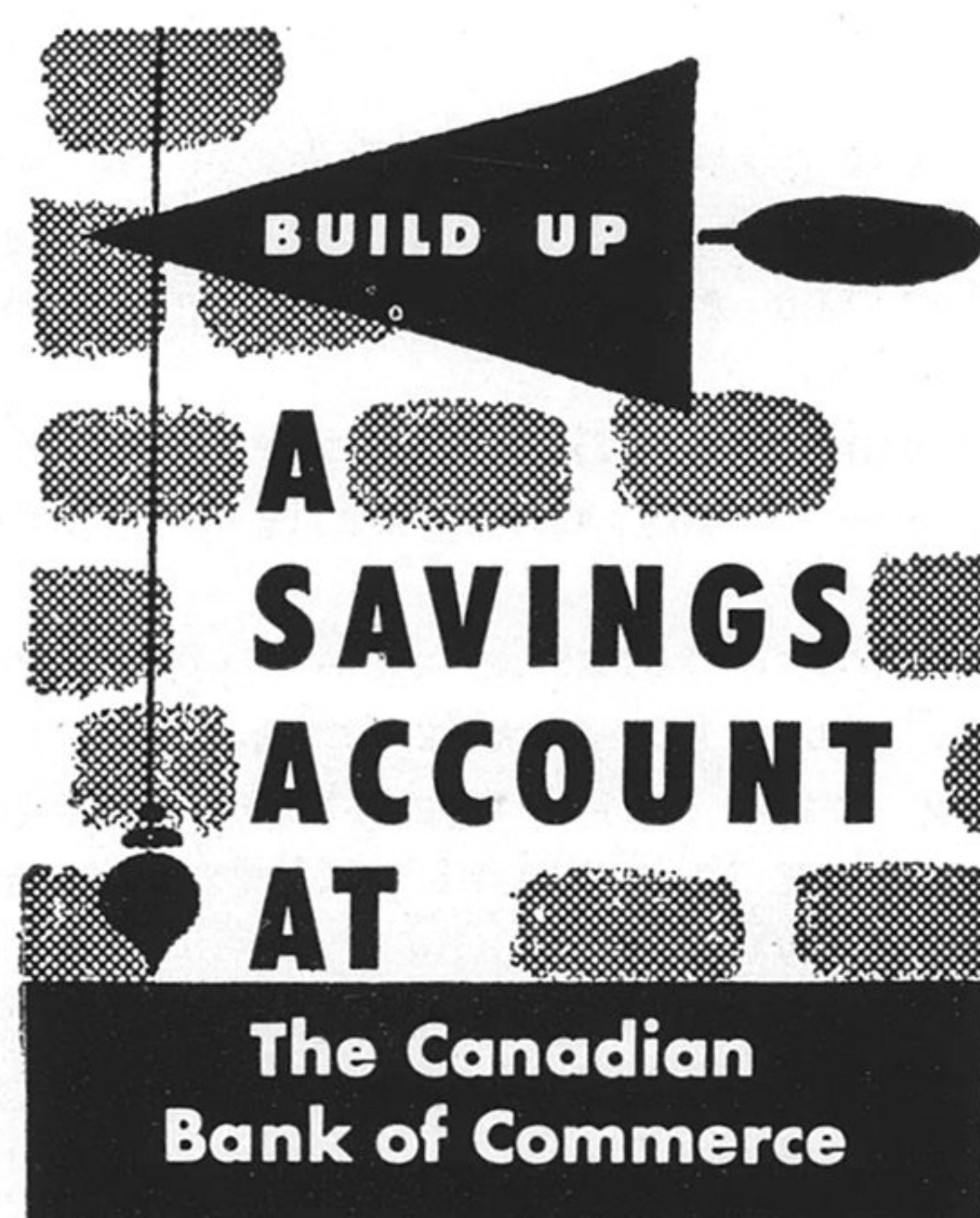
By William Plewes, 13A

Too often when we think of school,
We think of brick and steel,
Of textbooks, tests and conduct rules,
Or pressures that we feel.

Its human form is oft forgot,
Its character not seen;
We see it not for what it is,
A living, breathing being.

The building is its body,
The principal its brain;
The teaching staff like vital nerves
Form links in a living chain.

There is a more important part
Which plays a leading role;
School Spirit makes it live or die,
School Spirit is its soul.



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High School Students may now get a free college education while qualifying for the Queen's Commission in the Navy, Army or Air Force, under the Regular Officer Training Plan.

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They will receive service pay plus board and lodging, plus tuition costs at college, will take paid training with their chosen service in summer months and on completion of academic courses, serve Canada as Regular Force officers with the option of release after three years.

Applicants must have Senior Matriculation or equivalent, except for Collège Militaire Royal de Saint-Jean, where requirement is Junior Matriculation. Age limits for Collège Militaire Royal de Saint-Jean are 16 to 20 on 1st January of the year of entrance, for all others 16 to 21 on 1st January of the year of entrance. Applicants must be single, physically fit, and meet officer selection standards.

For full information write to the Regular Officer Training Plan Selection Board, National Defence Headquarters, Ottawa, or to any of the following:—

The Registrar, Royal Military College, Kingston, Ont.

The Registrar, Royal Roads, Victoria, B.C.

**The Registrar, Collège Militaire
Royal de Saint-Jean, St. Jean, P.Q.**



TEEN-AGE CARES

By Marilyn Graff, 13B

HOW often has it been said by adults, "Oh, to be a carefree teen-ager with no responsibilities or worries again!" Perhaps teen-agers used to be free and easy with no cares, or perhaps the adults have forgotten the trials and tribulations they went through when younger. At any rate, such an exclamation is no longer true today.

"No responsibilities," they say. How wrong they are, for we are carrying part of theirs. When no parents volunteer as Sunday School teachers, teen-agers become responsible for conveying to the children knowledge of which they themselves know little. When adults fail to help with youth groups, such as Brownies or Cubs, we teen-agers, supposedly as helpers, have the care of twenty to fifty youngsters. To be in charge of children's education, welfare and safety is no easy task, especially for the inexperienced.

Teen-agers are some of the busiest people today. We take part in hospital campaigns and other community affairs; we take part in church life; we take part in school activities such as magazine and student council; and just in case we have some spare time, we are given two to four hours homework every evening. Then there are the after-school jobs which help ease our parent's financial load. Occasionally, we take time off for pleasure, and as a result are labelled as carefree or irresponsible.

Teen-agers' lives today are confused ones. One minute we're adults taking responsibility, and the next we are children being watched at every move.

Teen-agers do have fun and enjoy themselves. However, our life is not quite as carefree as many adults suppose it to be.

THE LIBRARY

Since the new building has been open, the library is one of the school's new additions. With its rows of books, it provides pleasant reading environment.

We would like to thank Miss Buell and the following student librarians:

Deanne Ashwell; Sheila Best; Betty Anne Lawrie; Maureen Minns; Joan Walton; Barbara Savage; Ruth Culver; Marguerite Ashford; Annabelle Smallman-Tew.

Annette McDonald; Marjorie Hagen; Joan Powlesland; Marion Holden; Barbara Lancaster; Vicki Juryn; Marilyn Weisbrod; Vera Stechychyn; Mara Pitt.

Donna Lamb; Margaret Heaney; Jane Helmer; Rosemary Wilkins; Nancy Weiland; Gail Morgan; Sandra Hudson; Mildred Wilhelm; Linda Shorey; Robin Dowling.

Lois Grundy; Sheila Tearle; Tanna Fay; Joan Heath; Anne Kilburn; Joanne Johnson; Carol Ineson; Pat Bailly.

Margaret Peacock; Margaret Perry; Ellen Evenden; Joan Dawson; Margaret Falker; Joan Smyth; Jacquelline Hunt; Marilyn Phillips; Patricia Porubanec; Louella McDonald; Kathleen McGee; Jean Stowe; Carol Ann Aldis; Gail Henderson; Jenifer Smith.

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13A

Harold Bailey—Studying flying. He also has his application in at Remington Rand.
Alan Beardall — Enthusiastically pursuing a worthy profession at The Ontario Veterinary College.
Jack Bourne—Studying engineering at U. of T.
Donald Craig—Taking the Mechanical Engineering Course at U. of T.
Maurice Dicks—Employed by A. V. Roe.
Bill Francis—Studying engineering at U. of T.
Jane Gould—Cheering the patients in Toronto East General Hospital.
Ross Humphreys—Working with his father on the farm.
Ronald Ingham—Doing research work at Ontario Hydro.
Ralph McCormick—Employed by Bell Telephone of Canada.
Beryl Milroy—Following her ambition. She is nursing at the Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto.
George Shepherd—Working at Moffats in Weston.
Paul Skelding—Studying at Ryerson.
Brian Smallman-Tew—Studying at Royal Roads Military College in Victoria, B.C.
William Stoddard—Working at A. V. Roe.
John Whalen—Is taking a General Arts Course at Victoria.
Joseph Zidner—Cutting up at the York Wood-working Company.

13B

George Barefoot—Working at A. V. Roe.
Marilynne Campbell—Furthering her education at Shaw's Business School.
Lois Chadwick—Studying at MacDonald Hall in Guelph.
Eileen Chapman—Furthering her education at Ryerson.
Marylee Conway—Taking Physical and Occupational at Varsity.

Nancy Everett—Teaching school up north.
Robert Fenn—General Arts at U. of T.
Brian Forest—General Arts at U. of T. and then medicine.
Elizabeth Gough—Working in Inch's in Weston, then plans to go into nursing.
James Kennedy—Studying Honour Science at U. of T.
Edward Lothian—Studying at Royal Roads Military College, Victoria, B.C.
Robert MacPhie—Taking Electrical Engineering at U. of T.
James Marks—Working with his father in the heating and air conditioning business.
Margaret Mussmacher—Is a service representative at the Bell Telephone of Canada.
Ann Peterson—Attending Business College in Guelph, plans to study modern languages at U. of T. next year.
Mayburn Sowery—Studying modern languages at Queen's University.
Norma Torrance—Studying sociology and philosophy at Victoria.
Richard Yerex—Studying pharmacy at U. of T.

H12

Olive Arlow—Is working at the Parker Pen Co.
Mary Dudas—Is employed by the Singer Sewing Machine Co.
Ethel Guest—"Pinky" works in the office at Harold F. Ritchie.
Aldona Ukelis—Taking a business course at Shaw's.

"C" Special

Margaret Caister—A stenographer at A & P Food Store.
Keith Dickin—Working in his father's business.
Esther Flear—Working at Canada Life Assurance in the office.
Mardi Heard—Secretarial work at the Weston Sanitorium.

Reginald Kellman—Working in the office at J. T. Farr.

Yvonne Law—Doing office work at De Haviland.

Frances Loftus—Working in the office at Pink Motors in Weston.

Elizabeth MacDonald—Office work at A. V. Roe.

John MacDonald—Working in the offices of Metropolitan Toronto.

June Milling—Secretarial work at A. V. Roe.

V12

Andrew Beattie—Studying at Ryerson.

George Burbidge—Is a draftsman at Moffats.

Gerald Butterworth—Draftsman at the Dominion Bridge Company.

Allan Cavins — Draftsman at the Square D Company.

Kenneth Campbell—Is an apprentice mechanic at the T.T.C.

Lloyd Carroll—An apprentice machinist at I.B.M.

John Dallas—Apprentice mechanic at the Fraser Barnes Co.

John Debling—Apprentice mechanic at Acme Screw and Gear Co. Ltd.

William Geal—Draftsman at Malloney Electric.

Robert Gooch—Draftsman at Johnson, Mathey and Mallory Co.

Robert Goode—Is an apprentice at Kodak.

Geno Guatto—An apprentice at Finley-McGochlan Co.

William Hanna—Another Draftsman at Dominion Bridge.

John Jesson—A wood-working apprentice.

James Johnson—Working at the Bell Telephone as an apprentice.

Edward Karabin—An apprentice at the A. E. Rule Co.

Jack Law—Working at the Pigott Construction Co.

Clifford Love—An apprentice at Jack Pink's.

John Mead—One of the many draftsmen at Dominion Bridge.

Ronald Middleton—An apprentice at the T.T.C.

Douglas Miller—Working with the Leder Co. as an apprentice.

Gordon Mitchell—An apprentice with Pigott Construction.

Barrie Moir — With Rawlinson Co. as an apprentice.

Gordon Pearce—An apprentice at the Ontario Hydro.

Robert Sim—Studying at Ryerson.

Marcelle Skorupa—Furthering his education at Ryerson.

Richard Smith—Is a garage apprentice.

Ronald Smith—An apprentice at Semple-Gooder.

Cecil Stevens—An apprentice at Foundation Enterprises.

Robert Swift—Working at the Baird Co. as an apprentice.

Sidney Templeton — An apprentice at Soules Construction.

Don Toogood—Working at the Ontario Hydro.

Robert Wressel—Is a mechanic apprentice.

C12

Marilyn Albrecht—Her ambition was to marry to a certain guy—well, she did.

Joan Ashbee—Office work at Moore's Business Forms.

Dianne Bader—Working in the office at Kodak.

Barbara Bentham—Another one employed by Moore's Business Forms.

Lois Cannon—In the office at the Workmen's Compensation Board in Toronto.

Betty Chapman—Happily married.

Audrey Clarke—Working at C.N.R.

Dana Dobson—Working at Allen and Hanbury.

Fern Evans—Working at Kodak.

Ellen Gillis—Doing office work at Smith Manufacturing Co.

Lynne Hawman—One of the many at A. V. Roe.

Lorna Jeffrey—Joined her friends at Kodak.

Marjorie McIntyre—Office work at the Compensation Hospital.

Mary Moulder—Also at the Compensation Board.

Audrey Patterson—Office work at A. V. Roe.

Nancy Pott—In the office at A. V. Roe.

Dorothy Robinson—Working at Kodak.

Margaret Rotz—Office work at the Workmen's Compensation Board in Malton.

Florence Tumber—Secretarial work at Fraser and Bull.

Joyce Whittaker—Another happy housewife.

Glenda Young—Travelling in South America.

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COMMENCEMENT

The annual commencement exercises of Weston Collegiate and Vocational School were held on Friday, November 13th, 1953, in the beautiful new auditorium and there was a large crowd of parents, friends and graduates. On the stage were guests and teachers.

The chairman for the evening was our principal, Mr. E. H. G. Worden. The invocation was given by Rev. G. K. Tyler. The orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Metcalfe, entertained the audience with several selections at the beginning of commencement, during the intermission and at the end of the exercises.

The first presentations were for general proficiency in all departments. The winners for Upper School, General Department (1) James Kennedy, (2) Ann Peterson.

Mathematics—Earl Law

Languages—Ann Peterson

Science—James Kennedy

Middle School winners were— Grade 12: (1) Arlene Birch; (2) Gary Seagrave. Grade 11: (1) Robert Taylor; (2) Barbara Cruise.

Lower School winners were— Grade 10: (1) Noreen Martini; (2) Brian McKelvey. Grade 9: (1) June Corcoran; (2) Ann Heslop.

Senior Public School winners were: (1) Joanne Johnston; (2) Carol Scott; (3) Annabelle Smallman-Tew.

Home Economics and Commercial department winners were—Commercial Department: Grade 12: Marjorie McIntyre; Commercial Special,—Yvonne Law. Grade 11: (1) Margaret Perry; (2) Loretta Pivato; Grade 10: (1) Nancy McCutcheon; (2) June Hamilton. Grade 9: (1) Carole Shelley; (2) Mary Ann Harrison.

Home Economics Grade 12: Mary Dudas. Grade 11: Eleanor Noble. Grade 10: Marilyn Brownsey.

Industrial Department Grade 12: George Burbridge. Grade 11: (1) John Mariciak; (2) William

Everson. Grade 10: (1) Roger Gooch; (2) Bruce Roney. Grade 9: (1) George Bloor; (2) Frank Handscomb.

The Canadian Manufacturer's Association prizes were awarded to Commercial and Industrial students for general proficiency in various grades.

The Canadian Cycle and Motor prize for grade 11 was awarded to:

Margaret Perry—Commercial

Jan Maarse—Machine Shop practice

Roy Leno—Drafting.

Moffat's Limited prize was awarded to:

Eleanor Noble—Home Economics

John Watkins—Electricity

Raymond Freeland—Sheet Metal.

J. T. Farr and Sons prize was awarded to Douglas Hunter—Motor Mechanics. Satin Finish Hardwood Flooring Limited prize was awarded to Kenneth Montgomery—Woodworking. Square D Company Limited prize was awarded to Douglas Ives—Drafting. Taylor Instrument Company of Canada prize was awarded to Bruce Tavener—Electricity. The Rowntree Company Limited prize was awarded to Janet Worrall. The Canada Metal Company Ltd. prize awarded to Martin Priede—Sheet Metal.

The Johnston Mathey and Mallory Ltd. prize was awarded to Robert Gould—Machine Shop Practice. The Macotta Company of Canada Ltd. prize was awarded to William Everson and Archie Bryson—Woodworking. The Weston Business and Professional Women's Club prize was awarded to Marjorie McIntyre and Margaret Rotz—Commercial.

Mr. W. D. Lancaster assisted Dr. J. M. Thompson in the presentation of Honour graduation diplomas.

Miss E. M. Buell, Mr. T. J. Calnan, and Mr. M. Thompson assisted Mr. W. Dean, Mr. A.

(Continued on page 73)

The At-Home

On February 5th the Annual At-Home was held in the boys' gymnasium of Weston Collegiate. Music was supplied by Stan Patton and his orchestra.

The Gym was beautifully decorated for the occasion by Joyce Lamb and Marilyn Graff and their committee and presented a very beautiful picture. At the entrance was a white archway decorated with climbing roses. Inside a false ceiling was made of blue strips of cloth sloped away from the centrepiece, a huge golden chandelier made by Roger Ofield and his committee.

The corner opposite the entrance was the new orchestra platform made by Ken Montgomery and his committee, decorated to look like a rock garden. The remaining corners were also beautifully decorated, one with a large white lawn umbrella with chairs around it.

The highlight of the evening was the choosing of the Queen and her two attendants. The Queen, Sandra Hudson, was crowned by last year's queen, Jeannine Ofield, and presented with a bouquet of red roses. The two attendants chosen were Ruth Garret and Nancy Scott. At intermission, ice cream, cookies and punch were provided in the cafeteria.

Weston's one formal dance of the year was very well attended by both graduates and students and to those who helped to make this evening such a success, all wish to express their appreciation.

Sadie Hawkins Dance

Dear Sadie:

Once again the girls of Weston must thank you for giving them their one chance of the year to secure a man. The day that the girls had been waiting for arrived November 6, 1953. In true Sadie Hawkins fashion the girls asked the boys, paid their way and made original vegetable corsages for them.

The cafeteria was decorated with pictures of Lil' Abner and Daisy Mae and many other comic strip friends. The music for the dancing in this Dogpatch cafeteria was supplied by Mark Corey and his orchestra.

The corsages were judged by Miss Smith and Miss Klopp. The prize for the daintiest corsage went to Carol Morphet. Barbara Savage won a prize for having the most original corsage which was a face made on a cabbage head and hung around her partner's neck.

Throughout the evening there was square dancing and round dancing. Elimination and spot dances were won by some lucky students.

As the hour struck twelve the tables were turned and the boys were required to look out for themselves, and escort their "Sadie" home.

This was a big event of the W.C.V.S. social activity programme and was a big success with a large crowd attending.

Thank you Sadie

Until next year—

The Old Maids of W.C.V.S.



This year's At-Home Queen, Sandra Hudson is shown here with her two attendants, Ruth Garrett and Nancy Scott.

GEOGRAPHY CLUB

By Robert Russell, 13B

ON Wednesday, November 11th, a field trip was enjoyed by the students of Geography in Grades 11 and 12. Eight students braved the somewhat stormy day and travelled from Weston through many little towns and hamlets to Belfountain.

Many things were explored along the route from sand pits and rocks in Port Credit to the straight walls of the Niagara Escarpment near Acton. We passed through Streetsville and then up to Milton Heights where we stopped for lunch. During lunch Mr. Inch explained the interesting features we had seen and the ones that were to follow.

After lunch we journeyed on passing through Hornby, then to the C.B.C. radio tower. Acton was the next town we descended upon. We then went to Belfountain, our destination. At the famous park we saw Nature in all her glory, the famous falls and the Credit forks.

After a very enjoyable day the party returned home via Brampton, "The Flower Town of Canada".

The officers for the "Globetrotters" this year are: President, James Weller; Vice-President, Donna Lamb; Secretary, Nancy Waldon; Treasurer, James Lamb.

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Eaton's Junior Council

Eaton's Junior Council is composed of a group of teenagers under the leadership of the T. Eaton Co. The club's members are representatives of the secondary schools of the Toronto district. Their job is primarily to keep Eaton's informed on the various happenings in each school's social life and the preference in clothes of the students.

In each school, the physical education teachers, together with the representatives of the previous year, draw up a list of names. The list is then submitted to the principal who in turn gives it to the chief advisor of the council. After the candidates have been interviewed by him, the most suitable are chosen to be the representatives for that year. Our "reps" this year are Sandra Sanders and Clarke Pulford.

Each club member is given a blazer he or she wears proudly for club meetings. There are many parties and discussions planned for the representatives who meet every Saturday at Eaton's. They also have the fun of taking part in the Santa Claus Parade.

Besides what they give to the representatives themselves, Eaton's Junior Council provides the music for many of the schools social functions in the form of Eaton's Band Box. Every year too the council sponsors the Back-to-School Hop, the Christmas Hop, and the Bunny Hop.

It is considered a great honour to be chosen a representative to an organization which is doing so much to help Toronto and district Collegiates.

Photography Club

This year the club meets on Wednesday afternoons at 3.30 in room 216. The club now has a darkroom, in the old section of the school. This room is equipped with a print box and enlarger, bought with funds obtained from last year's class pictures and pictures taken at the annual At-Home.

During the first weeks of the year, elementary photography was discussed by Mr. Clayson, our advisor from the staff, for the benefit of our many new members. After this, an election of officers took place at one of the meetings with those elected: president, Bob Taylor; secretary, Ivan Gough; treasurer, Dave Rouse; heads of committees, Ron Jacobson, Roger Cornwall and Keith Randle.

After the election of officers, we were favoured with a few talks by members of the staff, among which was a lecture by Mr. Metcalfe. In January it was decided to hold a print competition and also decided to take pictures of the formal. We hope to be able to buy some new equipment for the dark room from the proceeds. We also hope for more good meetings and members in the remainder of the year.

HOSPITAL CAMPAIGN

This year the students of W.C.V.S. made their second contribution towards the progress of the Humber Memorial Hospital. The campaign this year was marked by a large thermometer in the new auditorium which day by day kept account of the money raised.

Besides the various types of sales given by the forms and also the form collections, proceeds of a Coke dance, and two films put on by the English Department, helped to put our objective over the top.

Total money collected amounted to \$854.00 with the highest form being 11D with \$88.75. Rumors up were 13B with \$80.20, C12 and C. sp. with \$71.50 and 11A with \$57.62. The highest form, 11D, was rewarded by a party.

Particular thanks are due Elizabeth Coulthard and Marion Martin for the time and effort they put into the management of the campaign.

Simpson's Collegiate Club

One of the brightest dreams of every local high school student is to become a representative to Simpson's Collegiate Club. This is an organization founded on the interest Simpson's has in teenagers and their ideas. There are 89 members in this club which meets twice a month in Simpson's Arcadian Court.

Two of our members were chosen last year to represent Weston. They are Nancy Scott and Louis Riel, who were picked for their athletic ability and scholastic standing and popularity.

They keep Simpson's up-to-date on the trends in high school fashions. In turn Simpson's does a great deal for them. Shortly after they became members, Nancy was given a grey wool pleated shirt blazer and Louis received a blazer and made-to-measure slacks. At their meetings they listen to interesting and informative lectures on varied subjects. This year they have heard about advertising and new ways to decorate Christmas presents. They also go on picnics and bus-trips and have parties. For every meeting they attend they each receive two dollars plus expenses.

Their activities also include the fashion shows which Simpson's sponsors every spring and fall. The modelling is done entirely by the club members although variety is achieved by the promotion of young Canadian talent.

The boys and girls are given the opportunity of working in the store itself during the Easter and Christmas holidays and on Saturdays. The advantages afforded by working with a big organization such as Simpson's and the association with the staff and customers is an invaluable education to young people.

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CHEMICAL DEMONSTRATIONS

This fall the students had a special treat in the form of a chemical demonstration presented by General Motors, for the purpose of illustrating the fields open to young people in practical science and engineering.

The two gentlemen from General Motors who were giving this demonstration showed us, among other interesting things, a method of chemically making synthetic rubber, the workings of a jet engine on a small scale, transmission of sound waves as used in radar and the strange reactions obtained by exploding various gases.

This demonstration, for which we extend our appreciation to General Motors, proved not only educational and helpful, but also very interesting to all.

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On Parade

THE Thursday night Cadet Parade opens with the roll call of those boys who attended Camp Ipperwash and Borden, — Sgt. Ted Broughton, W.O. II Doug. Graham, Sgt. Allan Scott, Sgt. Don Smyth, and Cadets Arthur Brown, Brian Flinders, David Godfrey, Tom Hepton, James Hermansen, Bernard Lynch, David McDougall, Bill Scatcherd and Cadet Roger Twiselton. The following attended Camp Borden Signals Course: Cpt. David Sim, Lt. David Edwards and Cadets Bud Mason, Gary Nicholls and Rowland Smith. The last group attended Camp Borden Driver Mechanic Course: Major Paul Cunningham, Sgt. Charles Conway, and Cadets William Burrows and Gerald Hansen.

Now comes basketball, drill rifle instruction, wireless course, map reading and perhaps a training film. We cannot use the rifle range up in the attic as yet because of the old desks, chairs and supplies stored there. The Quartermaster's Stores are also handicapped because their electricity was cut off during the alterations last summer. The cadets are to be issued with a new uniform this year, which is better looking and comes with an Eisenhower type jacket.

Every other Wednesday night the cadets have a chance to go down to the Queen's York Rangers at Fort York Armouries for special training and drill. Each Wednesday four cadets go to the Signals Armouries for a special wireless course on the nineteen set. First Aid classes are conducted by Mr. Lancaster on Tuesday afternoons right after school. Also there is wireless training in the old music room upstairs in the attic.

A week-end scheme will probably be planned in the spring. In May the cadets get their big chance to show what they can do for the annual inspection takes place then, and heaven help the cadet who makes a blunder.

Shortly, Mr. Burgess will be taking the names of those cadets who wish to attend cadet camp this summer. Last year the boys said that they had a good time and particularly appreciated the hundred dollar bonus they received before leaving camp.

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Our New Wing

By Carole Morphett, 13B

SLOWLY I walked up the concrete steps leading to our new wing. To say a feeling of pride swept over me would be underestimating my feelings at this time. Sharply the door swung open, and two fellow classmates extended to me a warm greeting. Then I was standing alone at the top of the stairs and I felt much as a Roman conqueror, in days of old, would feel as he stepped into the Forum.

Like the Forum the main hall was crowded with gaily-dressed people. Guides sporting suits adorned with school colours proudly displayed the various rooms to newcomers. The doors of the auditorium yawned as if to bid 'entrez'. The air was one of festivity and friendliness. Then at eight, the doors of the auditorium closed and through the intercom. system the speeches could be heard. Our School was officially open.

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This event probably did not make history in the lives of most of the visitors, but to me, an inhabitant, so to speak, it meant a lot. Following through the average day, the changes are many. Not even the bluest Monday could seem hopeless in the new French room. And in the library where I take my Latin classes, no matter how much I try to resist education I find the atmosphere conducive to study. To have had to play Einstein in one of the old labs, crowded, poorly ventilated, dark, yes, and even dreary, would have discouraged even the most ambitious budding scientist. But now, all of these maladies have been remedied.

"But do we appreciate our beautiful auditorium, bright cafeteria, and numerous modernized classrooms?" is the question asked by many. I do and you must too. The proof is in the fact that Weston Collegiate's School spirit has risen one hundred per cent. Both teachers and students are more relaxed, no longer under the tedious strain of overcrowded classrooms. I think the new wing is properly appreciated by all. I know that I am proud to be a student at Weston Collegiate and Vocational School.

Student Council

This year the students of Weston Collegiate again chose the leaders among themselves to head school activities in the form of their Student Council.

The first elections were in the forms for representatives followed by the elections of our president and executive. After active campaigning a very capable and popular president was elected in Bill Plewes. Vice-president was Jeannine Ofield, and secretary Janet Worrall. Councillors were: James Caskey, publicity; Ines Martini, dance convener; Joyce Lamb decorations; Marguerite Coulson, food; Kenneth Montgomery, ticket sales; and Marilyn Graff, decorations.

Thanks are due to the staff advisors, Miss Smith, Miss Klopp, Mr. Calnan, Mr. Lethbridge, and Mr. Heard, for the time and effort they contributed to aid in the success of the Student Council.

SNOW BALL DANCE

This year on January 15th the Snow Ball dance was held in the school cafeteria. The music was supplied by Eaton's Bandbox, and dancing continued from 8.30 to 12.00. The Snow Ball was another of Weston's successful dances where good times are enjoyed by all.

St. John's Courses

THIS year Weston presented two St. John's Ambulance courses.

The first, under the direction of Mr. Lancaster, was a course in first aid, held every Tuesday evening after school. In this course the students learn such useful aids as artificial respiration, treatment of various injuries such as cuts and burns, and also methods of applying bandages.

There is an oral test given each season, conducted by a doctor who questions and marks the students on their knowledge and on their demonstrations of bandaging.

After completing the junior course successfully, the students receive a certificate: the first senior course merits a pin, the second a voucher and a badge, and a medallion is the final reward after completion of four courses.

The second course offered in the school is one in home nursing under the direction of Miss Hardy. Classes are held Mondays and Wednesdays in such things as thermometer reading, bed-making, and general methods of caring for a convalescent. A written test is given at the end of the course and both junior and senior certificates may be earned.

The popularity of the St. John's courses seems to increase yearly. There are now about fifteen students enrolled in each of these excellent courses.

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I. S. C. F.

The Inter-School Christian Fellowship is a group whose aim is "To Know Christ and to Make Him Known." Each week it offers to all students an opportunity for Bible study. Application of the Scriptural truths to school life is the theme of many discussions.

This year the group has met in the Music Room after school on Thursdays. The president, Jim Weller, has provided energetic and capable leadership. Jim has been ably supported by an executive who have helped him bring in special speakers, plan socials and publicize events.

We are privileged to have had Mr. Loney as our sponsor for the past three years. Consequently, I.S.C.F. has enjoyed a good year.

Square Dance

During the spring of '53 several girls journeyed from Weston to Brampton to represent our school at a square dance festival. They had a wonderful time largely owing to the efforts of Wes McVicker who did a splendid job of calling the dances and also the Brampton girls who saw to it that our girls were made welcome.

Christmas Dance

Once again the Christmas Dance signified the completion of the exams and the beginning of a dozen or so days of rest. This year the dance was held in a beautifully decorated cafeteria with Eaton's Bandbox supplying the music. During the evening Barbara Simpson and Major Cooke did a "Spoon Dance" and at intermission Santa Claus arrived to distribute gifts. A carol sing-song and square dancing added variety to the evening. At twelve the dance ended, leaving everyone in a festive mood for the coming season.

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Music and Drama Night

The annual Music and Drama Night was held this year in the new Auditorium.

The orchestra under the direction of Mr. Metcalfe entertained with a medley of Gershwin tunes, including "Someone to Watch Over Me," "Do, Do, Do," "The Man I Love," and various other selections.

Two excellent plays were staged. The first, "Orange Blossoms," was a one-act play comedy in which the leading roles of Mr. and Mrs. Duckworth were played by Roger Ofield and Barbara Anne Smith. The other play, a comedy entitled "Thank You, Doctor," was ably enacted by Barbara Japp and John Downing in the leading role. Others in the cast were Robin Dunlop, Ivan Gough, and Pat Loose.

Thanks are due also to those on the committees who so ably planned this night of entertainment.

Biology Trip

On February 19th, Miss Hardy, Mr. Clayson, and twenty-four biology students visited the old Hospital for Sick Children to see and learn about the cobalt bomb used in the curing of cancer.

Dr. J. Macdonald a physicist, explained some details of radioactivity and radiotherapy and then showed the group the bomb. He described the protective devices used against the harmful rays of the bomb, such as the concrete walls of the room, two to three feet thick, and the eleven inches of lead encircling the radioactive cobalt in the bomb. He then explained the machine's operation and control the patients' preparation and the treatments' effect. The group withdrew and then asked any questions they wished.

The visit was considered very beneficial. The group was greatly impressed by the machine's power, massiveness and delicate operation. Everyone felt honoured to see and learn something about the cobalt bomb which represents modern progress in the fight against the dreaded disease of cancer.

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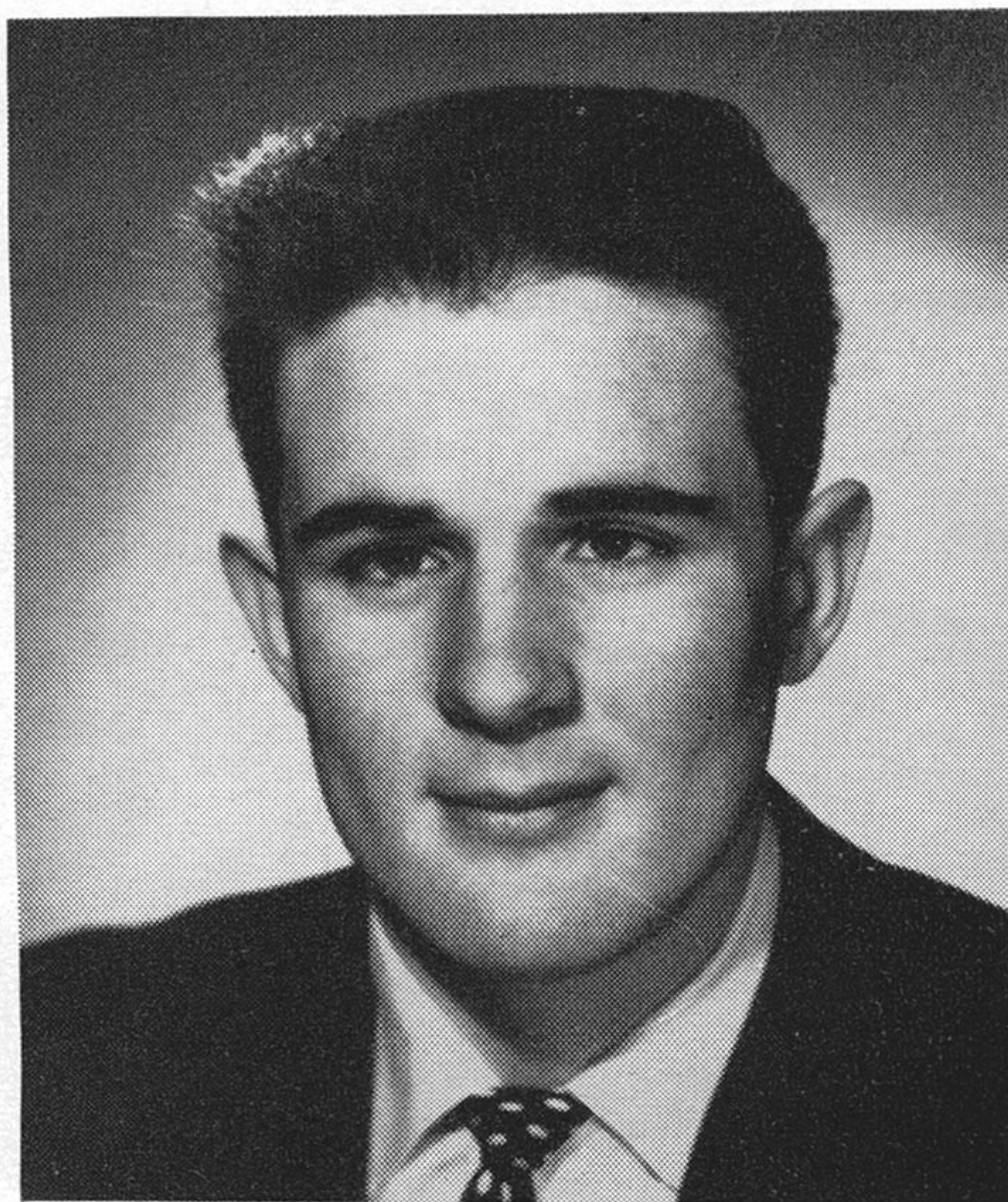


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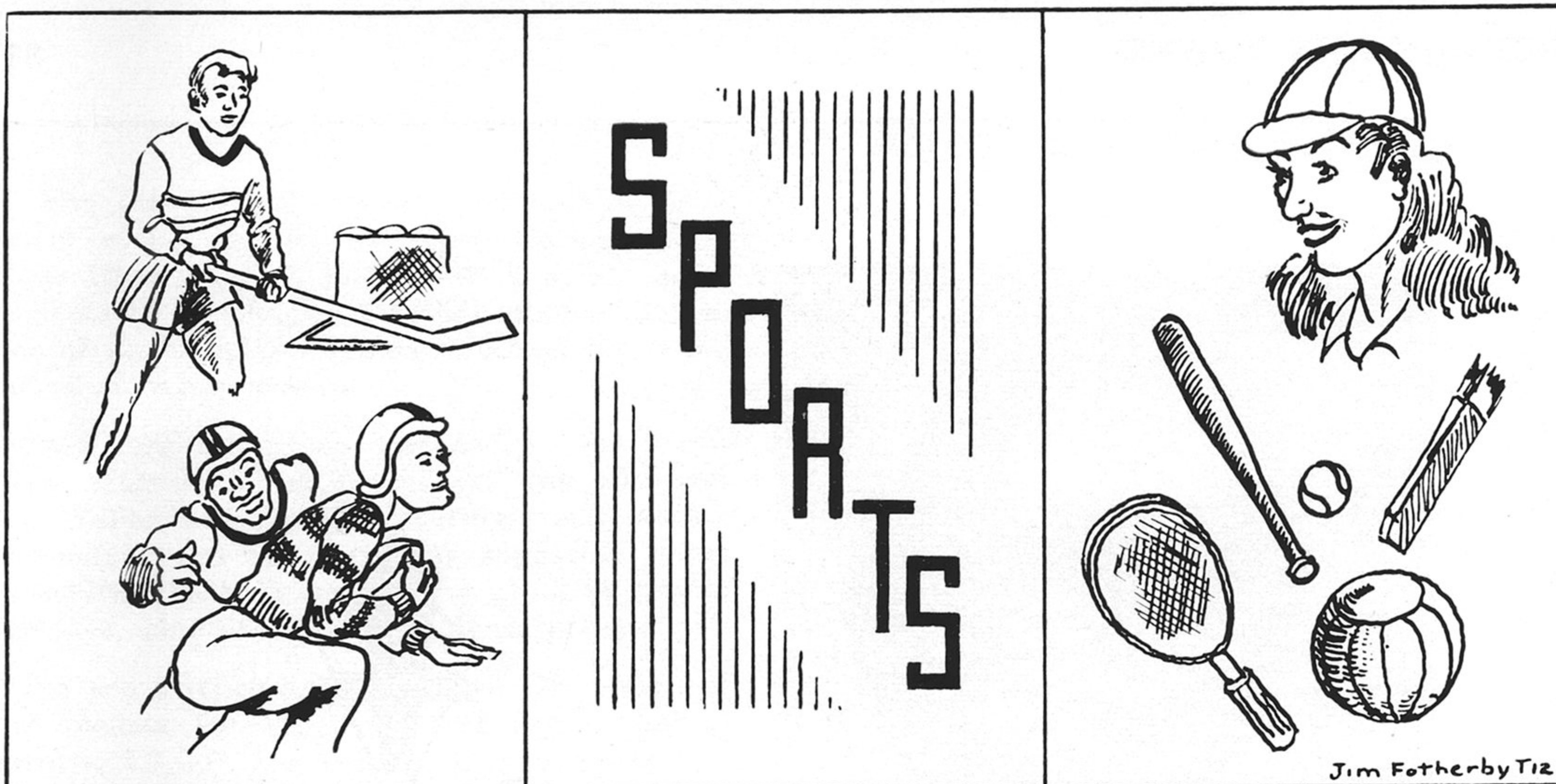
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SENIOR FOOTBALL

THE Weston Senior Football Squad didn't have as happy a season as in former years. Although they did not win a game, they played a good brand of football.

In the first game the Westonians travelled to Etobicoke to do battle with the Etobicoke Rams. In the first half the Westonians relinquished six points to the Rams, a touchdown by White, and a single on a long boot by Guest. In the second half, the Etobicoke team opened up and scored four converted touchdowns and two singles. When the dust finally cleared from the field, the score was found to be 32-0 in favour of Etobicoke.

The next game was played at Weston against Runnymede. It was an interesting, closely-fought game with neither team able to gain much advantage. At the half-way mark the score was tied at one-point each. In the second half Runnymede scored two touchdowns, one being converted. A single completed the scoring for Runnymede. The final score was 13-1 for Runnymede.

The third game of the campaign was staged between York Memorial and Weston at Weston and wound up with the score of 17-5 in favour of York Memorial. In this game Weston scored its first major. This occurred when Santo Martini threw a pass to Bob Longhouse for the score. The convert attempt was blocked.

The next game was Weston's last home game and was played against Etobicoke. The scoring was opened by Weston when Bob Pulford kicked over the deadline for a single. Then Etobicoke struck back with a converted touchdown. The half ended with the score 6-1 in favour of Etobicoke. In the second half Etobicoke added three touchdowns, one of which was converted. The final score was 22-1 for Etobicoke.

The next game was played away from home against Runnymede. Again the Westonians were unfortunate and lost to an improved Runnymede team.

The final game of the season was also played away from home. This time Weston was beaten by York Memorial. At the end of the first quarter York led 6-0. At the half, it was 12-0. In each of the third and fourth quarters York scored two converted touchdowns. Thus ended the scoring with the score 36-0 in favour of York Memorial.

Although Weston didn't win a game, Mr. Thompson should be congratulated for doing such a fine job with his team.

INTERFORM FOOTBALL

Old man winter gave Weston a break this year by delaying his snow until the end of the interform season. There were many fine games played, and two losses were needed to eliminate a team from the championship race. Quite a few games were played in a sea of mud, but rain or shine, the games still continued.

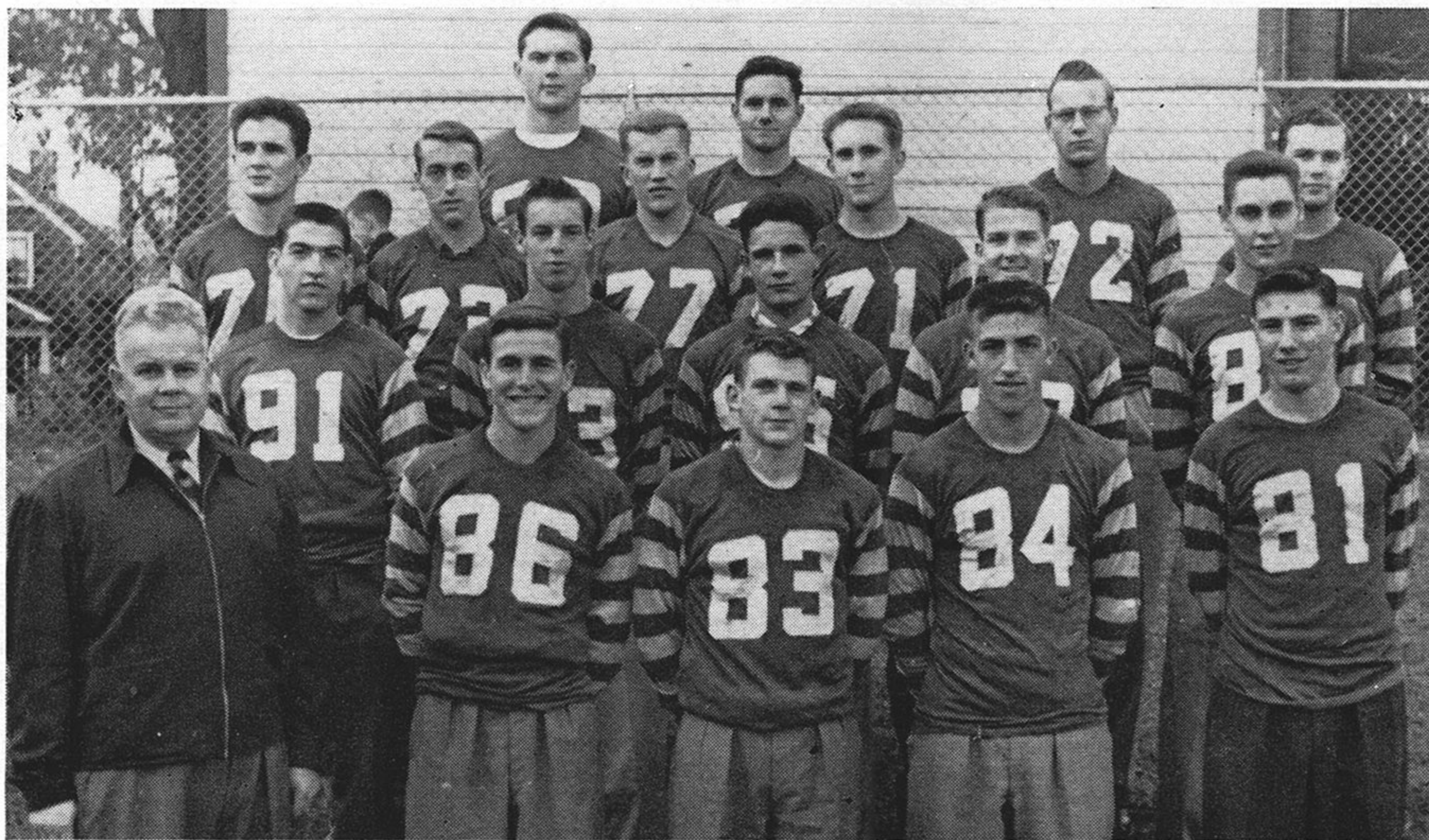
When the wear and tear of the campaign was over, the championship of the senior division was found to be in the hands of 13AB, who decisively defeated 12BC in the Finals. In the intermediate division, the final game was settled by one point, 10CD defeating T10A by the score of 1-0. The junior crown was won by T9B over 9F. Thanks to snowless weather and good support of the teams, the interform football was a great success.

Field Day

In the Field Day last May, senior champion was Bruce Bain, who with 15 points just edged out Bob Moon and Bob McPhee who had 14 each.

Intermediate champion was Brian McKelvey who had 18 points, the highest individual total of the meet.

Gary Sharman was junior champion with 16 points, beating Alan Adamson who had 15.



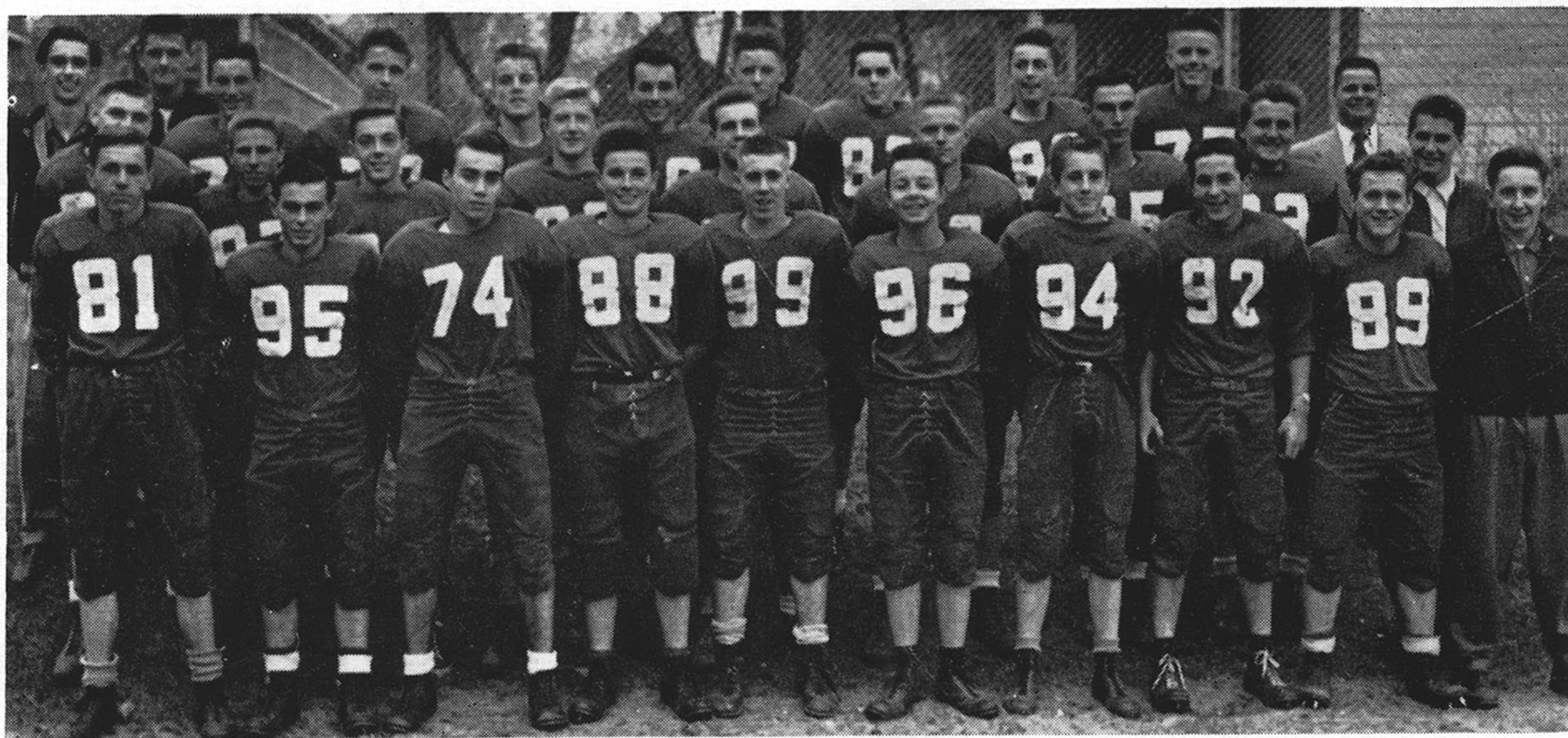
SENIOR RUGBY TEAM

Front Row—Mr. Thompson, R. Dunlop, J. Bell, B. Chard, B. Pulford.

Second Row—J. Madgett, W. Carbis, R. Foreman, B. Simpson, A. Hollinsworth.

Third Row—L. Reil, P. Falby, B. Lee, G. Kerr, P. Armstrong, W. Charlton.

Back Row—C. Pulford (Capt.), S. Martini.



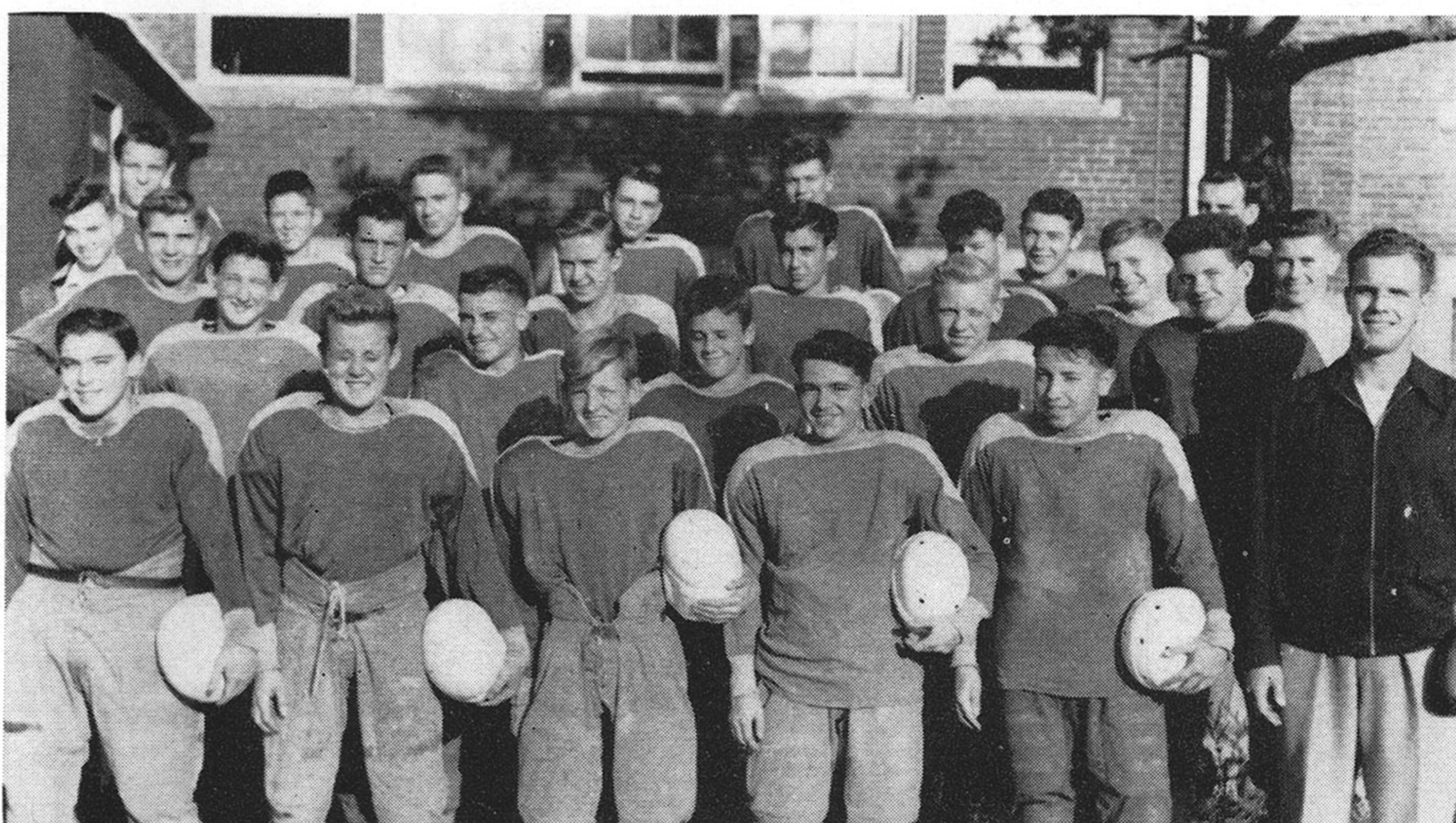
JUNIOR RUGBY TEAM

Back Row, L-R—M. Cook (Manager), G. Maidment (A. Manager), D. Chapman, G. Cross, B. Wood, B. Magee, D. Lowrie, J. Caskey, D. McTavish, D. Ashton, Mr. Bell (Coach).

Middle Row—E. Rickwood, G. Golder, B. McKelvey, A. Graff, Tarner, R. Kerr, D. Hollinsworth, M. Young, D. Danby (Manager).

Front Row—B. Clark, J. Scott, D. Alexander, B. Lynch, G. Sharman, D. Lauder, K. Smith, F. Groombridge, T. Hepton, D. Sommerville (Manager).

Absent—T. Hall.



BANTAM RUGBY TEAM

Back Row—R. Spour, D. Young, D. Clermount, R. Terrell, J. Christie, M. Nagles, M. Davidson, D. Godfrey, T. Metcalfe.

Second Row—R. Ofield, D. Forsythe, R. Brown, D. Christink, D. Spragge, B. Vail.

Third Row—D. Preston, B. Garvey, H. McGregor, B. Johnson, B. Look.

Front Row—D. Lee, D. Showers, T. McMath, S. O'Neil, D. Wilson, E. McMillan.

JUNIOR FOOTBALL

THE Weston Junior team played a good brand of football, and if they didn't prove anything else, they proved that they could master Runnymede.

The first game was played away from home at Etobicoke. Here the juniors came up against a strong Etobicoke team and lost to the tune of 40-1. In the first half, Weston scored their lone point. This was accounted for by a long punt by Brian McKelvey. However, Etobicoke ran up a lead of 23-1 by half time. In the second half the Etobicoke squad took up where they left off and, before the end, ran the score to 40-1.

Weston got off to a good start in their home season with a win over Runnymede. The game was closely contested all the way with neither team being able to gain much advantage in the first half, which was scoreless. In the third quarter there was no score. The excitement was intense in the fourth quarter, with the prospect of a scoreless tie looming ever closer. Finally Brian McKelvey broke around right end for the score. He converted his own touchdown. Weston held their hard-fought-for margin until the end of the game. The final score was Weston 6, Runnymede 0.

The Weston Juniors entertained York Memorial in the next game, and emerged nursing a 15-0 defeat. York struck first in the first quarter when Hancock intercepted a Weston pass and ran 50 yards for the touchdown. In the second quarter York continued to press and scored two more touchdowns. The second half was evenly contested and neither team was able to gain much ground.

The next game was also played at home. This time the opponents were the Rams of Etobicoke. It was a well-played game with Weston doing well to limit their opposition to one touchdown in each quarter. This was sixteen points lower than the score when the two teams met at Etobicoke. They did well to stop other scores. Caskey of Weston, for instance, intercepted an Etobicoke pass on his one-yard line. The final score was 24-0 for Etobicoke.

The last two games of the season were played away from home. First was against Runnymede. Again Weston showed its supremacy, this time by a 5-1 count. Ray Kerr scored the Weston touch when he pounced on a Runnymede fumble behind their goal line. This was Weston's second win.

The last game of the season was played away from home at York Memorial and Weston played a good game in losing to the Yorkers 13-0. The first quarter was scoreless and Weston played their best then. In the second quarter York scored a converted touchdown and a rouge. Thus the score at half time was 7-0 in favour of York. The second half was almost a repeat of the first, as far as scoring goes. The third quarter was scoreless as was the first. Memorial scored a converted major in the last quarter to end the scoring. The game ended with the score 13-0 favour of York.

The juniors played a good brand of football that was good to watch. Congratulations should go to the players and to Mr. Bell for providing this. Even though the juniors didn't reach the playoffs they can always say, "Wait until next year".

BANTAM RUGBY

Weston Bantams journeyed to Brampton for the first game of the season, and came back the victors in an extremely close game by a two point margin. In the first quarter, Barry Johnson of Weston scored a touchdown, but the convert was missed. Brampton then garnered a point. Three points were added by Brampton in the second quarter to make the score 5-4. In the third quarter, Brampton forged ahead 9-5. In the fourth quarter, Barry Johnson took care of matters by racing for two touchdowns, while Brampton came back with one. This was unconverted, and the final score became 16-14 for Weston.

The first and second quarters of the game against York Memorial were featured by some spectacular runs by both teams. However, both defences were sure when it counted, and no scores developed. In the third quarter, after a Weston drive was stopped, Banen of York Memorial broke away from Weston tacklers to score a touchdown on a 55-yard run. The score remained 5-0 for York until the fourth quarter, when they scored a second touch.

Weston played an excellent game against Etobicoke, but found themselves up against a very strong Ram team. The first quarter was scoreless, but in the second quarter Etobicoke scored on a 75-yard run. They added two more touchdowns in the third period, and one in the fourth. Weston could make no reply, and the final score was 21-0 for Etobicoke.

In their last two games, the Bantams were again outlucked after dropping a 12-6 decision to Runnymede, they were held scoreless in their last game, losing to Royal York 9-0.

The following played for the Bantams this year. Baird Garvey, Bob Terrell, Barry Johnson, Jim Bernard, Jim Christie, Dennis Young, Ken Smith, Ron Ofield, Dave Grant, Gar Pink, Barry Vail, Don Forsythe, Bill Look, Hugh McGregor, Michael Davidson, Jack Hiles, Paul Vidotto, David Showers, Don Lee, Robert Christing, Michael Nagles, Dave Spragge, Harry Wilson, Robert Brown, and Ron Clermont. Mr. McMillan was their very fine coach.

Let's Get Together

By Gary Sharman, 10D

THE fall to most pupils means the start of school, and long hours at night spent doing homework. To most of them, school is one big bore and if it wasn't for the football games to break the week up, they would all go crazy.

So to most, football games are important, but how many realize the work and money spent to have that team ready?

To many they seem to think that coaches are there because it is their obligation to give all their spare time to a group of boys to carry our school's honour. Just think of what he goes through, the two and a half hours he spends each night conducting practice. Before this though he has to get the boys out for the team, so he has to go around to each individual boy and beg him to come out for the team. Not only is this act tiresome to him but also discouraging. To make matters worse, accidents happen quite frequently, and a boy gets injured, not a boy who may be easily replaced but one of the star linemen or star backfielders. He then has to start all over again, to find a boy suitable to fill the position left vacant. When he does find a boy he has to spend more time showing him plays and get him in condition so he will be in physical fitness to withstand the rough treatment he will receive during a game. So by this time his schedule is drawing near and his time has run out.

So next fall when our teams are having a rough time be patient and give the coach and his boys a chance. Just remember the only way we can give them a chance is by giving Mr. Thompson, Mr. Bell and Mr. McMillan our full co-operation. First of all the boys turning out at the first practice and giving an all-out effort to make the teams. Secondly, if you don't make the team continue to show interest by appearing at all the games, this means all the boys and girls too. Let's show the other schools that Weston still has more school spirit than any one else.



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Here's the daring octette who took on the students at a staff-student basketball game. The score? We've conveniently forgotten. Against the wall, Messrs. Hewitt, Beech, Loney, Wickett and Ferguson. In front, Messrs. Bell, Christie, Hoey.

THE HOCKEY RECORD

WESTON Seniors opened the hockey season at home against U.T.S. with a 5-1 loss. Craig Cribar tallied Weston's goal in the third period. Apart from losing the game, Weston was involved in a fight which stopped the game near the end of the last period.

Weston untracked themselves in the second game of the campaign, against Runnymede, and goalie Don Cook chalked up a shutout. Neil Chappell was Weston's top scorer with two goals in a game which Weston won by a score of 6-0.

The third game was also a victory for Weston, the victims being Forest Hill. The final tally was 4-1 for Weston in a closer game than the score would indicate. Jack Madgett scored two goals for Weston, and Bob Chard and John Lostchuk one each.

In the return game with Forest Hill, the tables were turned, and Weston went down to defeat by the margin of three goals. This time the score was 6-3 in favor of Forest Hill.

Weston lost its second game in a row when U.T.S. capitalized on its chances to win 4-2.

Weston, with Bob Tyrrell in goal, kept first place in its division by tying Runnymede 2-2, in a see-saw battle, on the strength of goals by Bert Brooks and Clarke Pulford, in its last league game.

The following players put Weston in first place, and hope to bring it a title: Don Cook, Clarke Pul-

ford, Peter Armstrong, Don Kendall, Doug Hunter, Santo Martini, Craig Cribar, Pat Falby, Robin Dunlop, Bob Pulford, Jack Madgett, John Lostchuk, Bob Longhouse, Bob Chard, Jim Weller, Neil Chappell, Bert Brooks and Bob Tyrrell. Mr. Thompson was the senior's excellent coach.

JUNIOR TEAM

Weston Juniors continued their winning streak of former years when it edged U.T.S. by the score of 2-1. It was a very close game, with Bob Churchill and Terry Hall scoring in the first period for Weston.

The second game was against Runnymede and Weston emerged victorious by a 2-1 count. Barry Johnson and Brian McKelvey planted the puck in the net for Weston.

Forest Hill was next on Weston's list of victims, and was defeated by an 8-0 score. James Caskey was the top scorer for Weston with two goals, while Doug Wood, Barry Johnson, Terry Hall, Jim Shropshire, and Barry Hall rounded out the scoring.

In the return fixture Forest Hill showed a surprising reversal of form, and Weston was hard pressed to eke out a 3-2 win.

The following week, Weston journeyed to U.T.S. for their second encounter, and lost their first game in many seasons. Weston's goal was scored by Terry Hall. U.T.S. scored three goals, to make the final score 3-1 for U.T.S.

(Continued on next page, col. 2)

BASKETBALL

This year marked the start of TDIAA basketball in Weston, and we did quite well with the juniors going right to the wire before they were forced out of contention for the championship. They got off to a good start, with wins over Port Credit, Royal York, and Brampton, and by February 1st, were in a tie for first place with New Toronto, having lost only one game, and that to Mimico.

With losses in three out of their last four games, the juniors lost their playoff chances. They lost two games to New Toronto by scores of 33-48, and 25-27, and to Mimico in the final game of the season by a score of 38-48.

This final loss in a very well-played game, shattered all hopes that they would make the playoffs. In that game, Weston at one time had a 24-9 lead. Then Mimico started to roll, and the gap began to close. Then the score became 30-19, then 35-31, then 36-39, and finally 38-48. In the time that Weston had scored its last eight points, Mimico had scored 29.

Although they didn't gain a playoff berth, Weston can be rightly proud of its junior basketball team, under the coaching of Mr. Bell.

JUNIOR TEAM

The junior team had a five win and five loss record which represents an excellent accomplishment for a team in its first year of league competition.

The juniors had five midgets on the team who will have another year of junior competition. They are: Ray Kerr, Harvey Hill, Ross Muzylo, Ken Smith and Bruce Finlayson. Those moving up to senior next year will be Jim Caskey, Bob Webster, Brian McKelvey, Dale Foster, and Ross Gammage.

SENIORS

The senior team didn't have a very good first season in TDIAA basketball, but better things can be hoped for in the future. In no game were the seniors really close to winning, but this didn't deter the spectators, as most of the games were well attended. The seniors lost all their games to Brampton, Mimico, Port Credit, New Toronto, and their exhibition games with the juniors. Even in these losses, their games were always interesting to watch, with Don Sears and Uldis Vagners doing a fine job.

The following players, under Mr. Wickett, played for the senior basketball team: Calvin Calhoun, George Kerr, Bruce Lee, Al Garrad, Don Sears, Uldis Vagners, Jim Yarrow, Armand Hollinsworth, Jack Nyman, Tom McGarvey, and Walter Carbis.

MIDGETS

The midget basketball team seemed to be looking forward to great things at the beginning of the season, when they beat Earl Haig in an exhibition game by a score of 40-15. However,

when the sound of feet had finished echoing in the gym at the end of the season, it was found that they had lost all their league games.

In the first regular league game, Weston lost to Royal York by the score of 27-29. Then Brampton won by a margin of 29 points, 19-48. In the return game with Royal York the final score was 35-19 for Royal York.



JUNIOR BASKETBALL

Front row: B. Webster, B. Finlayson, B. McKelvey (Capt.), R. Kerr, Mr. Bell (coach). Back Row: R. Gammage, J. Caskey, K. Smith,, D. Foster.

The return encounter with Brampton was closer than the first game, and the spread was only seven points, with Brampton the victors by a 36-29 score. Then York Memorial came into the picture with two wins by 42-29 and 51-30.

Port Credit played two games with Weston, and emerged the victors by scores of 36-21 and 38-23. Weston finished its first season in TDIAA play by dropping two games to New Toronto, 19-33, and 26-32. Although they didn't win a league fixture, they did play very well.

The following boys, under Mr. McMillan, played for the midgets this year: Harvey Hill, Doug Lauder, Bill Lynch, Dennis Cannon, Peter Rasins, Dennis Young, Pat Verier, Bob Gammage, Jim Christie, Doug Tegart, Trevor Metcalfe, Gerry Thompson, Garry Sharman and Doug McLean.

(Continued from previous page)

Weston's next game was an exhibition against York Memorial, and they wound up victors by a 3-1 count.

Up to the time of writing, Weston had won all but one of its games, and was firmly entrenched in first place. The following players were responsible for this satisfactory state of affairs: Bob Tyrrell, Bob Churchill, Doug Wood, McGarvey, Don Hollinsworth, Tom Hepton, Barry Johnson, Terry Hall, Freedy Groombridge, Jim Shropshire, Cris Clarke, Murray Armstrong, James Caskey, Brian McKelvey, and Clifford. Fry and Thompson played in the exhibition game. Mr. Ferguson was the Juniors very capable coach.



Here are this year's cheerleaders. This picture, taken at a football game, shows Joyce Lamb, Nancy Waldon, Melba Richardson, Mary Gunn, Marion Martin and Nancy Carroll.

BASKETBALL

It always seems regrettable that the schedule set-up makes it impossible to report the immediate basket-ball series but this does not prevent giving honour where it is due to the teams who engaged in the 1952-53 games.

The competition was very keen as the teams were well balanced and it was only after many exciting encounters that the ultimate winners mentioned below were decided.

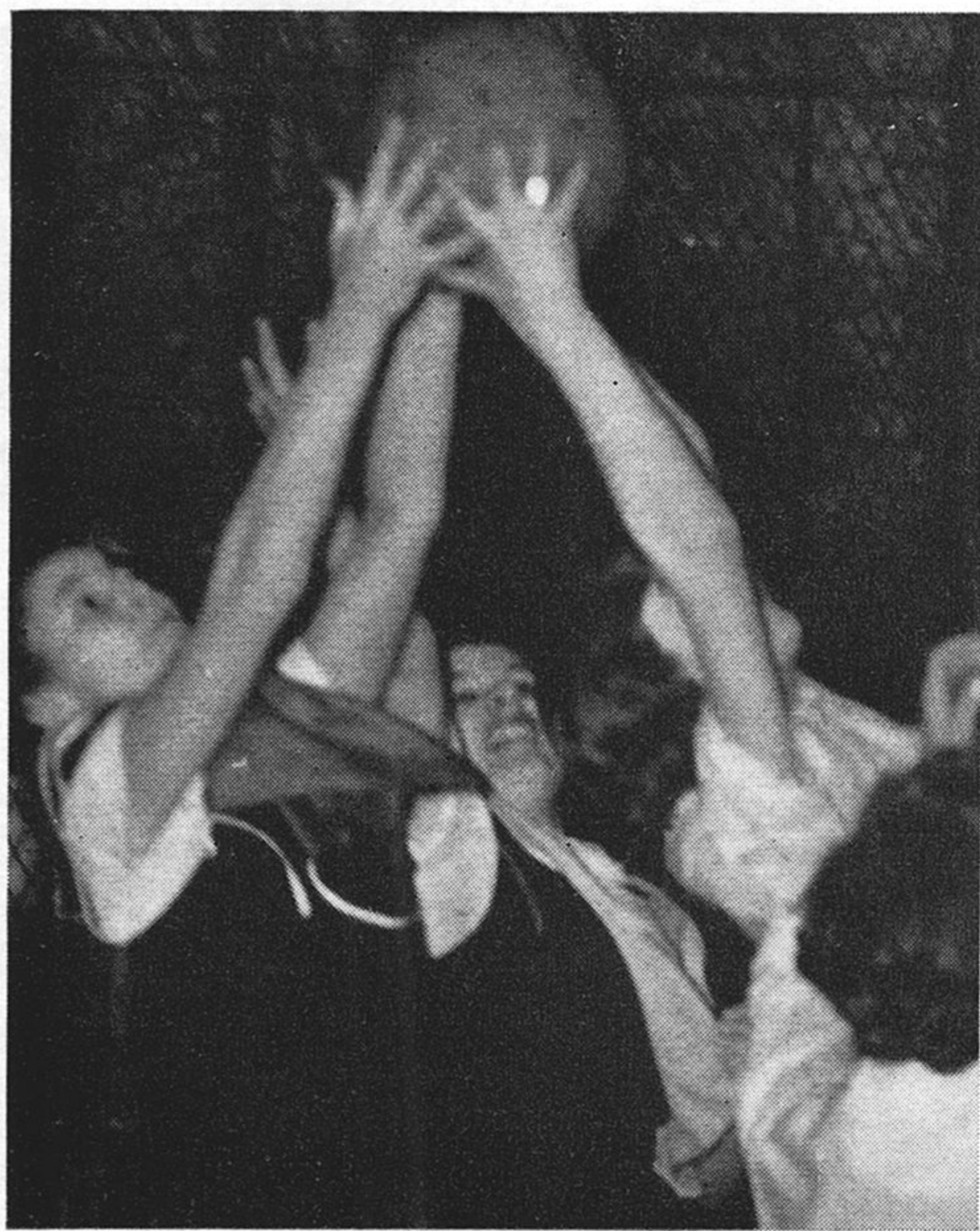
12B under the leadership of Jeanine Ofield won the Senior Division and also carried off the Shield which certainly calls for the congratulations of everyone.

11A under their captain Lena Plewes were rewarded for their good play by capturing the Intermediate division.

10A with Judy Holland in command acquitted themselves most ably by finishing up head of the Junior division.

9A in the capable hands of Shirley McMath was eventually the top aggregation in the Midget section.

We are looking forward to the present series offering the same good sportsmanship and competitive spirit which prevailed amongst the above divisions of last years basketballers.



Basketball action! Left is Joyce Lamb, C12; centre is Annabelle Cameron, 12A. Girl with the ring is Phyllis Peters, 12A.

Initiation

The annual meeting and formal welcoming of the grade nine girls by the senior students was once again a great success. The new auditorium provided the setting for the initiation rites and girls from grades ten, eleven and twelve provided the entertainment.

Janet McCormick of 12B, as Mistress of Ceremonies, did an admirable job presenting the various skits and describing the clothing of the models in the fashion show.

Among the events on the programme were a mock wedding, a Can Can and Dragnet. The able dancing of Barbara Simpson and Roberta Poulson also contributed to the talent of the afternoon and their efforts were truly appreciated by all.

Next came the highlight of the afternoon, the actual initiation of the Grade Nine girls. Mary MacCheyne of H11 served as a model for Phyllis Peters, 12A, who showed the other senior students the manner in which they must change the appearance of the first formers. With hair in rags, pyjamas under their tunics, books in a pillow-case, tooth-brushes suspended around their necks and a running shoe on one foot while the other sported a high-heeled pump, they were a strange sight indeed.

Thank you, girls, for being such wonderful sports.

TUMBLING

Early in January Miss Bullock started tumbling classes for grade nine and ten and apparatus work for grades eleven, twelve and thirteen. Each Monday at 3.30 the gym resounds with the grunts and groans of girls taking lessons in tumbling and each Wednesday with the bumps and bangs of those attempting the springboard. The girls have been formed into clubs and are enjoying many nights of games and competitions.

Baseball

Last spring after a series of exciting baseball games enjoyed by the staff as well as the students, the following teams came through to win the different championships:

Midget: 9D, under the leadership of June Corcoran.

Junior: C10B, captained by Marlene Smith.

Intermediate: 11A under their athletic rep Lena Plewes.

Senior: 12B, under their captain Jeannine Ofield.

In the final game to determine the champion team of the school, 11A battled their way to success to win the shield.

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Track and Field

In May, 1953, the Annual Track and Field meet was held in our new Stadium. A loudspeaker was used to announce the different events such as high jump, standing and broad jump, 75-yd. dash, 100-yd. dash, basketball and baseball throw, and the exciting form relays.

Winners of the different divisions were: Noreen Martini and Judy Holland, junior champions; Janet Worrall, intermediate champion; Roma Kaiser, senior champion.



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WESTON BRANCH

VOLLEYBALL

THE interform volleyball competition began this year with the enthusiasm and anticipation of every team to get out and win. All the teams fought hard, each one trying to gain top spot.

The winner of the junior division was 10AB under the leadership of Pat Bridge.

11A under their athletic rep, Judy Holland, won the intermediate division.

The winning team of the senior division was 13AB under their captain Mary-Ellen Mills. The 11A team also won the deciding game against 10AB for the shield.

Congratulations, kids!

Last fall a junior volleyball team made up of girls from grade 11 went to a jamboree held at Etobicoke Collegiate. There were 12 schools represented. Our girls played very well and won two out of three games. The Etobicoke girls proved to be excellent hostesses and a good time was had by all.

Two weeks later the intermediate girls' volleyball team went to a jamboree at Runnymede Collegiate. Several other schools besides Weston were represented. Weston completed the night undefeated, and was triumphant in the final game against Mimico.

ARCHERY

The 1953 Archery Team of Janet Worrall, Loretta Bellio, Noreen Martini, Gwen Brownsey — was not called on to defend its laurels this year. Weston has retained possession of the much coveted archery trophy. The 1954 archery team will begin practise in the Easter term.

POSTURE WEEK

Last year for the first time we had what we called a Posture Week. Of course only girls participated. We walked around with straight backs until we began to show signs of tiring. This laxity caused us to lose our emblem thus eliminating us.

At the end of the week we had a contest with the individual forms. They picked the best representative from each form and put them in the finals.

Some of the runners up were Arlene Allison for grade 9; Joan Parker for grade 11; and Elizabeth Coulthard for grade 12 and 13. These girls received pins.

From the finalists Joan Powlesland of Grade 10 was chosen as Posture Queen of the school and was presented with a cup.

The Graduating Classes

13A

**DAVE ALLATT**

Amb.—Royal Roads.

Dest.—Pot washer.

Aver.—People who don't support Bill.

Asset—Chewing gum.

Act.—Interform rugby.

Say—"Watch it Mac."

PETER ARMSTRONG

Amb.—Doctor.

Dest.—Funeral parlor.

Aver.—Looking at girls.

Asset—One fawn sweater.

Act.—Senior rugby, dancing.

Say—"Mommy buy me one of those things."

**RON BATES**

Amb.—To run a harem.

Dest.—Morocco.

Aver.—A father with initials E.Y.

Asset—Daughter of father E.Y.

Act.—Swimming, golfing.

Say—"How do you do that, sir?"

JOHN BELL

Amb.—Photographer.

Dest.—Another year in 13.

Aver.—Jibbering.

Asset—Camera.

Act.—Talking to M.

Say—"When are we going out M.?"

**JOHN CATHERWOOD**

Amb.—O.V.C.

Dest.—Death.

Aver.— Outmoded theories in chemistry.

Asset—Continued youth.

Act.—Teacher's pet.

Say—"Don't argue, I'm right."

BILL CHARLTON

Amb.—Medicine.

Dest.—Medicine Hat.

Aver.—Shaving.

Asset—Station wagon.

Act.—Sr. rugby, going North.

Say—"Hey, Buck."

**CRAIG CRIBAR**

Amb.—Accountant.

Dest.—Walsh Avenue.

Aver.—Permanent fixture W.C.V.S.

Asset—M.M.F.

Act.—Bugging teachers

Say—"Orman's my Buddy."

MICHAEL DIMMOCK

Amb.—Chartered accountant.

Dest.—Smart guy.

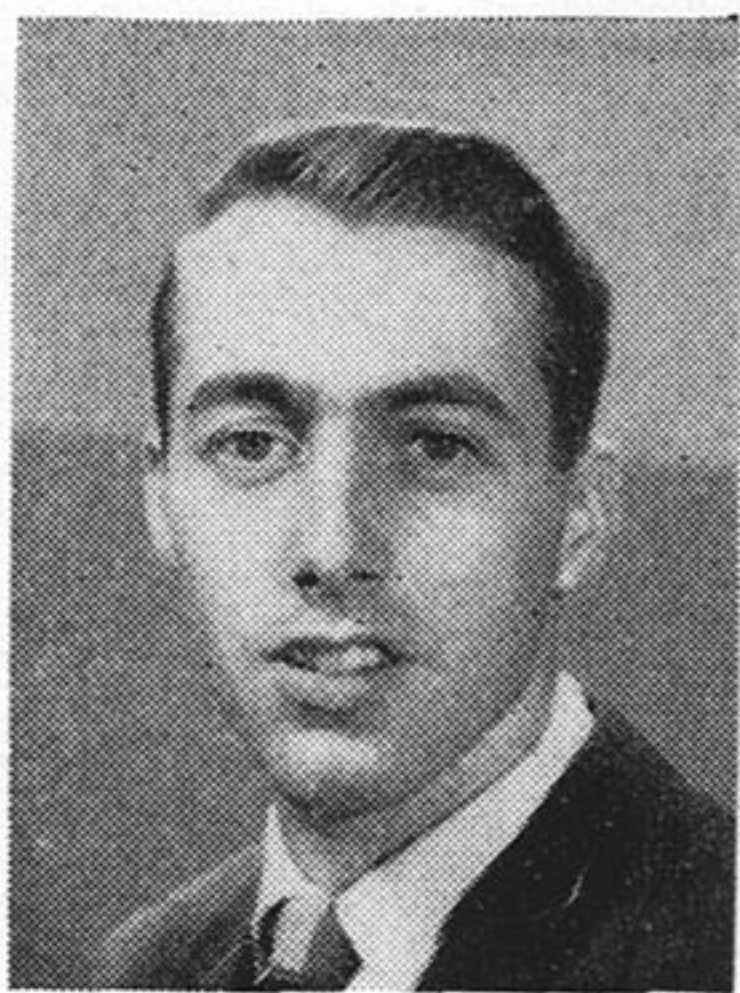
Aver.—Statistics.

Asset—One bicycle.

Act.—Fighting Dale.

Say—"I don't know what to put down."

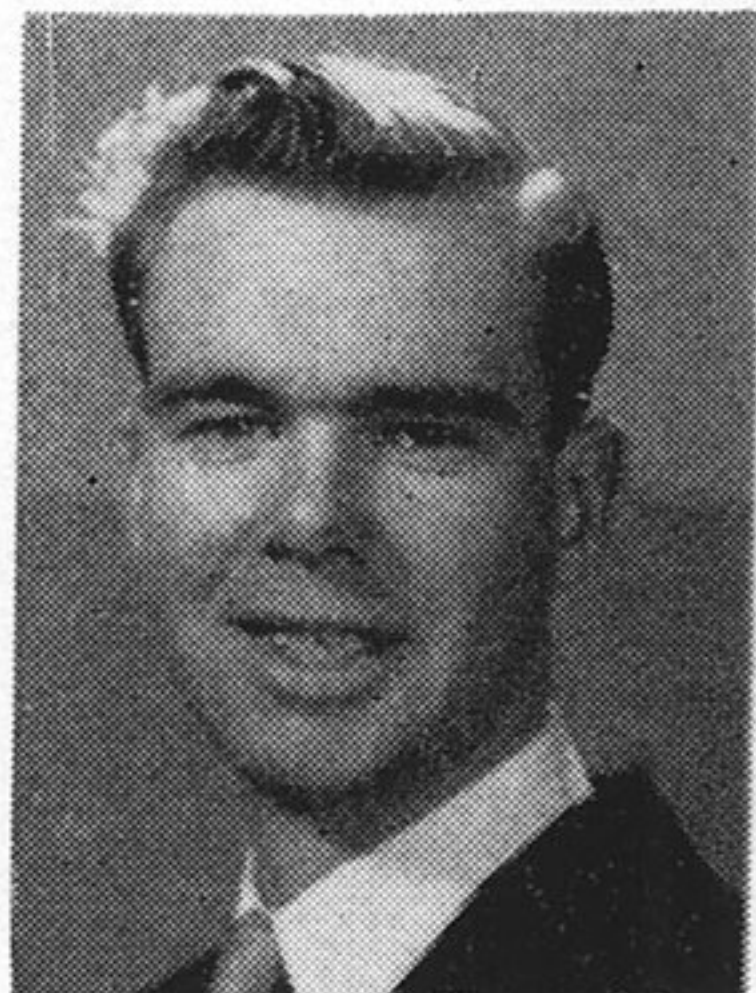


**PAT FALBY**

Amb.—Civil engineer.
 Dest.—W.C.V.S.
 Aver.—Homework.
 Asset—Handsome looks.
 Act.—Conning Tower Rep.
 Say.—“I don’t want to.”

FRED FLINTOFF

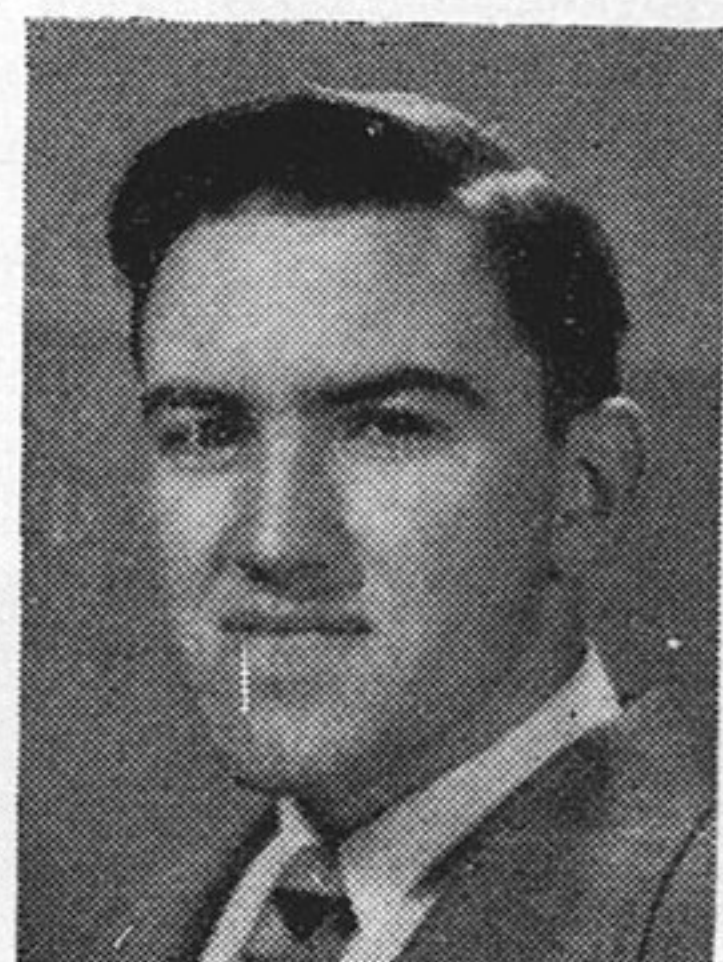
Amb.—Met man.
 Dest.—Resolute Bay.
 Aver.—Air force reserve.
 Asset—Two pair air force boots.
 Act.—Photography.
 Say.—“Howdo.”

**BOB FOURNIER**

Amb.—Chemical engineer.
 Dest.—Pelmo lifeguard.
 Aver.—One bad shoulder.
 Asset—Norma.
 Act.—Swimming, ski-ing.
 Say.—“Drop dead.”

GORDON GEMMELL

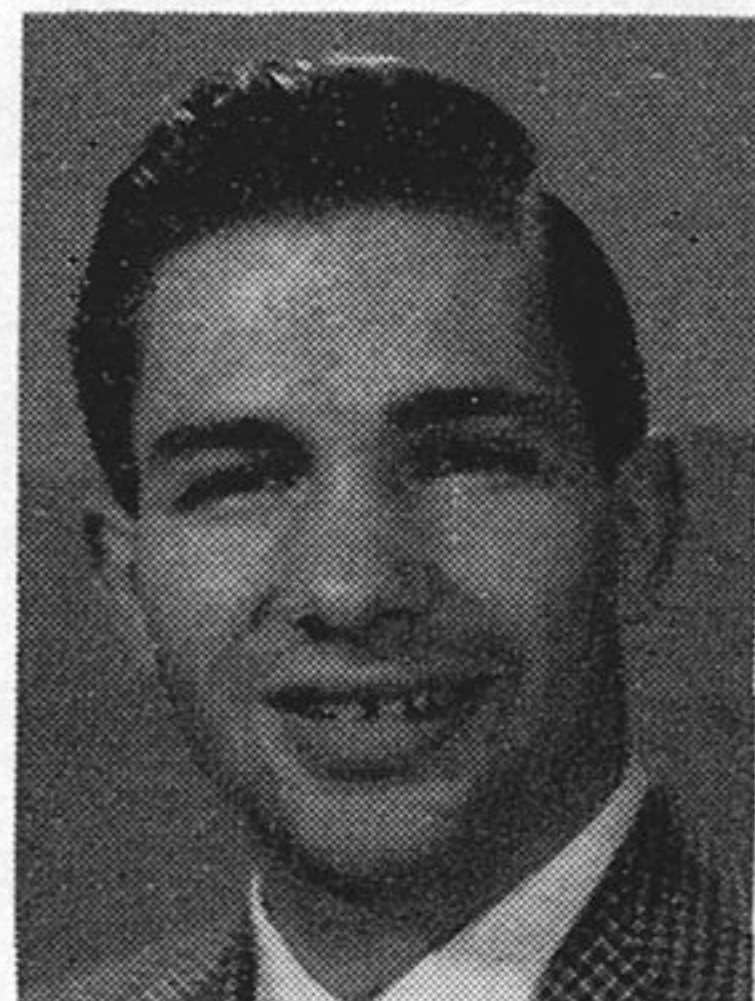
Amb.—Commerce and finance.
 Dest.—Bookie.
 Aver.—Two G’s, O’s, M’s, E’s, L’s.
 Asset—Fiddle.
 Act.—Orchestra.
 Say.—“Why don’t you join the orchestra?”

**BRIAN GILBERTSON**

Amb.—Chem. engineering.
 Dest.—A. V. Roe.
 Aver.—French.
 Asset—None.
 Act.—90 M.P.H. through Weston.
 Say.—“The old jalopy is falling apart.”

JACK GILMOUR

Amb.—Dentist.
 Dest.—Kraft.
 Aver.—Learning gory Macbeth.
 Asset—Golf clubs.
 Act.—Golfing.
 Say.—“Like heck he is.”

**IVAN GOUGH**

Amb.—Electrical engineer.
 Dest.—Cine-processing.
 Aver.—Scoutmaster?
 Asset—M. . . . and lonely Nash.
 Act.—Dancing, swimming, etc.
 Say.—“No, I’m Ivan.”

DOUG HEATHFIELD

Amb.—To get through school.
 Dest.—University.
 Aver.—Meeting the witches.
 Asset—Limousine.
 Act.—Interform rugby.
 Say.—“I want to get through school.”

**WALTER HIRSCH**

Amb.—Aeronautical engineering.
 Dest.—Radio technician.
 Aver.—Talking.
 Act.—Interform rugby.
 Say.—“You’re crazy, anyway.”

LAWRENCE HILLOCK

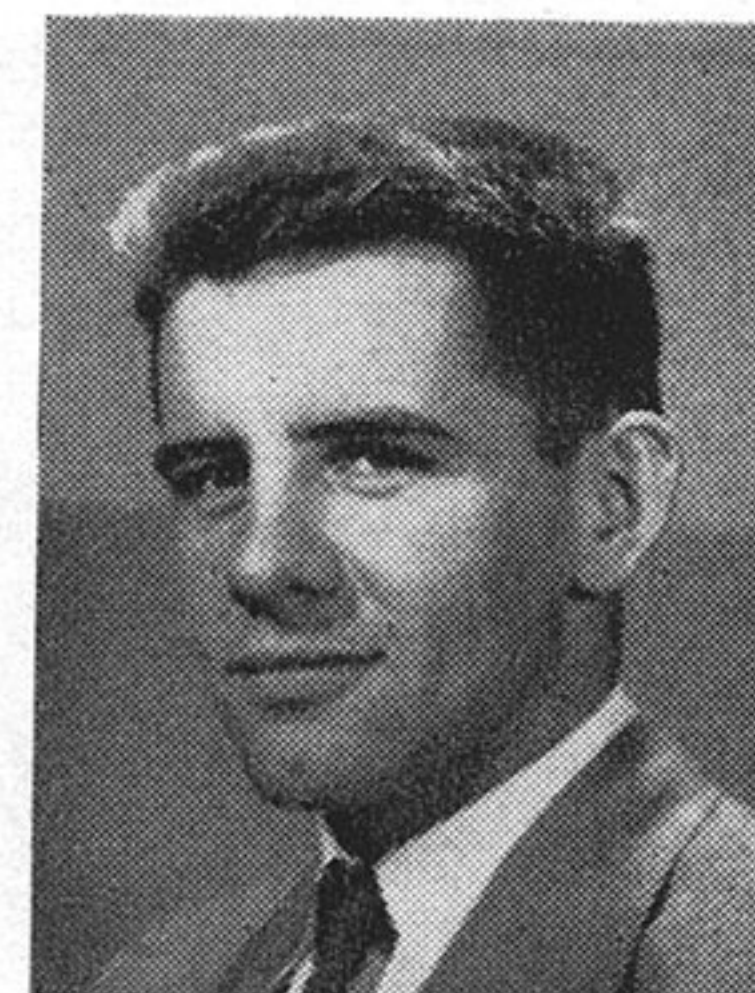
Amb.—Forest Ranger.
 Dest.—Points South.
 Aver.—Homework.
 Asset—A permanent front seat.
 Act.—Lighting forest fires.
 Say.—“I haven’t got it done, Sir.”

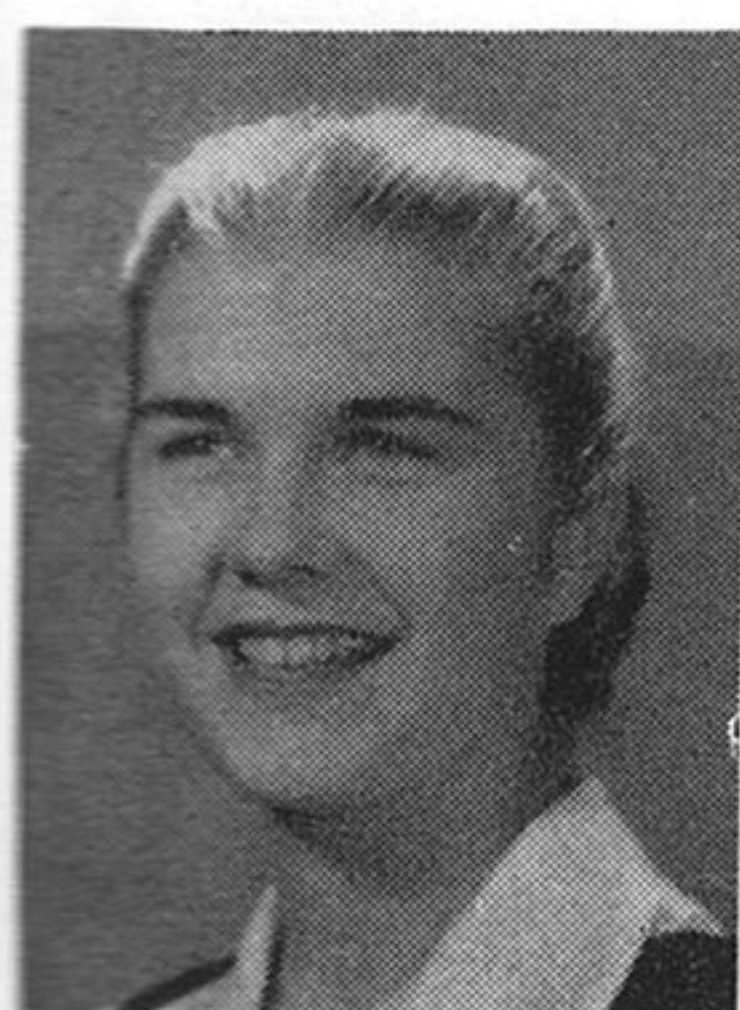
**BRUCE LEE**

Amb.—P.E. teacher.
 Dest.—A rural Public School.
 Aver.—P.E.
 Asset—One slightly used pool table.
 Act.—Senior football, basketball.
 Say.—“Pass the Globe.”

GLEN MCGUIRE

Amb.—Mechanical engineer.
 Dest.—Markham.
 Aver.—Old cars.
 Assets—One girl.
 Act.—Senior football, form rep.
 Say.—“I’d just like to say a few words.”





JEANNINE OFIELD

Amb.—Nurse.
Dest.—A lonely desert island.
Aver.—Short men, brothers.
Asset—A slightly used worm.
Act.—Vice-President of Student Council.
Say.—“You joker.”

BRIAN PATTERSON

Amb.—Chemical engineer.
Dest.—Tightly corked in a test tube.
Aver.—Girls.
Asset—A brushcut.
Act.—Basketball.
Say.—“Nothing much.”



DAVE PHILLIPS

Amb.—Senior matric.
Dest.—Over the river.
Aver.—Talking too much.
Asset—The tango.
Act.—Carrying the attendance pad (stock cars).

WILLIAM PLEWES

Amb.—Artist.
Dest.—Drawing calendars for Esquire.
Aver.—Kids who don't attend dances.
Asset—Brother also in Fifth.
Act.—School President.
Say.—“It's what the kids want, you know.”

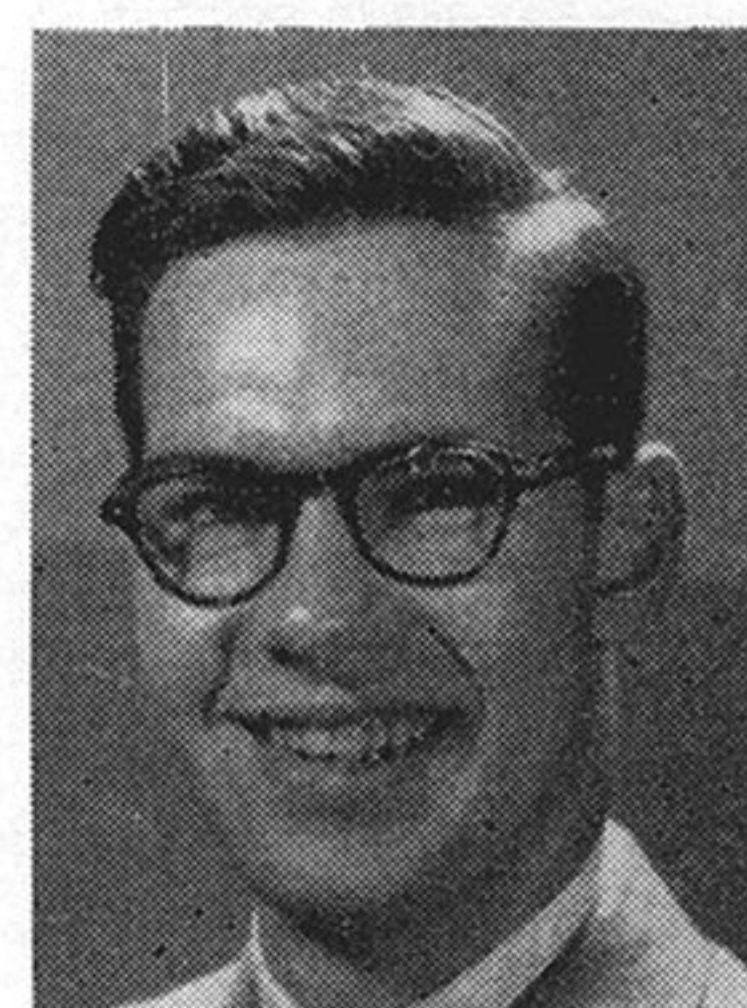


MARION ROWNTREE

Amb.—Teacher.
Dest.—W.C.V.S. next year.
Aver.—Blackboards in 118.
Asset—T.C.P.
Act.—Getting to school at dawn.
Say.—“I don't know from nothing.”

GARY SEAGRAVE

Amb.—Undecided.
Dest.—Politician.
Aver.—Dumb people.
Asset—His own band.
Act.—School orchestra.
Say.—“Okay you guys.”



VERNON SMITH

Amb.—Railroad engineer.
Dest.—“Riding the rails.”
Aver.—English literature.
Asset—“Topper.”
Act.—Baseball.
Say.—“Parlez-vous Français?”

IAN THOMPSON

Amb.—Forest Ranger.
Dest.—Ant-eater.
Aver.—Math teachers.
Asset—A patient Mr. Heard.
Act.—Getting good marks.
Say.—“How do you do this?”

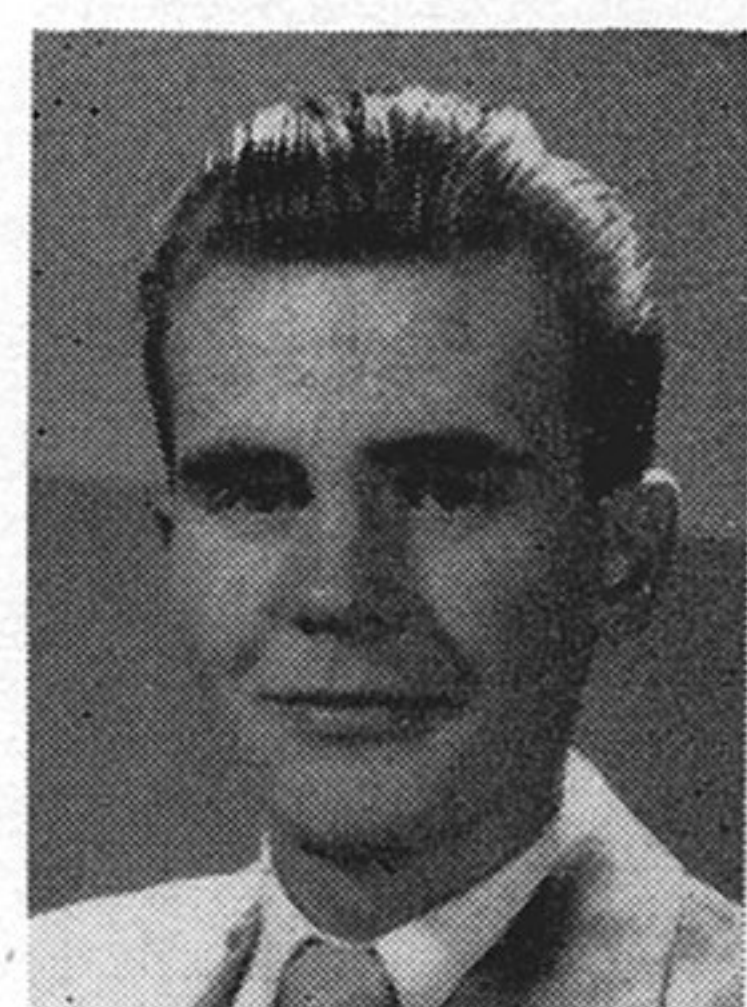


TIM TOPPER

Amb.—Mathematician.
Dest.—A wrestler.
Aver.—Coming five days in a row.
Asset—One slide rule.
Act.—Shaking hands.
Say.—“According to Einstein's theory . . .”

ULDIS VAGNERS

Amb.—Electrical engineer.
Dest.—The zoo.
Aver.—Fooling around.
Asset—Curly hair.
Act.—Fooling around.
Say.—“Cut it out, Gemmell.”



DAVID WATTS

Amb.—Chemical engineer.
Dest.—A bird cage.
Aver.—Girls that go steady.
Asset—Membership in the Pax Class.
Act.—Singing.
Say.—“M-m-m, nice, eh?”



**JEAN ASHFORD**

Dest.—Guelph.
 Amb.—Nurse.
 Aver.—Boys (some, anyway).
 Asset—Good listener.
 Act.—Pax class, Guides.
 Say.—“Silence.”

JOAN BEATON

Amb.—Physio Therapist.
 Dest.—Ottawa.
 Aver.—French.
 Asset—Friendly personality.
 Act.—Walking home.
 Say.—“In Ottawa . . .”

**ARLENE BIRCH**

Amb.—Nurse.
 Dest.—Montreal.
 Aver.—School busses.
 Asset—Friend from the “north.”
 Act.—Conning Tower.
 Say.—“Go home.”

CLAIR DALE CLERMONT

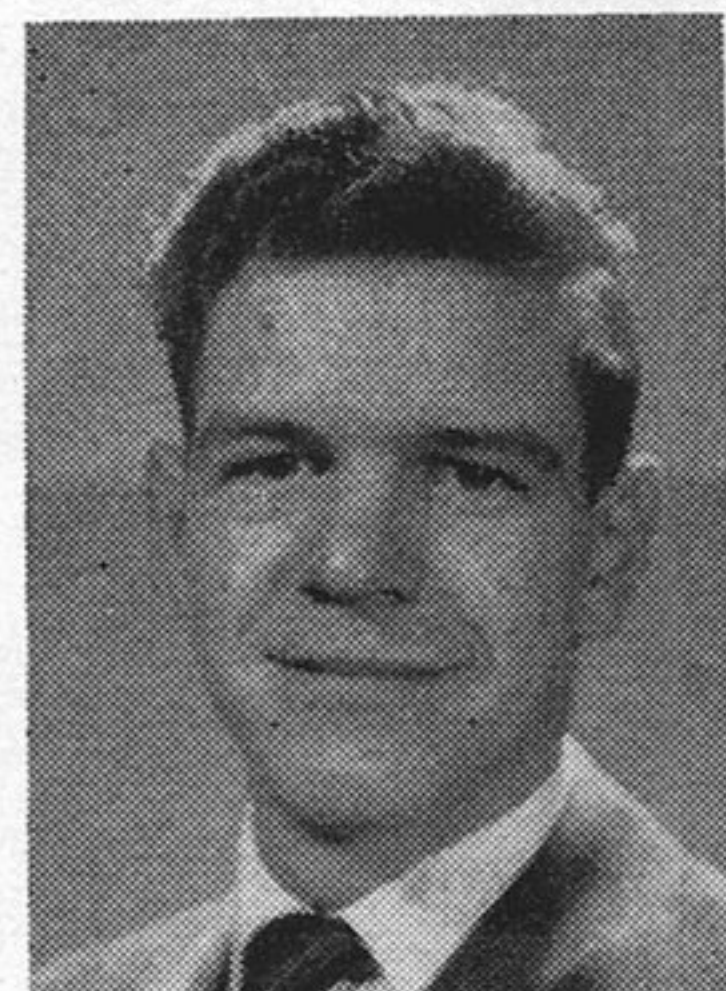
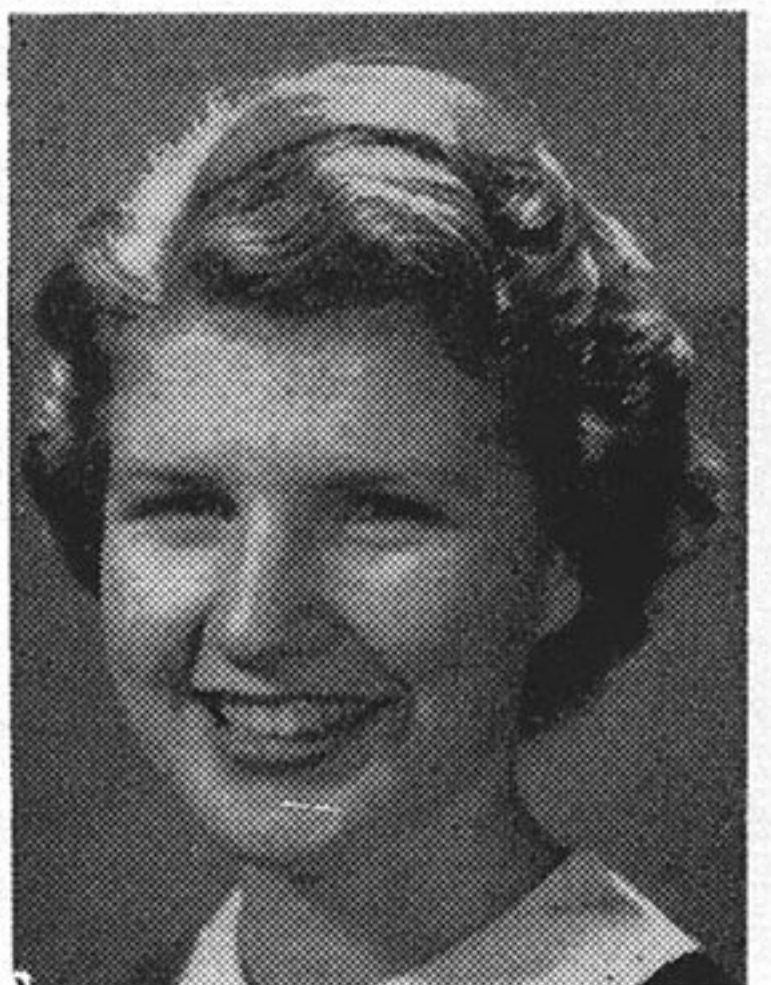
Amb.—Teacher.
 Dest.—Same school as Betty.
 Aver.—Dimples.
 Assets—Cheery smile.
 Act.—Talking to Dud in Geometry.
 Say.—“Betty . . .”

**MARY CONNELL**

Amb.—Airline hostess.
 Dest.—Far away places.
 Aver.—Teachers who yell.
 Asset—Those eyes.
 Act.—Three minutes for lunch and away.
 Say.—“Want to hear a good joke?”

ELISABETH COULTHARD

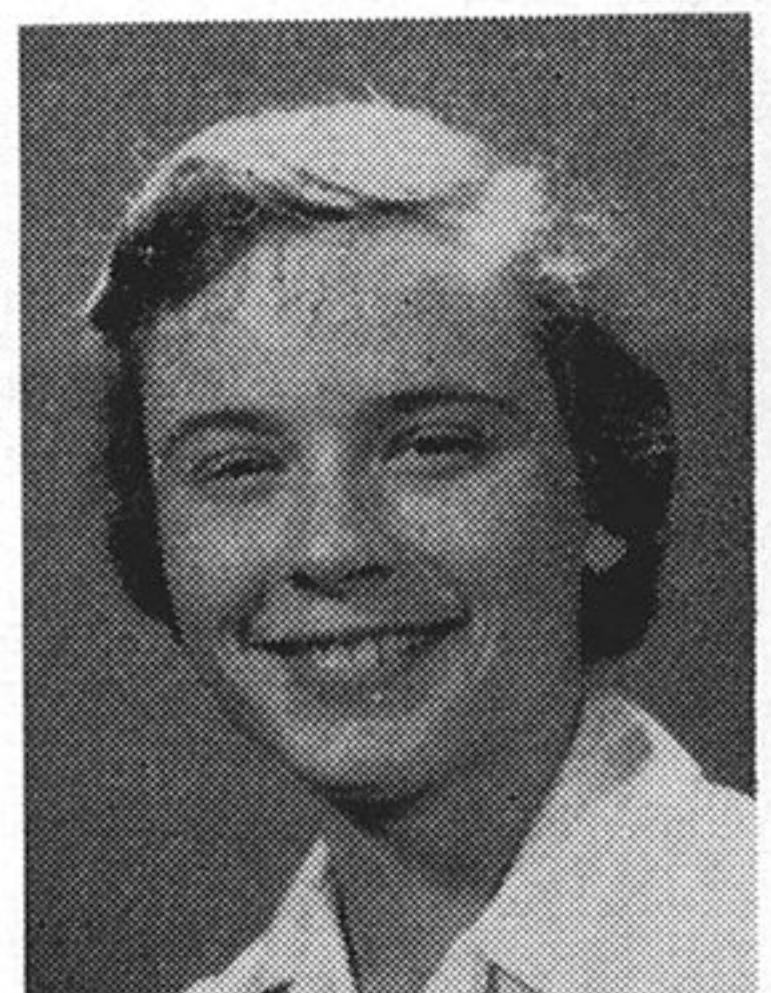
Amb.—To get her B.A.
 Dest.—Bachelor's apprentice.
 Aver.—Giving up two spares a week for P.E.
 Asset—A doctor in the house.
 Act.—Advertising Committee Conning Tower.
 Say.—“Really?”

**GRAHAM CREELMAN**

Amb.—Old boy's home.
 Dest.—Loblaws parking lot.
 Aver.—People who hate West.
 Asset—A friend to do my Trig.
 Act.—Carving initials in new church pews.
 Say.—“Know any good jokes, Doc?”

MARILYN GRAFF

Amb.—High School teacher.
 Dest.—Prime Ministress of Canada.
 Aver.—Lazy people.
 Assets—Outside acquaintances.
 Act.—Student Council, T.S.O. President.
 Say.—“Squish 'em.”



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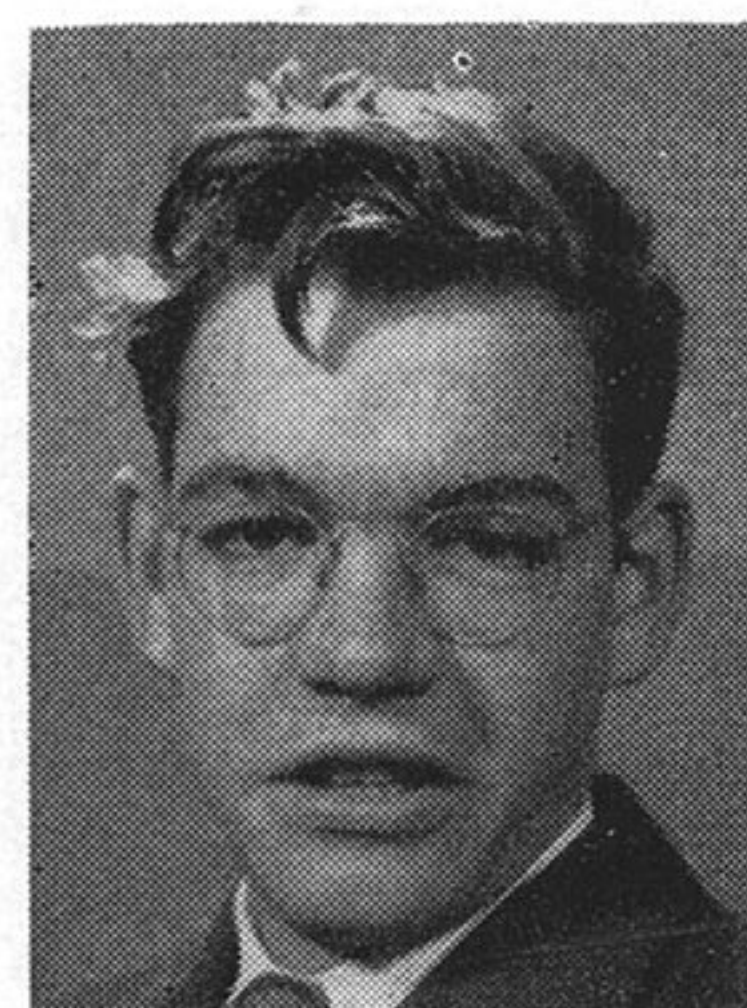


KENNETH HASTINGS

Amb.—Accountant.
Dest.—“Bookie.”
Aver.—Same girl two night in a row.
Assets—2 Fords.
Act.—Bach table in “spoon.”
Say.—“No kidding.”

PETER HODGSON

Amb.—D.S.C.
Dest.—District street cleaner.
Aver.—Work.
Asset—One car (occasionally).
Act.—Going to T.S.O.
Say.—“Don’t you ever do your homework, Robin?”

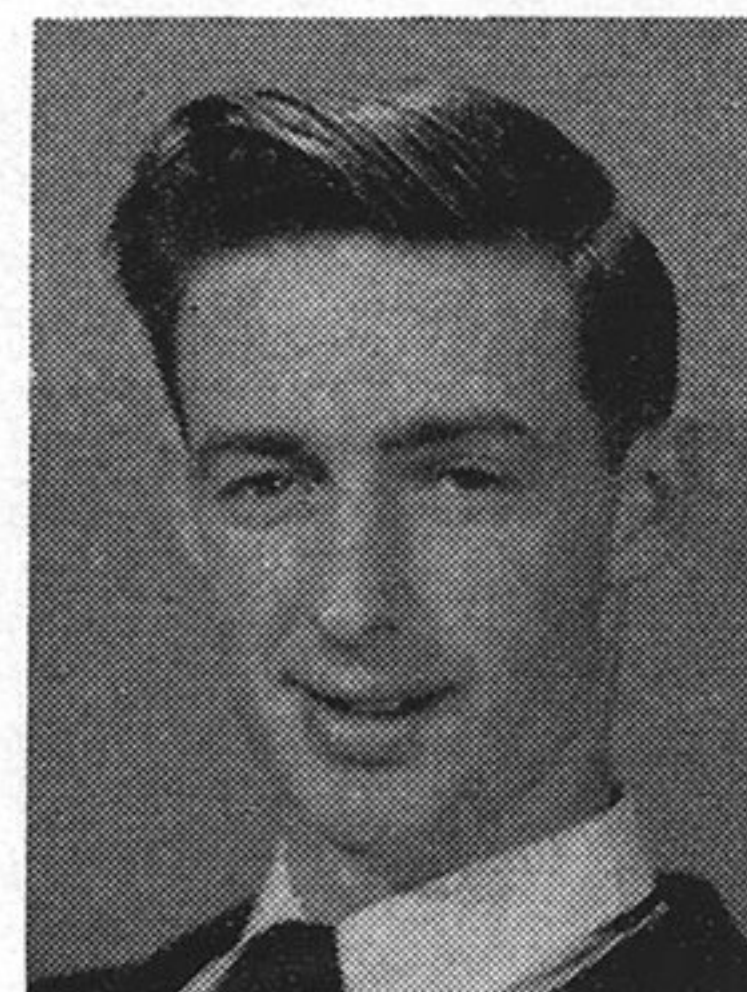


MARGARET JOYCE

Amb.—Nurse.
Dest.—Washington.
Aver.—Policing tote boxes.
Asset—“Half” a car.
Act.—Orchestra, talking.
Say.—“My cousins . . .”

DUDLEY KEARNEY

Amb.—Engineering business.
Dest.—Pres. U.S.
Aver.—Getting up in the morning.
Asset.—A few years’ experience.
Act.—Studying? ? ?
Say.—“Nancy, do me a favor . . .”

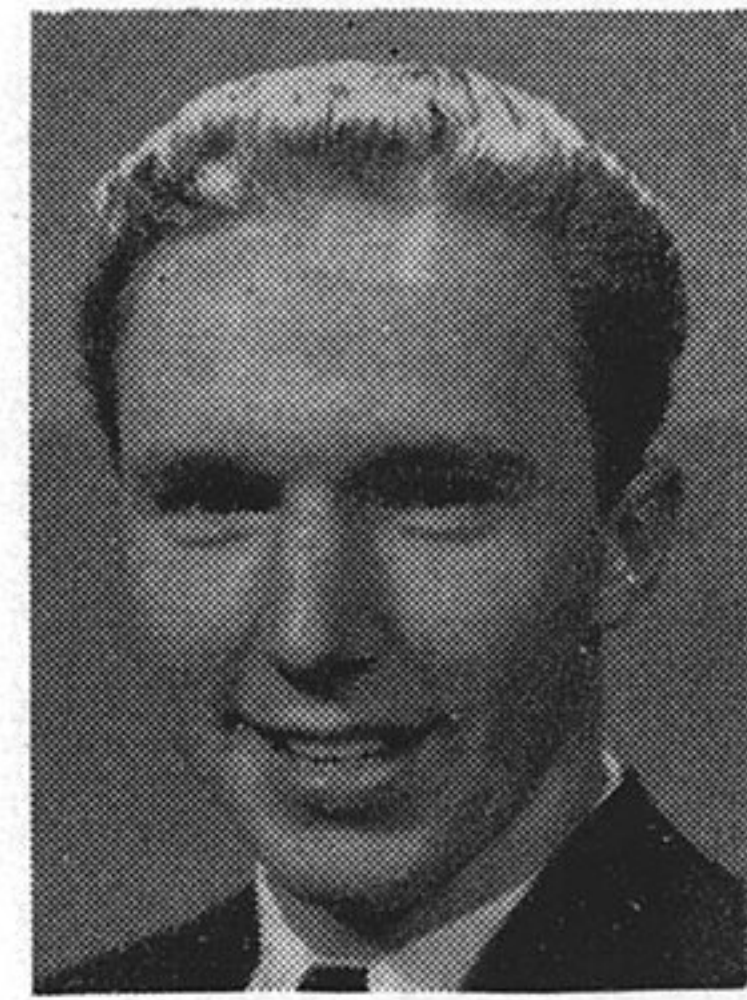


JANE LONGSTAFF

Amb.—To grow tall.
Dest.—Europe (she hopes).
Aver.—Chemistry.
Asset—A rosy blush.
Act.—Decorating Committee.
Say.—“Do you think so?”

BERNARD MACDONALD

Amb.—To visit Hawaii.
Dest.—Best dressed student “54”.
Aver.—Being on time for English.
Asset—Cream convertible.
Act.—Hockey, golf, drama club.
Say.—“Meet me at the Elms.”



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**LUELLA MACDONALD**

Amb.—Nurse.
 Dest.—Operating room.
 Aver.—Trigonometry.
 Asset—Only four subjects.
 Act.—Library.
 Say.—“Your book is three days overdue.”

WILLIAM MARSH

Amb.—Pilot.
 Dest.—Uranium City (Sask.)
 Aver.—Girls (with escorts).
 Asset—'51 Fargo.
 Act.—Pax Class.
 Say.—“Black ball in corner pocket.”

**BETTY McGRADE**

Amb.—Teacher.
 Dest.—Little Red School House.
 Aver.—Clara Dale (so she says).
 Asset—Part time school.
 Act.—Cafeteria.
 Say.—“What size shoes do you wear?”

MARY ELLEN MILLS

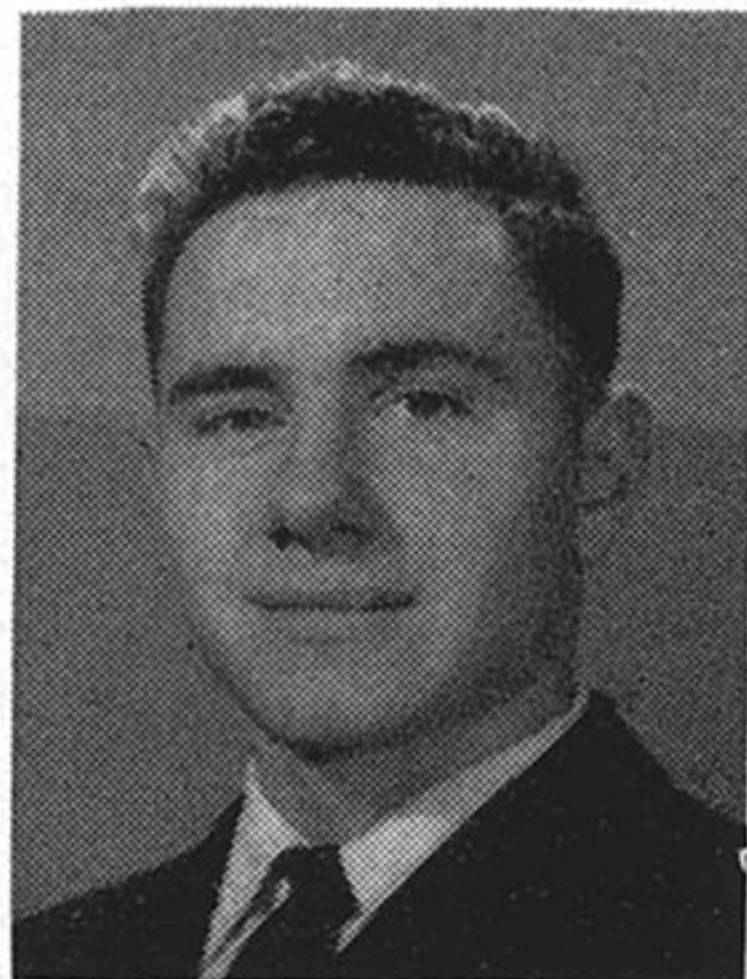
Amb. — O.A.C. Home Economics Course.
 Dest.—Somebody's kitchen.
 Aver.—Short men.
 Asset—Good cook.
 Act.—Athletic Rep.
 Say.—“Holy cow.”

**CAROLE MORPHETT**

Amb.—Stewardess.
 Dest.—8 Riverside Dr.
 Aver.—Carole without an E.
 Asset—Friend in Ohio.
 Act.—Waving her hands about.
 Say.—“Steady.”

CLARKE PULFORD

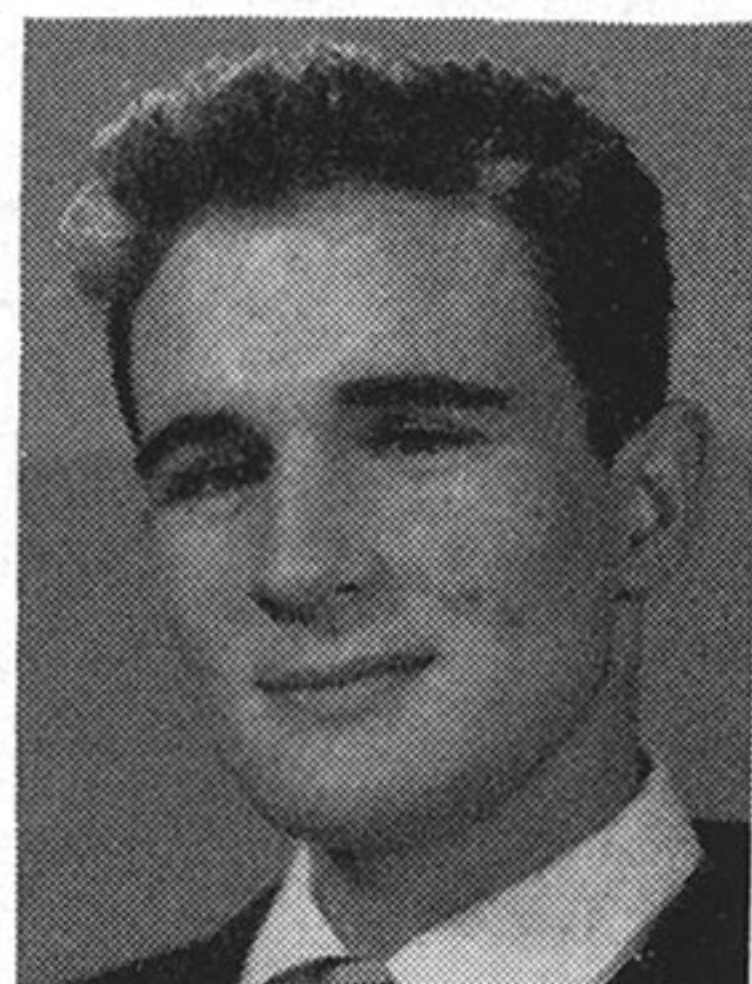
Amb.—McMaster.
 Dest.—No. 1 Roxaline Avenue.
 Aver.—French.
 Asset—Louis.
 Act.—Eaton's Rep, Scarborough Rangers.

**KEITH RANDEL**

Amb.—Architect.
 Dest.—Above not below.
 Aver.—3rd form Physics.
 Assets—English accent.
 Act.—Photography.
 Say.—“One upon two (1/2).”

LOUIS REIL

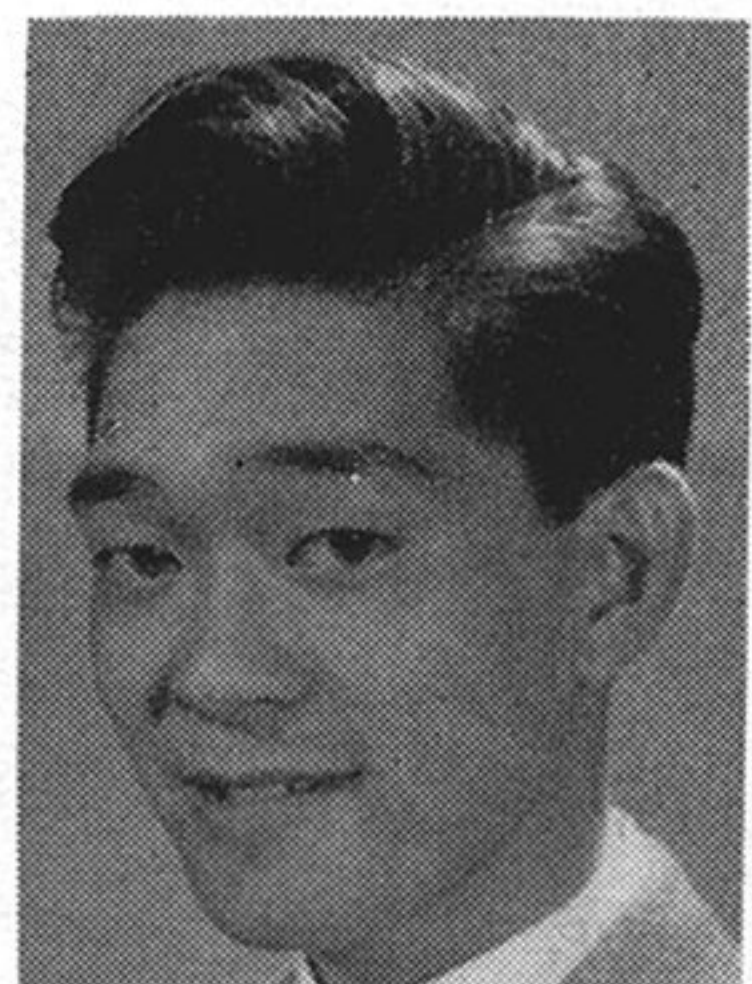
Amb.—See the world.
 Dest.—A. V. Roe.
 Aver.—School on Monday morning.
 Asset—One slightly used pool cue.
 Act.—Simpson's Rep, Green Gaels.
 Say.—“Hi Neighbor.”

**ROBERT RUSSELL**

Amb.—Teacher.
 Dest.—Cleaning fire hydrants.
 Aver.—Living in North.
 Asset—95 lbs.
 Act.—Asking questions in biology.
 Say.—“Where's Arlene?”

MOTI SAGARA

Amb.—C.P.A.
 Dest.—Paris (Ont.).
 Aver.—Gorgeous women.
 Asset—8c in a piggy bank.
 Act.—Catching up on history notes.
 Say.—“Shut the window.”

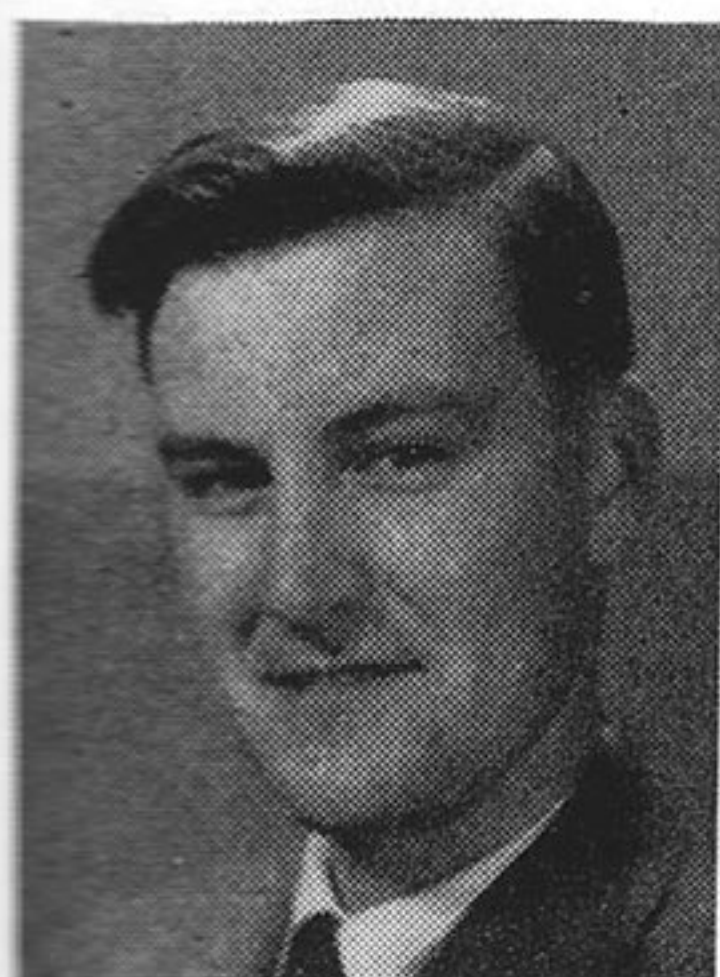
**SANDRA SANDERS**

Amb.—Occupational therapist.
 Dest.—Marriage.
 Aver.—Homework on weekends.
 Assets—Hughie and one yellow convertible.
 Act.—Eaton's Rep.
 Say.—“Going my way, Miss Leckie?”

NANCY SCOTT

Amb.—Nurse.
 Dest.—Pharmacist's wife.
 Aver.—Jokes? ?
 Assets—Driver's license.
 Act.—Simpson's Rep.
 Say.—“Oh Carole!”





GORDON SIGEL

Amb.—Commerce administration.
Dest.—Chasing dogs.
Aver.—Doing homework in spares.
Assets—'48 Pontiac (non suspended).
Act.—Trying to learn definite article in German.
Say.—“That's water under the bridge.”

ROBERT SIMPSON

Amb.—Pharmacist.
Dest.—Pharmer.
Aver.—Bow ties.
Assets.—One slightly used Pharmacist's coat.
Act.—Chauffeur for Carole.
Say.—“Greetings Garçon.”



CAROL SLATER

Amb.—To travel.
Dest.—The moon.
Aver.—Mary's jokes?
Assets—Sunny nature.
Act.—Retrieving borrowed notes.
Say.—Who's got my French homework?”

NORAH THOMSON

Amb.—To get to Paris.
Dest.—Raising pups.
Aver.—Mr. Christie.
Assets—One little brother.
Act.—Conning Tower.
Say.—“Wait till I tell you! !”

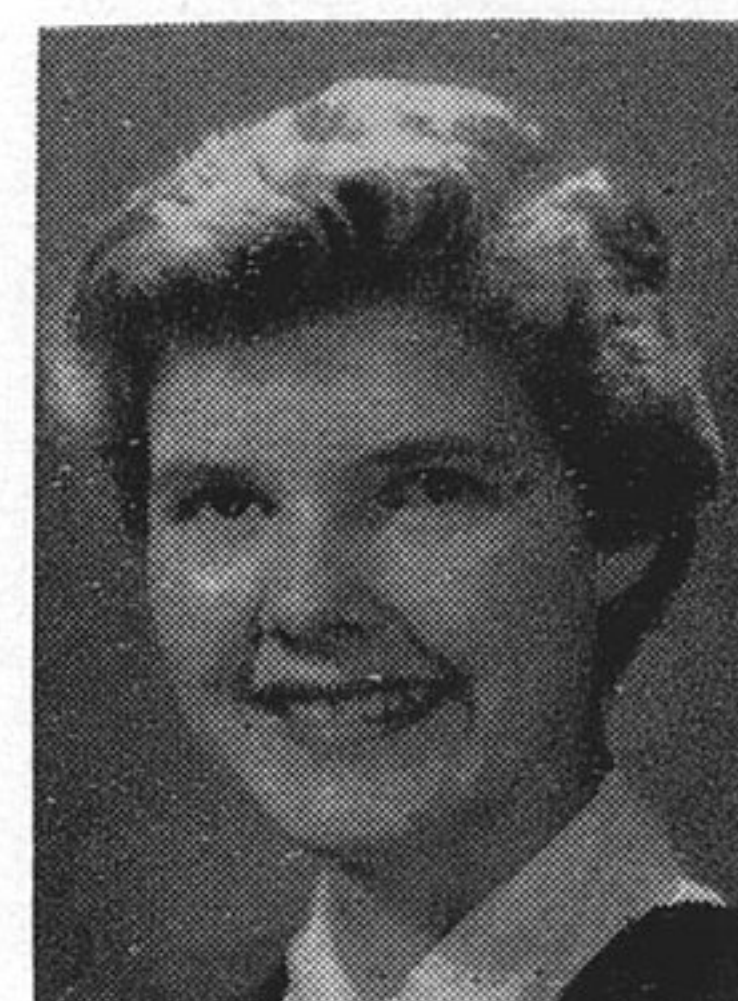


NORMA WARDROPE

Amb.—Kindergarten teacher.
Dest.—Teaching her own kindergarten.
Asset—One slightly used rugby player.
Act.—Adjusting her black stockings.
Say.—“Yes . . . but.”

SALLY YOUNG

Amb.—Kindergarten teacher.
Dest.—Raising a large family.
Aver.—Sisters.
Assets—“Bates.”
Act.—Trying to get to school on time.
Say.—“Terrific.”



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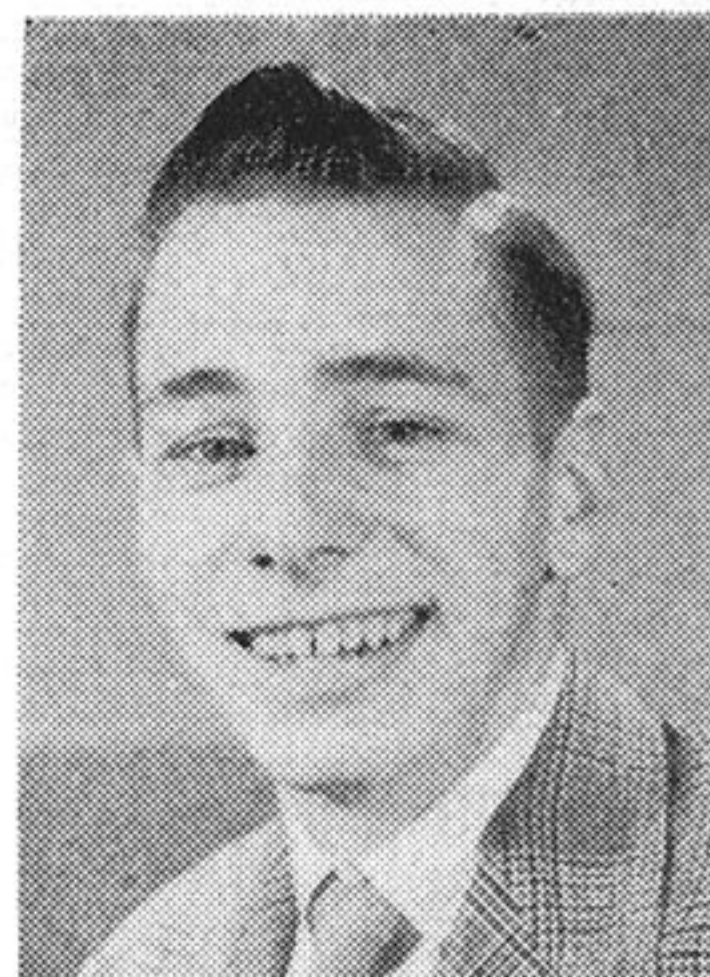
C12

**BILL BIRCH**

Amb.—To be a stock broker.
 Dest.—Window washer.
 Aver.—Playing the part of Romeo.
 Asset—'31 Ford.
 Act.—Always in the centre of an argument.
 Say.—“Those silly technical fellows.”

BOB CLARKE

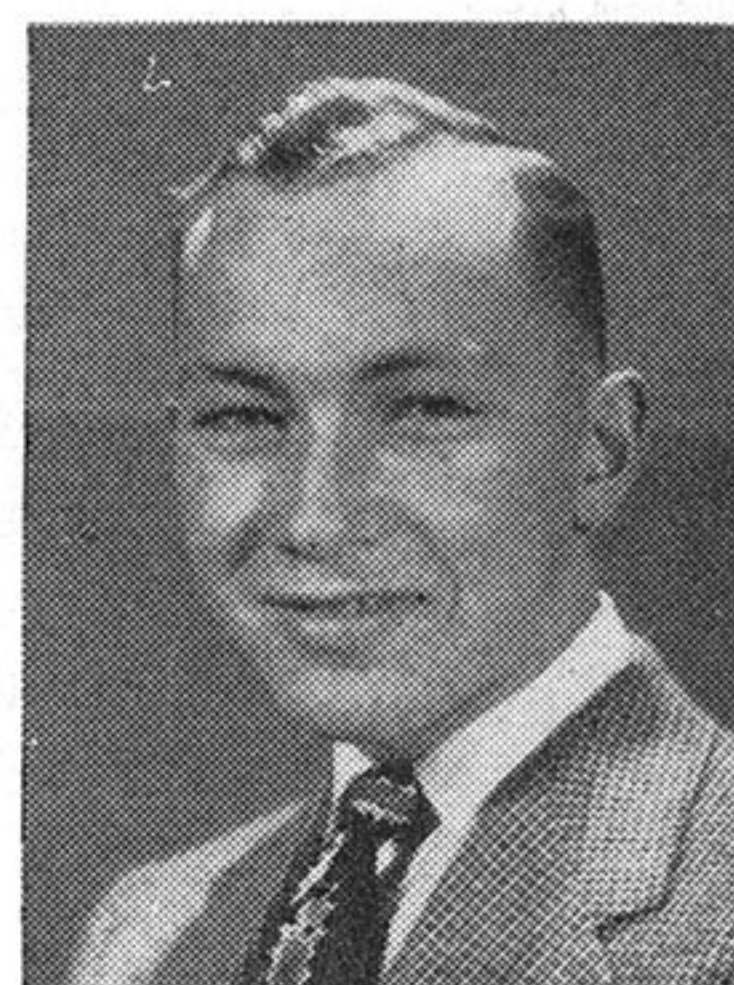
Amb.—To be a truck driver.
 Dest.—Married to the girl from out of town.
 Aver.—P.T.
 Asset—One out of town girl.
 Act.—Junior rugby team.
 Say.—“You don't know, do you.”

**ELLEN EVENDEN**

Amb.—To have a home in the country.
 Dest.— Mailing Department at M.B.F.
 Aver.— H o m e w o r k any night, especially weekends.
 Asset—A steady man.
 Act.—Form news.
 Say.—“I still don't see how you got it.”

JOE HAYHOE

Amb.—Manager of Hayhoe Bros.
 Dest.—Janitor in the above firm.
 Aver.—P.T.
 Asset—A harem of cars.
 Act.—Skipping classes.
 Say.—“Since when.”

**MARGARET HEANEY**

Amb.—Teletype operator.
 Dest.—Housewife and 6 kids.
 Aver.—People that borrow notes.
 Asset—A ready smile.
 Act.—The Bracca Club.
 Say.—“Oh bosh.”

PAMELA HUBBLEDAY

Amb.— To be the Governor General's Secretary.
 Dest.—Kresge's.
 Aver.—Memory work.
 Asset—Naturally curly hair.
 Act.—Secretary of the A.Y.P.A.
 Say.—“May I borrow your notes.”

**ANN KOZAK**

Amb.—To be a good secretary.
 Dest.—A successful housewife.
 Aver.—Adding tallies at Simpson's.
 Asset— Beautiful, beautiful blue eyes.
 Act.—Swimming and skating.
 Say.—You'd be surprised.

JOYCE LAMB

Amb.—To finish fourth form.
 Dest.—File clerk at Retail Credit Co.
 Aver.—Bookkeeping.
 Asset—Drivers license.
 Act.—Cheerleading and the decorating committee.
 Say.—“Isn't that tremendous.”

**MARION MARTIN**

Amb.—To marry Barry.
 Dest.—Simpsons.
 Aver.—Thursdays.
 Asset—Part ownership in a '41 Ford.
 Act.—Athletic Rep, cheerleading and Track Club.
 Say.—No saying, just — giggles.

TOM McGARVEY

Amb.—A guide in the north woods.
 Dest.—Tire painter for Goodyear.
 Aver.—Romeo & Juliet.
 Asset—A sense of humor.
 Act.—Basketball.
 Say.—“I'll sap 'oo.”

**BOB MONTGOMERY**

Amb.—Office boy at Moffatts.
 Dest.—Teacher at Weston High.
 Aver.—English.
 Asset—One pair slightly used running shoes.
 Act.—Riding on a school bus.
 Say.—“No.”

JULIA MOSTOWAY

Amb.—Public School teacher.
 Dest.—Bosses knee.
 Aver.—Unco-operative people.
 Asset—A winning smile.
 Act.— Advertising Manager for Conning Tower.
 Say.—“I don't want to do that.”



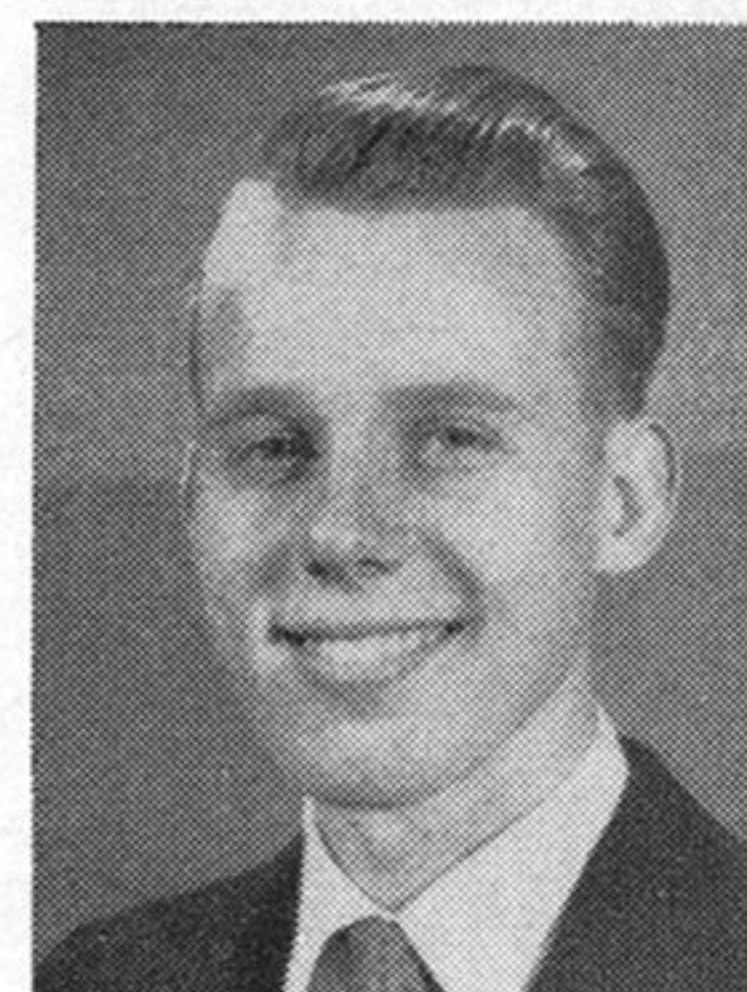


PHYLLIS NASH

Amb.—To finish school.
Dest.—I.G.A.
Aver.—School.
Asset—Part ownership in hardware.
Act.—Form news.
Say.—“Oh wait till I tell you—”

JACK NYMAN

Amb.—Big pay, short hours.
Dest.—To see the world.
Aver.—Loblaws.
Asset—Spent money.
Act.—Cheeseman at Loblaw's.
Say.—“Depends on situation.”



MARGARET PERRY

Amb.—To be a millionaire's wife.
Dest.—Old maid.
Aver.—Being called “Margie.”
Asset—Long curly eyelashes.
Act.—Motorcyclery.
Say.—“I've just got two words to say to you.”

NORMA ROSE

Amb.—To be a private secretary.
Dest.—Workmen's Compensation.
Aver.—Writing letters.
Asset.—1 false tooth.
Act.—Skating at Nobleton.
Say.—“I haven't a clue.”



ANN SIMON

Amb.—To go to Rome.
Dest.—Rome.
Aver.—People that handle the truth carelessly.
Asset—A voice hardly heard at anytime.
Act.—Swimming—anywhere there is water.
Say.—“That isn't what you said before.”

FLORENCE THOMPSON

Amb.—To play some musical instrument.
Dest.—Graham's hardware store.
Aver.—Economic classes.
Asset—Long blonde hair.
Act.—Writing long love letters.
Say.—“Couldn't matter less.”



JANET WORRALL

Amb.—To go to Ryerson.
Dest.—Mrs. P. MacDonald.
Aver.—Shorthand.
Asset—Ability to do any sports.
Act.—Track Club and Secretary of Student Council.
Say.—“Are you Serial”?

CSP



GERT. AITCHISON

Asset—Oh! Those curves.
Aver.—Syke . . .
Amb.—To give the J.B. hockey team (Woodbridge) a pep talk.
Say.—“Will he phone tonight?”
Dest.—Toronto Daily Star.
Act.—Waiting for the one and only phone call.

MARLENE BEGGS

Asset—A brilliant mind.
Aver.—Full attendance.
Say.—“Well, I can catch up.”
Act.—Catching up.
Des.—Stenographer.
Amb.—To invent a new-type onion picker.



DIANA BOLLARD

Asset—A full set of brains.
Aver.—Anything but A's.
Say.—“Gad — girl.”
Act.—Having fun and studying? ?
Dest.—Professor.
Amb.—Stenographer.

BERYL CARRUTHERS

Asset—One school teacher.
Aver.—Gum and money jinglers.
Say.—“I'm off to King tonight.”
Amb.—Schoolteacher's wife.
Dest.—Schoolteacher's wife.
Act.—Telling jokes and going steady.



**MARG. HILLIARD**

Asset—Oh! Those big blue eyes.
 Aver.—GOSSIPS.
 Say.—“Here’s one Gert. just told me.”
 Amb.—To date a certain J.B. player on Thursday night after the game.
 Dest.—Woodbridge hockey J.B.’s.
 Act.—Making like Jane Froman.

MARILYN INGLEY

Asset—Long hair and a beau.
 Aver.—Brush cuts.
 Say.—“Oh, by the way I just had the silliest dream.”
 Amb.—A stenographer.
 Dest.—The Wac’s.
 Act.—Walking at noon hour with?

**BARB. JAPP**

Asset—Ken plus height.
 Aver.—Short boys.
 Amb.—To stop growing.
 Say.—“Alrighty!!!”
 Dest.—To join the R.C.M.P.
 Act.—Trying for 90 in shorthand.

PAT LOOSE

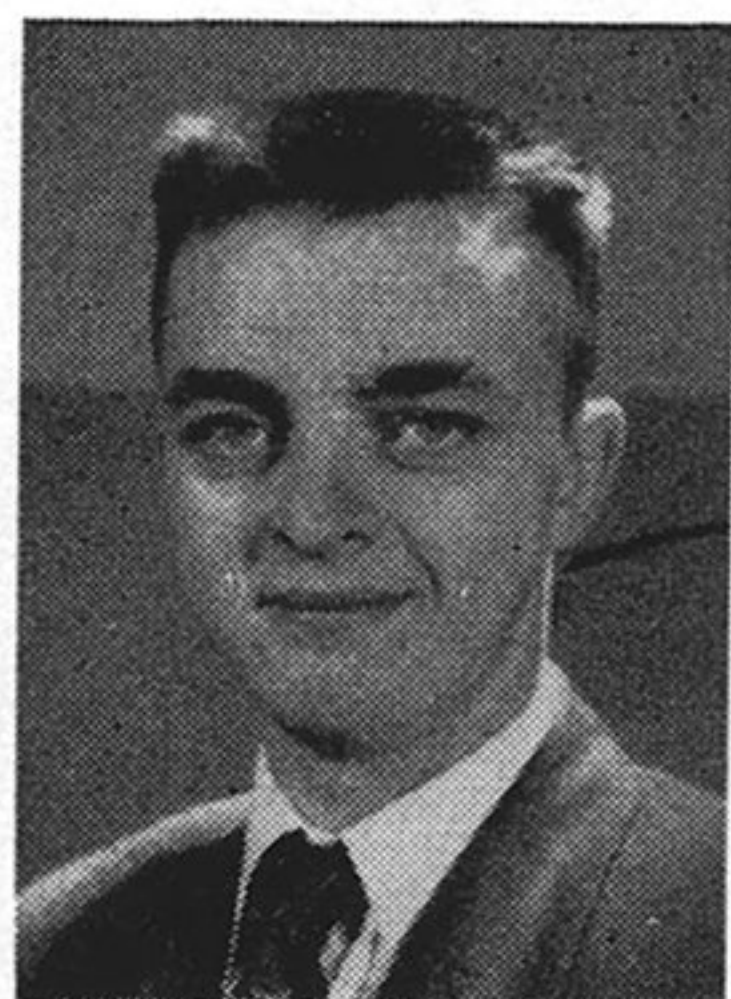
Asset—Blue eyes.
 Aver.—Tall men.
 Amb.—To move to Barrie!!!
 Say.—“She just about had a bird.”
 Dest.—Maple Leaf Gardens.
 Act.—A walk every noon hour.

**SANDRA MARSDEN**

Asset—Oh! Those dimples.
 Aver.—Homework of all sorts.
 Amb.—Housewife.
 Say.—“Come On A My House.”
 Dest.—A. V. Roe.
 Act.—A walk every noon hour.

MARILYNE MERRITT

Asset—BRAINS.
 Aver.—Typing.
 Amb.—To be a typist.
 Say.—“He hates me . . .”
 Dest.—13 ? ? ? — 1954.
 Act.—Avoiding Englishmen.

**EDDIE SOPER**

Asset—12 giddy girls.
 Aver.—12 giddy girls.
 Amb.—To grad. W.C.V.S.
 Say.—“Me and my harem.”
 Dest.—Bachelors apartment.
 Act.—Appreciating men teachers.

H12**MARGUERITE ‘Marg.’ COULSON**

Amb.—Housewife.
 Dest.—Kentucky in the mountains.
 Aver.—Girls who chase her man.
 Asset—Hearty laugh and friendly personality.
 Act.—Student Council.
 Say.—“Oh, for corn sake!”

MARY “MERT” DiFALCO

Amb.—To own a dressmaker’s shop.
 Dest.—Picking up pins at Tip Top’s.
 Aver.—Smart people.
 Asset—Getting along with everyone.
 Act.—Work (drugstore), shows.
 Say.—“Oh no! Did she?”

**CAROLE “SPEEDY” MORGAN**

Amb.—To go to Ryerson.
 Dest.—Bell Telephone.
 Aver.—Sneezing at least once in every period.
 Asset—Steady boyfriend (Ron).
 Act.—School sports and club.
 Say.—“Did she really? ! ? !”

DINAH MOSCYNski (Miss Smith)

Amb.—Ryerson.
 Dest.—Around the world.
 Aver.—People who don’t dress properly.
 Asset—Wasp waist.
 Act.—Moving, keeping under the speed limit.
 Say.—“Howdy, girl!”





MARILYN "MARE" ORAM
 Amb.—To become a good nurse.
 Dest.—Setting up trays.
 Aver.—People who ask questions.
 Asset—Getting along with teachers.
 Act.—Shows, taking pictures.
 Say.—"I told you so."

ALICE "AL" RICCI
 Amb.—To be a success.
 Dest.—"Lefty's" wife.
 Aver.—Economics.
 Asset—A "Colgate" smile.
 Act.—Pitching some certain style.
 Say.—"I don't care."



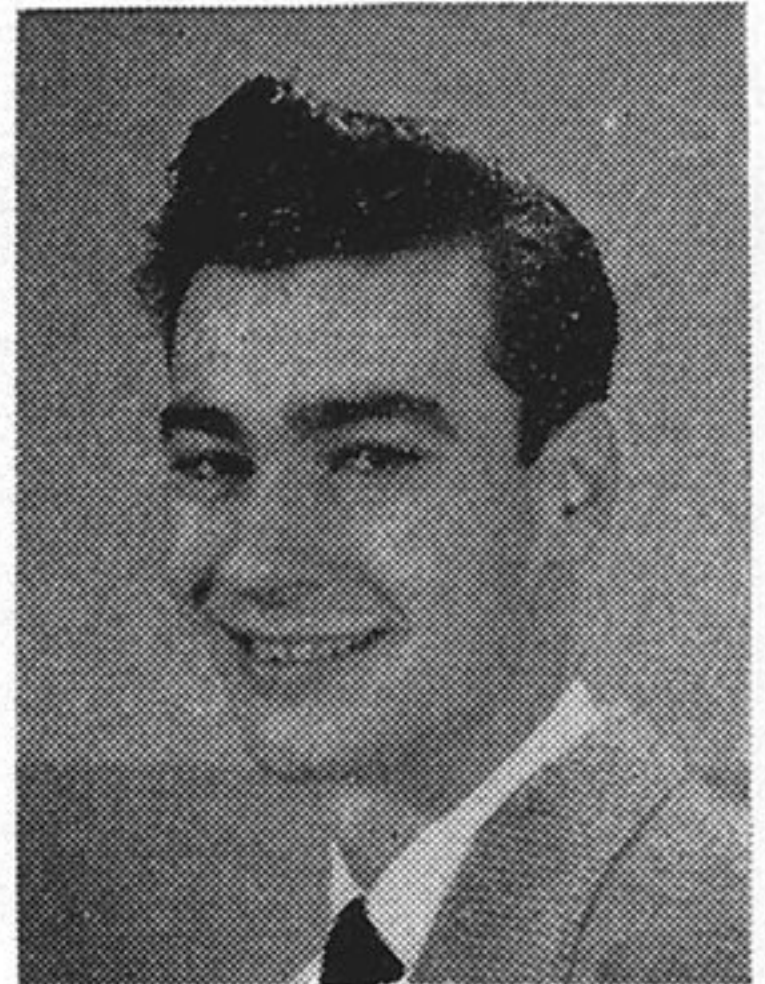
CATHERINE SALTER
 "Cathy or Salt"
 Amb.—Dietitian and Housewife.
 Dest.—New York or Washington.
 Aver.—Oral reading.
 Act.—Going steady with Gord.
 Asset—A sense of humour.
 Say.—"Oh! You know what?"

T12—MACHINE SPECIALS



JOHN MAARSE
 Amb.—Tool & die maker.
 Dest.—I.B.M.
 Assets—A '41 Plymouth
 Aver.—Mr. Hewitt.
 Say.—Gotta work tonight.

BOB GOULD
 Amb.—Gear cutter.
 Dest.—Mr. Goddard's room.
 Assets—A '35 Ford.
 Aver.—Any Ford product.
 Say.—.....!



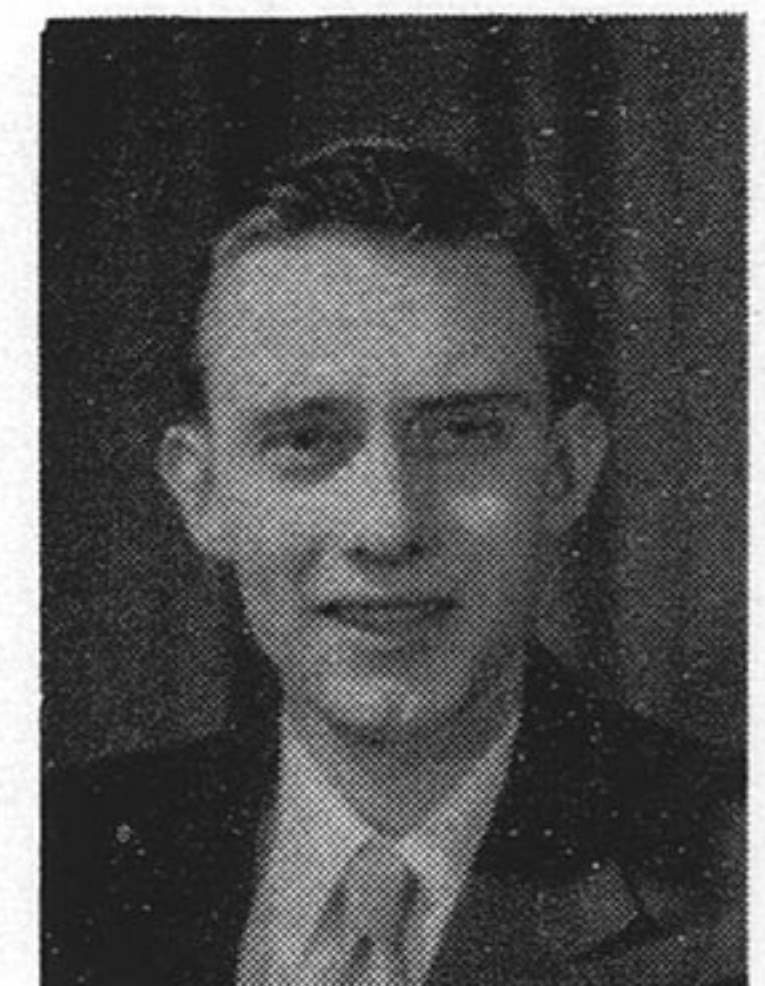
JAMES BALL
 Amb.—Tool maker.
 Dest.—Caretaker at W.C.V.S.
 Assets—A Pontiac
 Aver.—Driving the boys home.
 Say.—Settle down.

WOOD SPECIALS



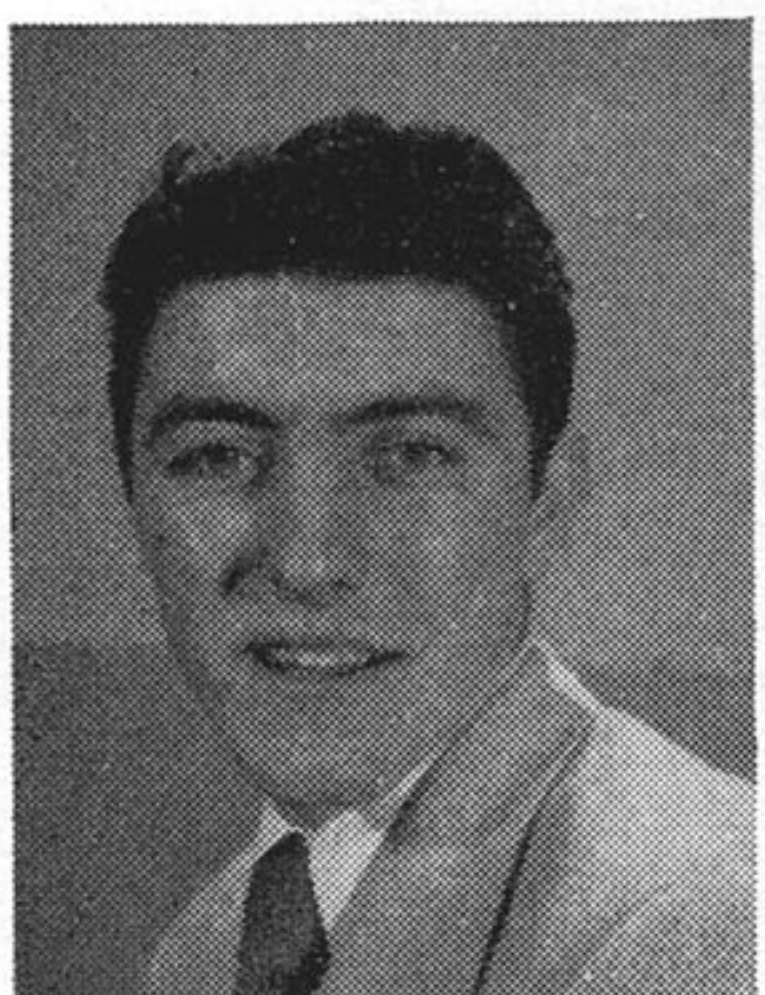
ARCHIE BRYSON
 Amb.—A farmer.
 Dest.—Educated ditch digger.
 Assets—A girl friend named Joan.
 Aver.—P.E.
 Say.—Hey, Stank!

HAROLD STANKUS
 Amb.—Woodchopper
 Dest.—Ryerson.
 Assets—Lane's Model A.
 Aver.—Boys that smoke.
 Say.—Hey, Selb, wait-up!



KEN MONTGOMERY
 Amb.—Cabinet maker.
 Dest.—Assistant sewer cleaner
 Assets—An old Durant.
 Aver.—His brother.
 Say.—You should know.

SELBY PETTEN
 Amb.—Wood butcher.
 Dest.—Newfoundland.
 Assets—Gary Lane's Model A.
 Aver.—Wine, women and song.
 Say.—I don't know.



AUTO SPECIALS



EARL BREEDON

Amb.—Auto mechanic.
Dest.—The farm.
Assets—His brother's truck.
Aver.—School.
Say.—Let's go for a ride.

JIM FOTHERBY

Amb.—Artist.
Dest.—Auto mechanic.
Asset.—A good bicycle
Aver.—Shaving.
Say.—Where's Hastings?

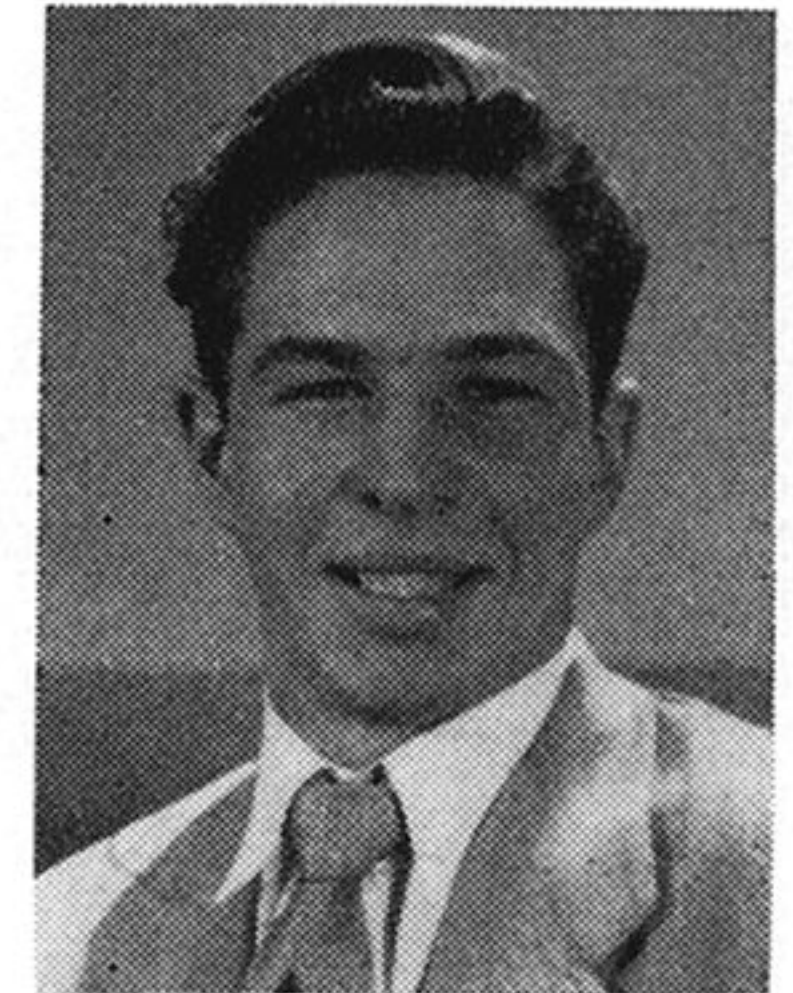


RON HASTINGS

Amb.—Grease monkey.
Dest.—Canada Packers.
Asset.—'39 Ford.
Aver.—Mr. Ellison's class.
Say.—Where's Fuzzy?

DOUG HUNTER

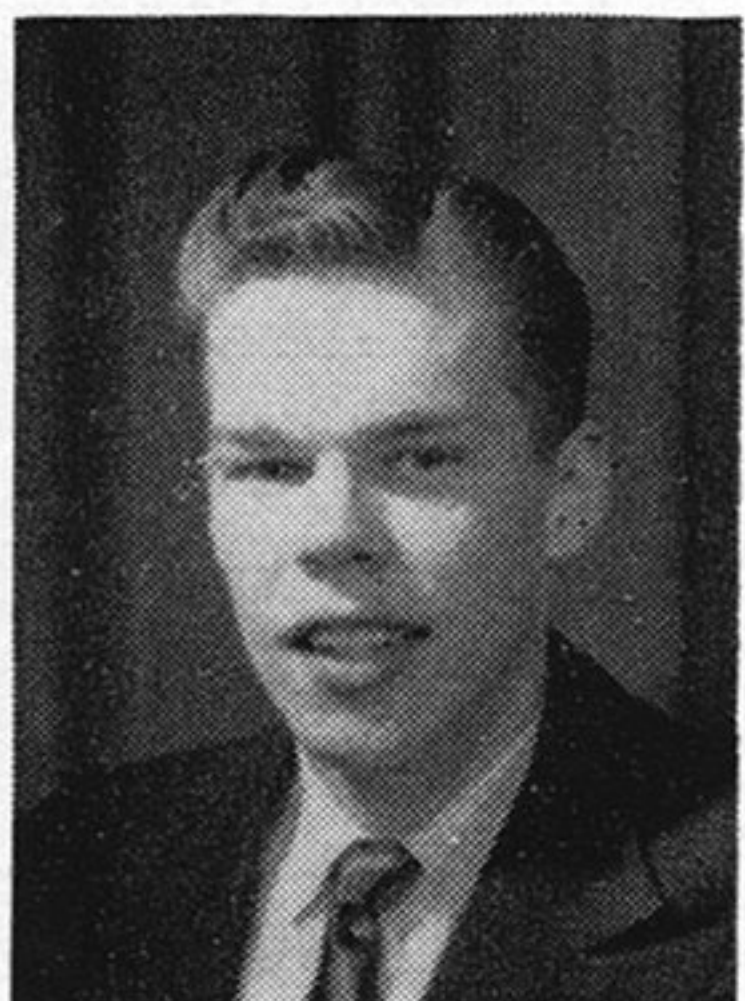
Amb.—Auto mechanic.
Dest.—Father's coal yard.
Asset.—A good used coal shovel.
Aver.—Getting to school on time.
Say.—I'm tired.



ALLAN STEPHENSON

Amb.—Mechanic.
Dest.—Farm.
Asset.—His father's car.
Aver.—School.
Say.—

DRAFTING SPECIALS

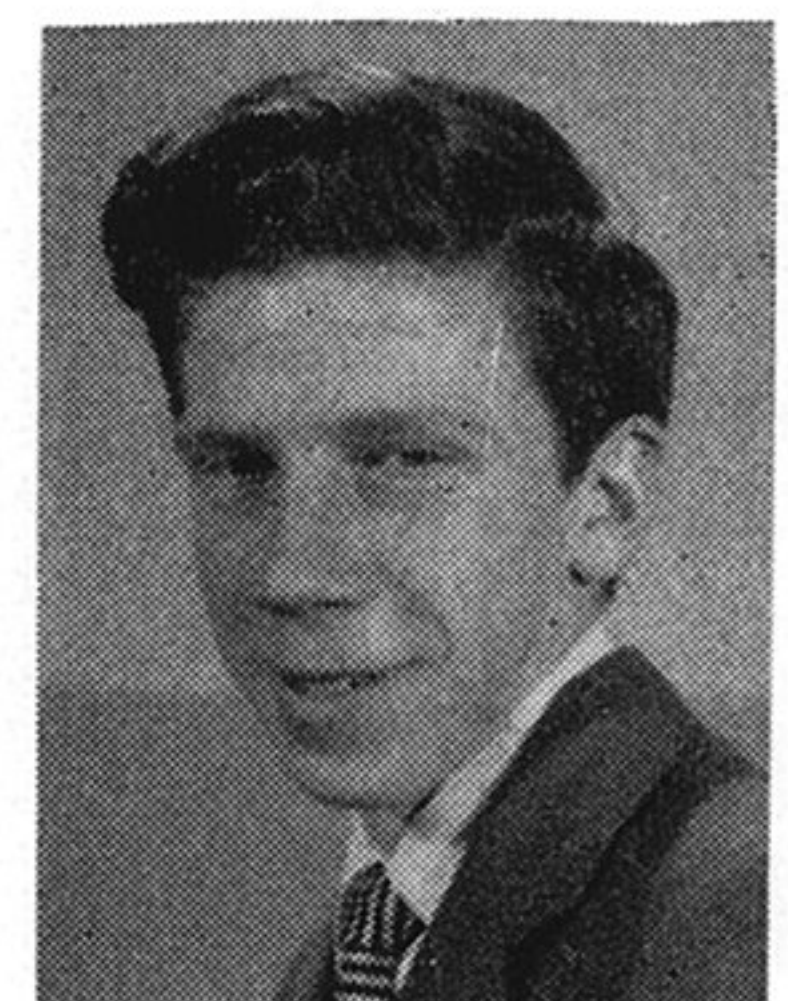


NEIL CHAPPELL

Amb.—Draftsman.
Dest.—Canadian Tire.
Asset.—One Hillman Minx.
Aver.—Criticisms of his car.
Say.—It's still a good car.

DOUG IVES

Amb.—Draftsman.
Dest.—All-star quarter for Hamilton.
Asset.—Clothes (and lots of 'em).
Aver.—Women.
Say.—"One of these times."

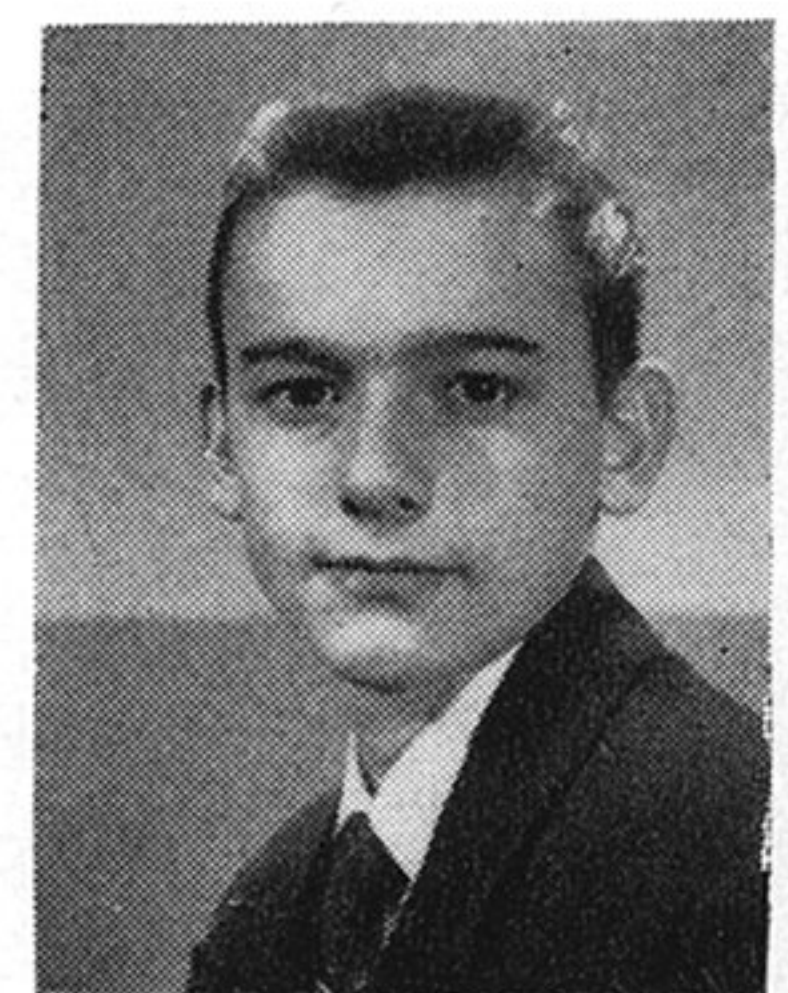


DON KENDALL

Amb.—Royal Military College.
Dest.—Julie's house.
Asset.—A good used hockey stick.
Aver.—Work.
Say.—I don't know? I only put in time here.

ROY LENO

Amb.—Draftsman.
Dest.—Father's machine shop.
Asset.—Everson's model A.
Aver.—Going home to Richmond Hill.
Say.—Eighdeener.

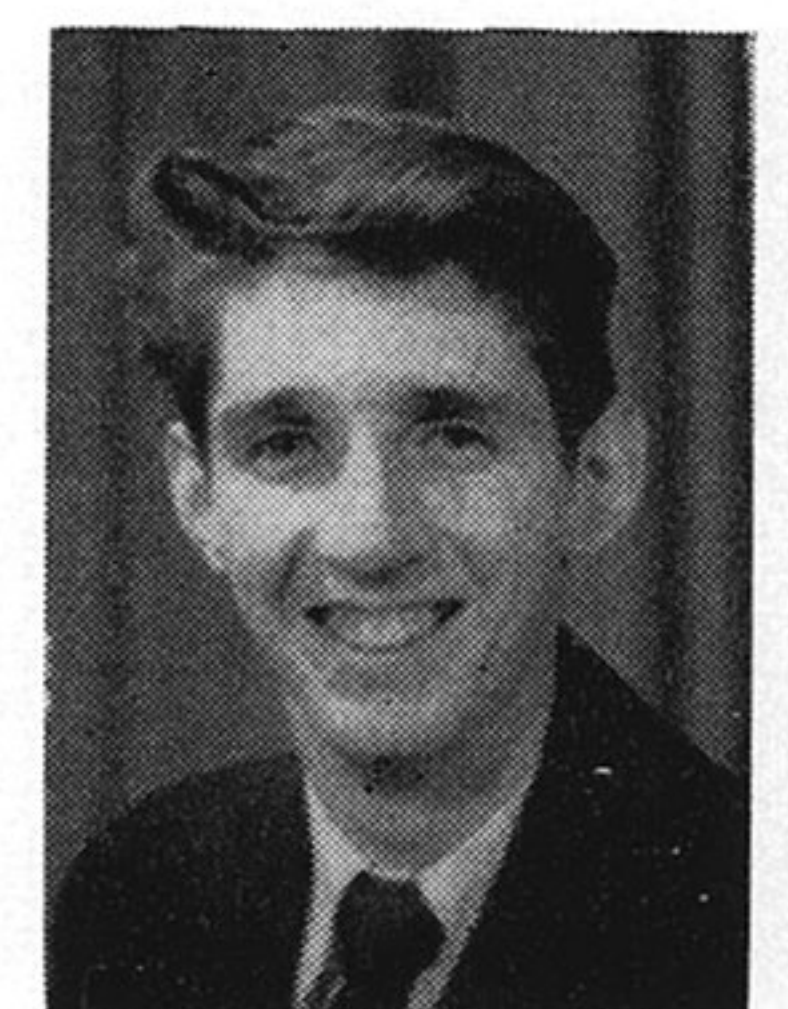


JOHN MACDIARMID

Amb.—Architect.
Dest.—Disher steel.
Asset.—Tall, dark and handsome.
Aver.—Electricity.
Say.—

BILL MAW

Amb.—Draftsman.
Dest.—Street cleaner.
Asset.—A beat up half-ton at home.
Aver.—Women.
Say.—What do you say?



SHEET METAL SPECIALS

**BILL EVERSON**

Amb.—Tinsmith.
Dest.—Sing-Sing.
Asset—A model A Ford.
Aver.—Punchy Priede.
Say.—Let's skip English, Roy.

RAY FREELAND

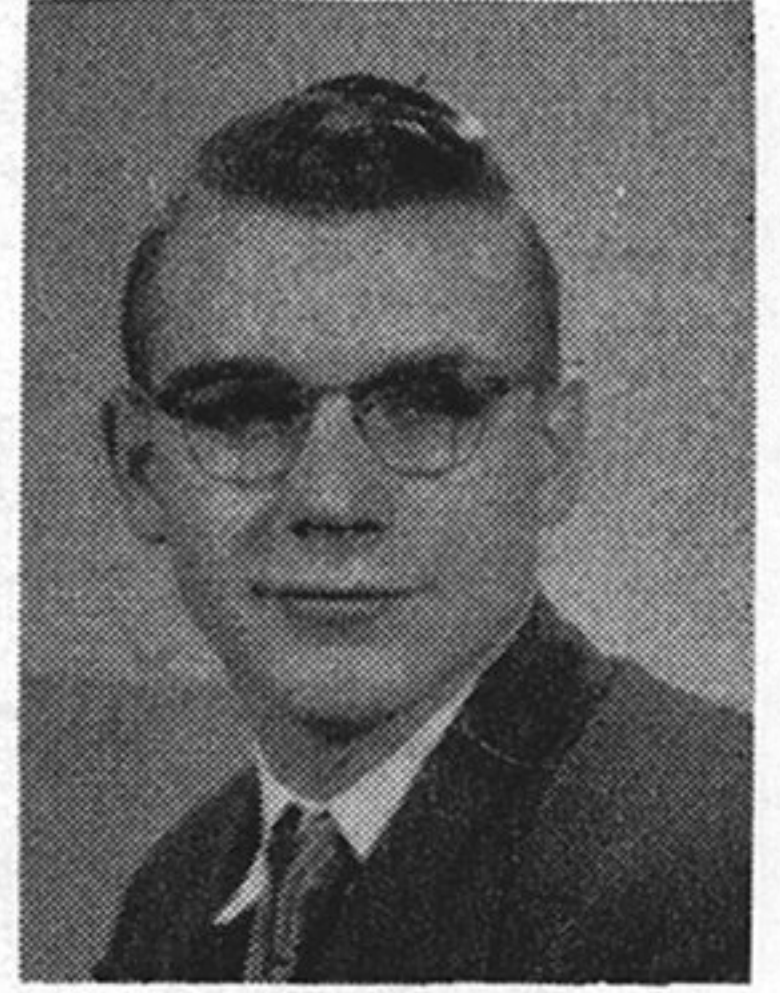
Amb.—Air conditioner.
Dest.—Cooksville.
Asset—A pair of roller-skates.
Aver.—Tony De Vries.
Say.—“My Dodge . . .”.

**MARTIN PRIEDE**

Amb.—Sheet metal worker.
Dest.—Home “Overseas.”
Asset—One good used bicycle.
Aver.—His sister.
Say.—What! Only 95?

TONY DE VRIES

Amb.—Sheet metal worker.
Dest.—Farm.
Asset—One car radio, but no car.
Aver.—English.
Say.—Ah, check out.



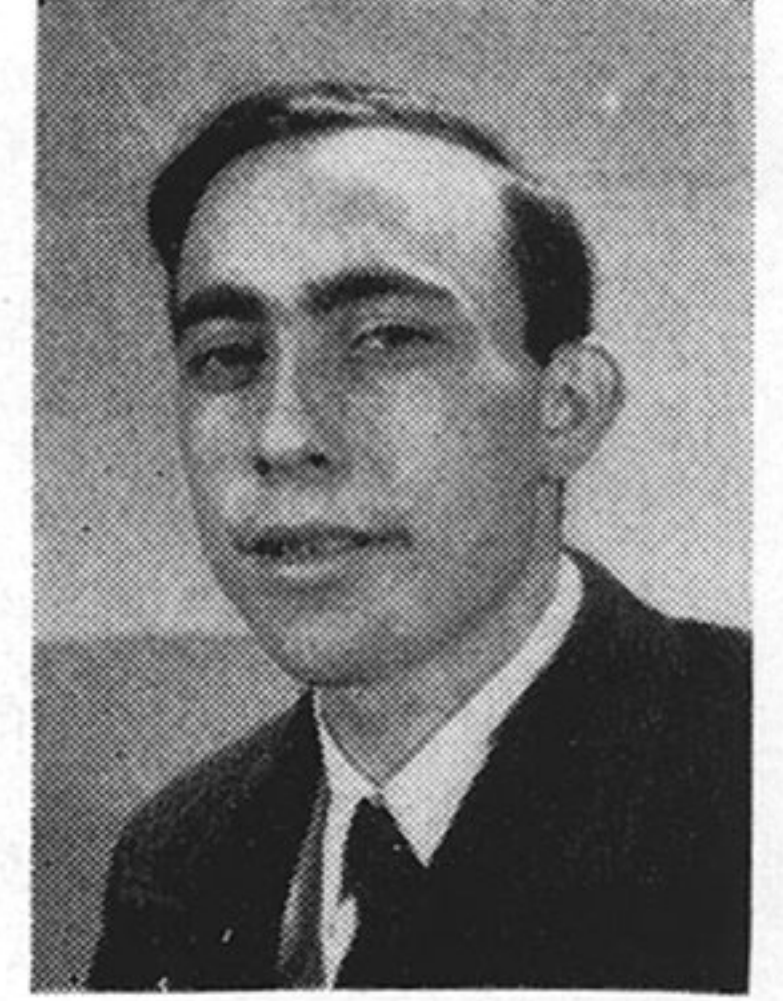
ELECTRIC SPECIALS

**GERRY BREWSTER**

Amb.—Electronics.
Dest.—Loblaws.
Asset—One pair of beat-up flight boots.
Aver.—Fixing radios.
Say.—Hey! What's this for?

ROD BROOKBANKS

Amb.—Electronics.
Dest.—Boy Scout Leader.
Asset—A couple of beat-up Scout shirts.
Aver.—Murray Holstead.
Say.—Who's the boy?

**BARRY FINCHER**

Amb.—Electronics.
Dest.—Ryerson.
Asset—Olly — (Brookbanks).
Aver.—Buying the guy's milk.
Say.—Well! Where's your money?

RON FORMAN

Amb.—Electronics.
Dest.—Ryerson.
Asset—His father's car.
Aver.—Saving money.
Say.—Aw, come on, eh!

**BRUCE TAVNER**

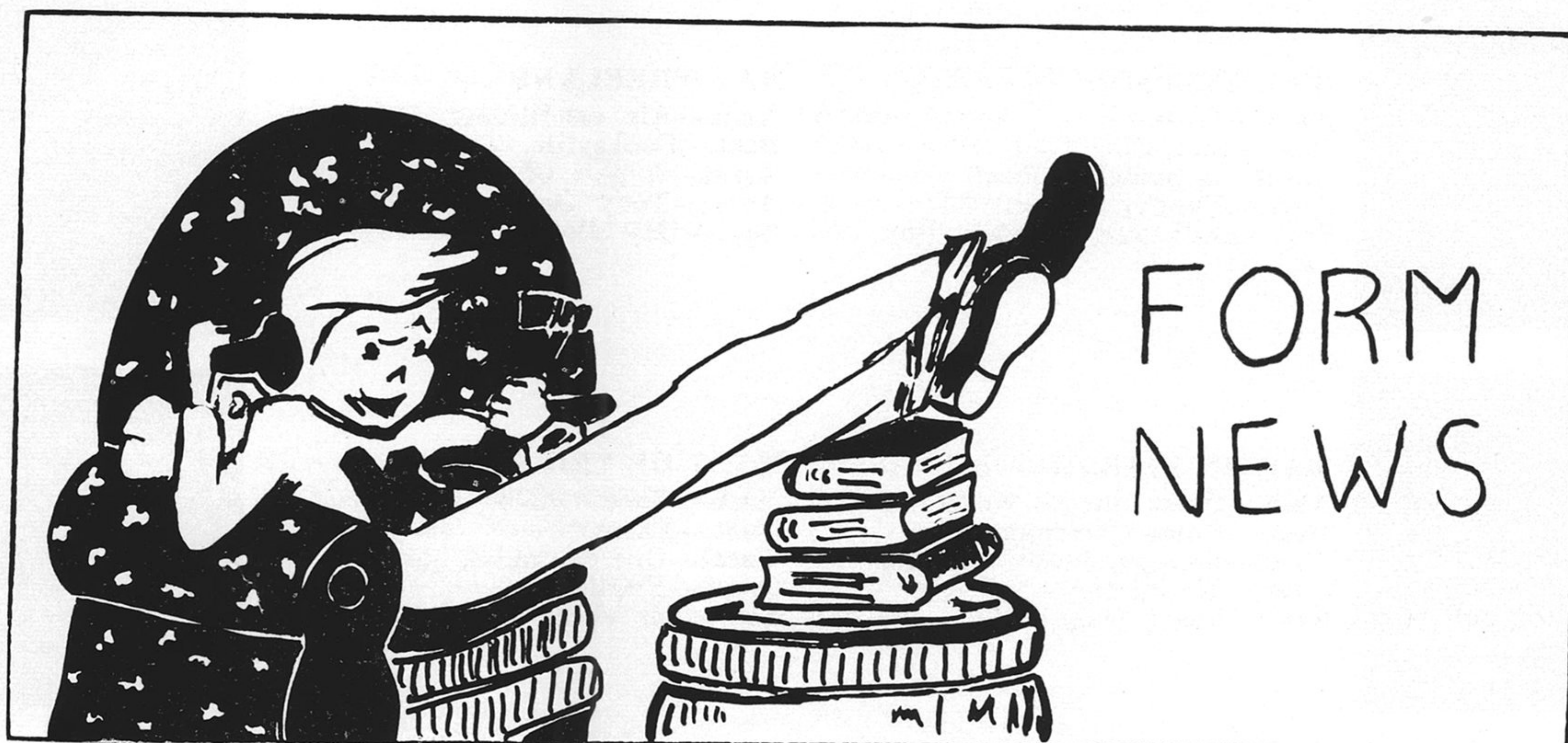
Amb.—Electronics.
Dest.—Ryerson.
Asset—Walker's automatic transmission.
Aver.—Working at the Dominion Stores.
Say.—Hey, Orman! You coming.

BOB WALKER

Amb.—Electronics.
Dest.—Ryerson.
Asset—A '40 Ford.
Aver.—Working at his snack-bar.
Say.—Let's have a Hires.

**JOHN WATKINS**

Amb.—Electronics.
Dest.—Ryerson.
Asset—A Roman nose.
Aver.—School — he'd rather be hunting.
Say.—Let's make it look weird.



12A

Dave Ashton—He is the first one in our class,
It's almost certain that he'll pass.

Deanne Ashwell spends her week-end nights,
With hockey players from St. Mikes.

Norma Barrett, shy and demure,
Is lots of fun—and that's for sure!

There goes **Shirley**—Watch her sway,
That's the Walter Thornton way.

Annabelle is quite smart you know,
And in all sports, she's the star of the show.

Here comes **Jamie**, hale and hearty,
He's the life of every party.

Brian Dawson—from dear old England he did
come,

Seems that is where all brains are from.

Loreena takes such pride in wearng
Certain jewellery, which shows she's caring.

Gailitis is well known for his voice,
When he sings at parties, watch **Jamie** rejoice.

George Golder, one of our football stars,
Has lots of fun with old Ford cars.

Doug Jackson takes us to and fro,
When to parties we must go.

Oakwood's loss is Weston's gain,

Ron's rapidly winning chemistry fame.

Pat likes travelling best of all,

She came back to school with a southern drawl.

George Kerr comes next, he's broad and burly.

When **Marly's** around, he's never surly.

Curly hair? That's **Bunny Lynch**.

He thinks Latin's just a cinch.

Maslow and **Gailitis** in chemistry lab,

Find melting test tubes quite a fad.

With marks **Barb C.** doesn't stall.

Even watching **Bob** play basketball.

Ines Martini really prances,

For she's in charge of the school dances.

Bill McGee has not strayed

From junior rugby where he played.

Joan Nekeckuk does not say much,

But in her marks she has a touch.

Phyllis Peters is quite a gal,

In all the sports she does quite well.

Peter Rasins hates to be

Called on by name in P.E.

Barry Reed makes quite a din

Whenever he plays on his violin.

Margaret Rose is a slim, young lass

Who gets good marks in Latin class.

Barbara Savage is learning to fly

And pilots planes way up in the sky.

Doug Scott is not yet bored

With his investment—a Model A Ford.

Barbara Simpson is very pretty,

Too bad boys, she's going steady.

Helen Taylor is the lass

Who this term came late to class.

Robert Taylor—Bob for short,

The 100% kid—A real good sport.

Vincent Taylor is full of knowledge,

Perhaps some day he'll go to college.

Wanda Topper comes to us

By ways and means of the Kleinburg bus;

Joan Walton has a studious look

For she's the editor of this book.

Dorothy Wilson is that tall blonde lass

Who tries so hard to head our class.

Marlene Wilson is quite a sport

Even though she's fairly short.

Mr. Whiting, friend or foe,

After term's end, then we'll know.

In case you're wondering who to blame

Andrew Watson is the name.

12B

At the head table Miss Wattie you see,
A most gracious hostess for the girls of 12B.
The first cup goes to that 'brain' Lily Weller,
Her tea's going to spill; won't someone please tell
her?

Barb Little is busily serving the guests,
There is a girl who'll pass all her tests.
Her able helper is 'La petite Marie'
That's Mary Walwin, she'll not spill tea.
Ruth Garrett is next, a pretty young sprite
Was attendant of honor to Queen of the Night
Form Rep Carol Selvage and Cheerleader Nan
Carroll

Think styles are so bad, we should all wear a
barrel.

Janet McCormick thinks tea parties 'crazy'
But wishes geometry wasn't quite so 'hazy.'
Quiet June Bowman doesn't say much,
But jolly Ann Brown is still munching her lunch.
Virginia Gough is trying to look as prim
Marilyn Burgess catches her eye, and begins to
giggle 'tee hee'

Nan Waldon is dreamily sipping her tea
She sighs, "What an Etobicoke future I see!"
Local points do not agree

With Lorraine Clare as we could see.

Barbara Ann Smith just new in the group
Thought that the tea tasted like soup.

Ruth Amos is wearing her most charming smile
A great many know her telephone dial.

Gay Lena Plewes? We all do admire,
She had the courage from 12A to retire
We must leave some space for the boys of 12B

John Sainsbury—Who blows his horn
Has other nice features with which he was born.
And for Bob Garner, there is one thing to say
He's the best coming centre in Junior A.
Then there's Jim Lamb better known as Satch
For this Romeo there is no match.

Bob McPherson is the boy with the height
He must eat pablum every morn, noon and night.

Chuck Conway—The kid with the smile
You can smell his jokes from a half a mile.

Mickey McFarlane—Always in on the fun
For a little guy he sure can run.

Last year Carl Cook hit down in the D's
But early this year he was all A's and B's.

Wally Armstrong—Always dressed so neat
Is taking the girls from his big brother Pete.
In school Bill Simpson talks rarely and low
But wait until the lunch whistle blows.

Here is Al Garred, blonde and tall,
In chemistry class he is right on the ball.

To Frank McArthur we give a cheer
As our all-star plunging half this year.

Another star on our team divine

Was Jim Yarrow the biggest boy on our line.

Jim Weller the quarter back of our team
In class is also on the beam.

And in basketball too we have a star

As our boy Bob Webster puts them in from afar.

You all know Gord Makin as a calm boy in school
But once out of class he drives like a fool.

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Roger Ofield is one of the geography bunch
He thinks not of world contour, but just of his
lunch.

My name's **Wally Beech**

I'm not a poet but I hope I'm a longfellow.

12C

Mary Scott—Our dependable form representative.

Saunie Ysselstyn—'The(e) great clarinet player
in the school orchestra.

Norma Glassford—Whenever Norma's away, it
usually includes another party.

Ann Griffith—Holds some rare discussions with
Miss Leckie in H. E. classes.

Barbara Snider—Travels to school with

Shirley Davidge—Finds skating classes interfere
with phone calls on Monday nights.

Audrey Cain — Partakes in private chemistry
classes (at home).

Ruth Culver—She wrote these notes.

Ernest Bartels—Our loss, Owen Sound's gain,
even so, a good scout!

Bert Brooks—Like his name—always babbling.

Walter Carbis—Class Secretary—Not likely to
end up on the boss's knee.

Alex Denholm—(Censored).

John Downing—Einstein the 2nd.

Vernon Evans—Well, he's got a Ford!

Armand Hollinsworth—Tall, Dark.

Marvin Katz—The 'roving' kind.

Ed Longhouse — Good at playing 'hookey' —
woops I mean 'hockey'.

Bob Moon—'The quiet man'.

Bob Pulford—Duke's star — so he tells us.

Bill Jennings—A good head.

Marvin Gould—A better head.

Bob Chard—Well at least he's got a head.

Dave Sommerville—Good things come in small
packages.

Don Weller (Sam)—Like a bear—hibernates.

Bob Lowthian—Most intelligent? popular, witty
character in room—also author of these pen
sketches.

Mr. Bailey—Anxious about his good-looking
home-room!

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11A Girls

Our form master is **Mr. Lancaster**,
He often wishes that we'd work faster.

Malle Koot takes great delight,
In playing volleyball just right.

Margery Hagen is our clown,
And she lives in Weston town.

Maureen Minns is quite a card,
At her sports she works quite hard.

Gail Parker loves to meet 13B,
A certain person she wants to see.

Marion Holden's occupation is humming,
In her dates she's up and coming.

Robin Dowling loves to study,
Doing more than anybody.

Marilyn Weisbrod to school walks a mile,
Topping her class with a cheerful smile.

Judy Holland is our Athletic Rep.,
In P.E. she has lots of pep.

Bev Campbell is quiet it seems,
Except when she's on our volleyball team.

Janet Young our president was voted,
For her sports she is sure noted.

Ellen Boyington sure likes "logs",
I think she finds them all in a fog.

Madeline Goodwill has won fame,
In the Conning Tower she has her name.

Sheila Tearle comes from Wales,
With her she brings plenty of tales.

Marie Chapman, the quiet type,
German is her chief delight.

Gail Morgan with all her knowledge,
Is sure to make the grade to college.

Margaret Farr is our musical lass,
She is an asset to our class.

With **Sandra Hudson** around there's ne'er a dull
moment,

In basketball, she's a tough opponent.

To end this lot of hullabaloo,

Jean Hayhoe, Joan Powlesland say, "adieu".

11A Boys

Robin Barkley—"A quiet lad is he, from over
'ome."

Dennis Cannon—"Denny" for short, he's really
quite a sport.

George Fraser—Is out for marks as you'll soon
see.

John Fry—Dead to this world.

Alan Graff—"Buzzy," our shaving friend.

Smith Hazzard—Plays checkers with Robin in the
spare.

David Kirkland—What would Shaw do without
him in Physics?

Mr. Douglas Lauder — His saying in football,
"Please don't hurt me".

Brian McKelvey—Our three letter man.

Dean McTavish—11A's news rep.

Ronald Ross—Tell Ron, tell the world.

Paul Seagrave—His act is protecting "Buzzy"
from "Mac".

John Shaw—Our future scientist?

11B Girls

Ethel Bryan—Can she parler the “Français”!
Three guesses why.

Rona Burlington—A sweet little gal with interests in 11C.

Eldean Ehnes—11B’s cute little blonde.

Barbara Evans—Dark hair, dark eyes and long eyelashes. That’s our Barb.

Lois Grundy—Our “five-foot two, eyes of blue” Form Rep.

Mary Hawman—“Dutchy”, sweet and shy.

Mary Gunn—11B’s contribution to the cheer-leading squad. Keep ’em yelling, Mary.

Barbara Howarth and Mildred Wilhelm—Our gigglers. Pass the joke on, girls.

Margaret Peacock and Gail Smith—Show that sweet things come in small packages.

Ann Peskun—Is always talking to Barb in Mr. Christie’s room. About Latin? ? ?

Doreen Popple—Another of 11B’s blondes. How does she spend her Friday nights? ? ?

Irene Proctor and Pat Rusgrove—Always together, even on Saturday night.

Peggy Winder—Tall, dark, and pretty.

Don’t bother directing your complaints to me,
Pat Sinclair, I’m fully irresponsible for this.



Here is a group of T-12 boys working on Tesla coil in the electric shop. From the left, Bruce Travener, Rod Brookbanks, Jerry Brewster and John Watkins.

11B Boys

Stan Smith—A name as long as your arm.

Roger Cornwall—11B’s quiet man.

Colin Craig—The mathematician? ? ?

Byran Eakin—A 38 that’s full of power.

Stuart Eddy—Afraid of girls.

Tony Grist—A car that’s had its better days.

Harvey Hill—I’m a star athlete.

John Jeffery—Quite a job with all those girls.

Don Kennedy—Always fighting with Jeff.

Bill Lynch—Censored.

Jim Mills—Chief instigator.

Bill Stephen—A favourite of Miss Klopp’s.

John Stewart—The pool shark of the form.

Gord Will—Small, but oh!

11C Girls

Anne Carrick—The girl who is always so quiet in school, but when with Jack, watch that gal.

Gwen Doan—The short, blonde girl, but how she can play volleyball!

Betty Goba—The tall girl who plays basketball, no harm in us losing this year.

Vita Greco — 11C’s volleyball whiz, wait till basketball she’ll beat them dead.

Josephine Weatherill—We call her Josie. Thanks for the form party, Josie.

Joan Snyder—11C’s hockey fan; what team are you rooting for, Joan?

Marilyn Thornton—The whiz in our history class. What’s the technique, Marilyn?

Noreen Martini—11C’s gal who won the Wilson prize. Good going, keep it up.

Melba Richardson—The girl who likes her home so much, she can’t tear herself away at noon.

Alwyn Neal—Don’t you think he’ll button up?— I don’t know much now.

Doreen Longhouse—Have you heard of Romeo and Juliet? Ask her and get the facts.

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Dianne Snider—The quiet gal before school commences; but in class, "Did we have to do that?"

11C Boys

Mr. Green—We welcome you to our school. Hope you have years here, and like our students.

Ted Broughton—The chap who is first on our list, by him how many girls have not been kissed?

Grant Maidment—In typing is our champ; when it comes to dressing, he's no tramp.

Adolph Bulzgis—The boy with a motorcycle and a car, but for travelling, by foots the only way he'll get far.

Bruce Chapman—Would surely be awarded our school letter, if it were given for conduct you'll find no better.

Doug Wood—The lad with the Plymouth we hear, lets hope he doesn't fly out on his ear.

Bruce Finlayson—Played rugby but didn't end up so well, a different story is written playing basketball for Mr. Bell.

Joe Miller—The lad who comes to school for fun, but we really must mention he does his work.

Dave McGee—Our boy from Thistle town; in math clever, he'll do anything but frown.

Terry Hall—Plays hockey both near and far, if he keeps it up he may be a star.

John Hayhoe—One of the tall boys of 11C, come June he'll pass so wait and see.

Gord Cross—We won't mention about him being a scholar, but when playing rugby he urged the team on with his holler.

David Rouse—The boy who wears the glasses, we sure hope he will pass his classes.

Bill Moore—The boy who always does his homework; say, Bill, have you your math?

11D

Ron Atkinson—mean violin and jazzy hair-cut comprise Ron.

Stan Byrne—does Mr. Green like him or does he just ask him questions to watch him squirm?

Shirley Childs—has been away frequently this year and we sure missed her (also her gum in French class).

Doug Clarkson—one of Miss Klopp's brighter French students and he likes the girls too.

Stan Douglas—besides giggling, Stan finds time to be a capable guinea-pig for Mr. Wood's experiments.

Dave Edwards—Dave came to us from Port Credit and ended up "Our General Joe-boy."

Brian Flinders—muttering to himself seems to be Brian's main ambition in life.

Ross Gammage—Ross is 11D's contribution to the junior basketball team.

Charles Graham—Charlie is our lady-killer.

Bob Hall—he may not be very bright in French class, but he sure knows how to have a swell form party.

Don Hollinsworth—football stardom and a hot Morris go well with a petit girlfriend.

George Marsh—doesn't he ever run out of sarcastic comments?

Bob Mitchell—has been heard to say that he likes candy kisses mmm.

Mara Pitt—Mara's favorite saying is "Please tell me, kids."

Bill Pope—Bill is a woman-hater and woodsman, and is affectionately known to George as Hobalong.

Peter Rawes—one of the best sports in the class.

Buddy Rodger—uses his influence at Inch's to help out our auction sales.

Alan Scott (Louie)—his ambition—to get a job at Kresge's.

Vera Stechychyn—Stety likes to do her English in her stocking feet.

Bob Stong—hopped-up, army-coloured Ford that runs like a rocket.

Bob Templeton—must just live to drive sedately around town in a Chrysler.

Ross Tyler—something old, something new, something borrowed, and where's Tyler?

Gerry Windeatt—Windy by name.

Betty Engelbert—a new friend from Manitoba who likes to ask questions in physics class.

Ken Leavens—it has been rumoured that Ken enjoys the dark room experiments in physics.

Donna Lamb—she is too busy thinking up form activities to do her physics notes.

Last but not least is our **Mr. Branscombe** who inspires us with his teachings and campaign schemes.

C11A

Miss Miller tries and tries in vain,
To get our form a real good name,
But though she tries it day by day,
C11A would rather play.

We'll do our list by alphabet
And news of each to you we'll get.
First comes **Barefoot**, "Baresy" for short
Giggling to her is a favorite sport.
Janet Berketa, our bakeshop lass,
Is the French scholar of our class.

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Here is part of one of the crowds that jammed gym gallery this winter for our T.D.I.A.A. basketball games

Liz Bobyk in basketball gets there fast,
 When told to run and not to pass.
 Next comes Peggy, who dreams all day
 About her Bunny, most folk say.
 Doreen Brayshaw, "Do Do" for short,
 Is waiting now for her report.
 Carol Brigley, the shortest of all,
 Hopes some day she will be tall.
 Lucille Broadfoot, a movie fan,
 Thinks Rock Hudson is quite the man.
 Joyce Crayden is really a riot,
 She makes us laugh when we should be quiet.
 Joan Dawson from across the land,
 Her shorthand marks are mighty grand.
 Ann Day whose marks are fair,
 Has that dark and lovely hair.
 Then there's Faulkner, our form rep,
 Hasn't missed a meeting yet.
 Barbara Fotherby always here,
 For oral essays gets a cheer,
 Then there's Harrison, a John Lostchuck fan,
 Sure knows how to keep her man.
 Jane Helmer, a wit in our class,
 Wouldn't it be cute if she stood last.
 Barbara Hogg, a real swell gal,
 To lots of kids she is a pal.
 Now comes Mason—very sweet,
 Smiles like her's are hard to beat.
 Joy Maw, cute and neat,
 Harry Lostchuck she did meet,
 Now together they can sing,
 For Joy is wearing a diamond ring.
 Mae Middleton has a real good voice,
 And when it comes to dating—Ken's her choice.
 Betty Patterson whom all have met,
 She's one of those we won't forget.
 Doreen Smitten is known as one swell kid,
 And for her homework we will bid.
 Someone's missing from this list,
 So we'll finish up like this,
 Mackenzie, Skorupa, Van Allen, McLean,
 Have left, but we wish them back again.
 June Hamilton and Nancy McCutcheon.

C11B

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF:

Mr. Taylor (C11B's Form Teacher) gave us a book-keeping assignment and afterwards found that he couldn't do it himself?
 Gloria Goodwill—failed in shorthand?
 Marlene Ferguson—raised her voice above a whisper?
 Ann Hewton—broke off with Frank?
 Ivy Garratt—didn't stand first in the class?
 Bernice Livingston—got Lockjaw for one day?
 Margaret Mathewson—lost her temper?
 Christine Munns—lost that ring on her left hand?
 Calvin Calhoun—acted normal?
 Bob Churchill—let his hair grow long?
 Ruth Robertson—was seen without Bernice and Joan?

THE FUNNIEST THINGS WE'VE SEEN:

Coral Emery, Peggy Jennings, and Marlene Witts—being late for school because of getting stuck in a phone booth.

RUMOURS ARE SPREADING THAT:

Jean Paterson's quiet ways in school are just an act.
 Joan Wakelin has been using other things than vinegar on her hair.

DID YOU EVER SEE:

Marlene Smith—without a wad of gum in her mouth?
 Phyllis Purkis—pass in spelling?
 Clare Emery—keep her hair the same way?
 Doris Wray—stay with one fellow for more than one day?
 Joan Maskell—without Arch after school?
 Joan Penn—keep quiet in school?
 Barbara Stanfield—without Mel tagging along on Saturday night?
 Camille Perry—when she and Bruce had a fight?
 Lorraine Kersey—without Huey on a Saturday night?
 Don Sears—play rugby?
 Arnold McLean—look at a girl?
 Skip Stokes—without a flashy tie?

Ruth Robertson.

H11

In our small class there's only four
 Oh! How we wish that there were more.
 We share our sorrows and our joys
 But we will never share our boys.
 Mary MacCheyne our curly-haired friend
 Without her our fun would be at an end
 Except for Diane, our tall form rep.
 And she is always full of pep?
 And Marilyn Brownsey who is in a daze
 When a fella named George ever passes her ways.
 Next there is Marion, quiet in class
 But out of it she is quite a lass.
 Miss Coburn, the guiding light of our class
 Wants every last one of us to pass.
 To write these words has been some fun
 Hope we've pleased most everyone.
 Marilyn and Diane.

T11A

David Alexander—Our Junior football hero.
 Henry Barker—One of our grease Monkeys.
 Ron and Bill—With quietness we're blessed
 After school hours — well, guess.
 Art Fowler—Class Rep.
 Lloyd Guest—Form news.
 Ross MacKenzie—Asleep do we find with nothing
 but girl friends on his mind.
 Harvey Oakley—One of our Machine Specials.
 Don Cook—Form news.
 Keith Raven—So softly he speaks, you can hardly
 tell him from a mouse's squeak.
 Dave Salter—? ? ? ?
 Millar Young—All American Drawback.
 Mr. Lethbridge—Form teacher.

T11B

Harrington was driving along Zevald's Lane
 one day when he stopped to talk to Rowntree
 who was going to the Fair, which was being held
 at Clifford Park in Taylor Town. At this moment
 Hewgill came along and told them that the notori-
 ous outlaws, Campbell and Flynn had taken a
 case of Wilson's Cola from Johnson's store on
 Loughrin Avenue but were captured soon after
 in Rickwood's gyp joint on Saunders Avenue by
 Sergeant Hawman. They were given a penalty of
 ten years at the Thomson prison by Magistrate
 Mr. Loney.

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10A Girls**WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF:**

Brigitte Adamaitis missed a day at school?
 Nancy Ambler stopped telling jokes?
 Sheila Best couldn't get the gum out of her hair
 in science class?
 Joanne Casselman was caught by a certain science
 teacher winking at the boys?
 Helen Coghlan missed answering a question?
 Laney Denman stopped smiling all the time?
 Elvira Galaitis got an "A" in Math?

SOMETHING I WOULD LIKE TO SEE:

Joan Garratt without a sweater over her tunic.
 Brenda Harrison with a tunic.
 Lorna Ireland not studying.
 Carol Ineson miss a Unionville hockey game.
 Betty Ann Lawrie serve a volleyball over the
 net instead of under.
 Roberta Polson doing homework.
 Marilyn Stittle wear a bright red dress.
 Joan MacDonald not driving in a certain delivery
 truck.
 Our Form Teacher—Mr. McGillis: Patience, pa-
 tience!

10A Boys

Robert, Atkins—Miss Govenlock's best art student.
 Keith Broadbent—Silence is the best policy.
 Paul Fewster — Enjoys running into certain
 Dutchmen.
 Don Forsyth—Mr. Calhoun's pet Latin student.
 Dave Godfrey—Brain is like his hair — wavy.
 David Grist—"Sir, please don't talk so loud. You
 wake me up!"
 Terry Hall—"Are you trying to pick a fight?"
 Gerry Hansen — First-class truck driver at
 Borden.
 Adrian Heard—Bears great resemblance to 13A's
 form teacher.
 Andy Kalins—Andy! Stop talking!
 Ray Kerr—Our junior football and basketball
 star. Says, "J'en suis desolé."
 Ed Koehler — Our one and only soozie-phone
 player.
 Wayne McKenzie—"Sir, I protest." (No reason,
 he just protests).

Don McTavish—"Hey Ray! Lend me your homework!"
Mike Ord—"Sir, when do the summer holidays start?"
Larry Ritchings—The mad scientist.
John Scattergood—10A's huge, massive, peewee.
Mike Sears—"Hey, fellas, wake me up at 3.30 will you?"
Norbert Sebris—The strong, handsome bookworm.
Bruce Strachan—One of our midget basketball stars? ?
John Taylor—Disagrees with Euclid from prop. 1 — on.
Jacob Vander Veen—Tall, dark, and Dutch!
Brock West—Brain must have gone where his name suggests.
Jim Christie—Don't blame me for this. Mr. McGillis signed it.

10B Girls

Miss Klopp—Besides being a really swell person she can also teach French.
Audrey Amos—Went and fractured a perfectly good rib.
Pat Bridge—Wouldn't dream of crinkling candy wrappers in Latin.
Betty Bruyns—Mr. Lancaster loves to turn that creamy complexion a bright red.
June Corcoran—This proficiency award winner is a heck of a person to have sitting behind you.
Evelyn Hayhoe—The only girl in 10B who can reach the basketball net.
Louise King—Swiped Marjorie's pencils and blotters in science before Liz came and scared her away.
Lucille Lynch—Lucy is quite a girl!
Betty Marshall—Is a nice person to have around.
Irene McDooling—Loves the seating plan in the music room.
Sheila McKnight—Made the grade ten volley-ball team.
Gail Payne—A good girl who always wears her tunic.
Valerie Player—Don't look now—but do you think it's "light 'n bright?"
Margaret Sainsbury—Always has an answer—even if it isn't always the right one.
Annis Saunders—Thinks the back seat is too far front.
Lois Shallhorn—Is always shouting!
Linda Shorey—What a long, baggy tunic!
Marjorie Smith—"Anybody going to the hockey game tonight?"
Elizabeth Telford—Liz played hookey for almost five weeks!
Maie Told—A very talented girl—writing, art, public speaking, etc.
Bonnie Wardlaw—Goes around smashing hedges and taking fits in English.

10B Boys

Peter Anastasoff—To get it said in a short time His name is trouble for everyone to rhyme.
Mel Baker—That lonely little fellow,
 Who always talks in that tone so mellow.
Eric Betts—He's the man up the front,
 For a good answer he always hunts.
Terry and Jim Champ—Those two lively brothers,
 Who'd swipe the homework off each other.
Chris Clarke—A hockey player he'll be, I think,
 For he sure can make that red light blink.
Dave Heard—A talkative fellow indeed,
 For a pass in math he has to plead.
Roger Hansell—When answering he gives his shirt a tuck,
 But it always seems to bring him luck.

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PHONE 25

**LITTLE BROS.
LIMITED**



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Baxter Hillier—His comical actions attract the gals,
To the dislike of all his unlucky pals.
Danny MacDonald—The one who brings the boys' news
And hopes they all won't blow a fuse.
Doug Musselwhite—Remarks of great splendor,
Tall and thin in his glamour.
Ross Robbie—The language he cannot grasp,
And the rest he likes to fly past.
Pete Robinson—He's short, sweet and purty,
In geography he nets a mere forty.
Don Tierney—An English chap you see,
And what a whiz in history.
Bob Santin—"Lend me this and lend me that,"
Through most classes he takes a nap.

10C

Dixon Ambler—Ambition—"Cadillac".
John Ball—Never on the ball.
Clive Beardwood—Yours truly.
Arthur Brown—First in the showers—last out.
Robert Burgess—Got your summary done, Burg?
Michael Cobb—One of the Clan from "over 'ome".
Allister Craig — Knows Miss Carie — or Miss Carie knows him.
Doug. Creelman—I still can't believe it!
Raymond Duplain—Last in the showers, first out.
John Fancett—The farming enthusiast.
Ian Furguson—Mathematical genius? ?
Harold Gee—I couldn't find the connection.
Allen Graham—Always hungry after P.E.
Ernest Hayhoe—Just a brain—nothing more to say.
James Hermansen—Our boy Herman!
Bill Humble—Don't let the name fool you!
Hugh McGregor—He found our Mascot.
Patrick Normoyle—I wonder why he dropped French?
Don Norwood—The latest newcomer to 10C.
Hiya Don!
Paul Plewes—Believe it or not, he has brothers in Gr. 13.
Ken Rice—All the teachers seem to know him.
Robert Scrace—It comes much easier now, eh Bob?
Robert Slater—He gets shaving cream for Xmas!
Ken Smith—10C's "All American" (draw) back!
David Thompson—"Baby — baby — baby."
Mr. Hoey — "If you birds wanta go home tonight— —!"

10D

Margaret Kay—Cleaning blackboards in science.
Carole Rice and Heather Willman—The best of friends.
Shirley McMath—10D's form rep.
Madelaine Lafleur—A whiz at French.
Valerie Cronin — Always talking to Gary in French.
Lenore Bolton—The quiet little girl of 10D.
Tom Hepton—10D's football star.
Ralph Brown—A quiet little fellow.

After school ... have a Coke



Bill Burrows—Likes the spare in Miss Smith's room.
Herb Connell—Herb is so quiet you'd never know he's there.
Jim Hazzard—The hefty romancer.
Jim Jeffery—Always conversing with Brazel.
Alan Faichnie—10D's Shakespeare.
Jim Kilpatrick—Not another detention, sir!
Jack Hiles—Talking to Myrtle in science.
David Grant—Knows his geometry.
Roger Lee — All-American drawback for the bantams.
David MacDougall—Wonder what's wrong with his head? When he stands up he scratches.
Evelyn MacDonald — A very quiet girl but she gets around.
Roddy MacDougall—The boy who got out of schooling by having a broken arm at the beginning of the year.
Blair Munshaw—Tall, dark and gruesome.
Ross Muzylo—Didn't go so hot last year, but he's getting there (he hopes).
Bryce Playter—It seems he laughs at everything that goes on in class.
Gary Sharman—He was one of the boys who knocked Mr. Bell's morale for a loop.
Ken Smith—He seems to get out of school quite a lot but always comes back.
Roger Spour—He's always got something to say down at the back of the room.
Gerry Thompson—Looks like he's going to be one of our basketball players (ha).
Jim Tumber—He's got the build. Why didn't he go into sports? Guess he's trying to be a brain.

Ron Tumber—Rather a tall, shy type of person—
If there is that kind of person.

Bruce Wilson—One of our interform rugby stars.

John Barnard—I wonder how he gets all those
high marks in French?

Fred Brazel—I don't see why he does not have
to stay in more than he does.

John Bamber—A very quiet person but he sneaks
in some fun in class.

Barry Ashbee—He and Jim sure act it up back
there.

Derry Danby—He is trying to play basketball
this year. Here's hoping he gets his 66%.

Bob Young—Sometimes we wonder why he does
not get into more trouble.

10E

Sonja Anderson—brings animals for science.

Mary Beamish—favours initiations.

Pat Bogue—flies out the door, even before the
last bell.

Arlie Bradburn—rocks back and forth on the
chair in science.

Pat Carlson—the quiet type (in school).

Shirley Cathcart—find Mary and there's Shirley.

Elaine Churchill—makes cakes in a jiffy.

Carrie DeAdder—missed a lot of school, but is
making up for it now.

Marilyn Dietrich—has an excuse for everything.

Mary Farquhar—good things come in small red-
headed packages.

Jean Glason — comes to school early every
morning. Why ???

Pat Gould—scarcity of material for tunic.

Dianne Harris—IOE's joker.

Dorothy Henderson—always hurries to French,
but she's never on time.

Anne Heslop—always studying.

Elenor Kotyck—always mending her socks, in
science that is.

Carolyn LeMaitre—the girl with the looks.

Barbara Lancaster—no wonder her math marks
are so high.

Margaret Marnie—talks all the time.

Myrna Maynard—short and sweet.

Ruth Wardlaw—always wears her tunic.

Jeanne Williams—the math whiz.

Miss Walton—our ever faithful form teacher,
who is always after us to "put away the
towels".

C10A

Mr. Wickett—Keep that line.

Glenna Addison—Is he ever a dream.

Wanda Anness—I don't care.

Orma Anthony—Oh that Bob.

Sheila Antram—For gosh sakes.

Marilyn Bach—Dig that crazy man.

Sandra Bernath—Got your history done?

Betty Ann Dixon—Now, who is away today?

Delma Farrell—I didn't study for this test.

Betty Flavell—It doesn't want to balance. (Book).

Diane Foster—Hurry up Thelma.

Gloria Francis—Did you hear about ——— ?

Carol Harford—I'll think about it.

Mary Anne Harrison—Why ask me?

Patricia Hillock—Well it's like this— —

Sandra Jefferson—Here we go again.

Elaine Lackner—Who's the boy?

Carol Leach—I don't care.

Margo McDougall—Now what?

Ann Morrison—Well sir . . .

Maxine Muirhead—What brains!

Judy Myles—Boy crazy girls are . . . (Look who's
talking).

Marilyn O'Brien—I like bookkeeping.

Thelma O'Donnell—I can't. I have a detention.

Noreen Osborne—Did you get it right.

Helen Patterson—Oh heck.

Lois Phillips—Hah Western.

SET THE PACE ON A NEW

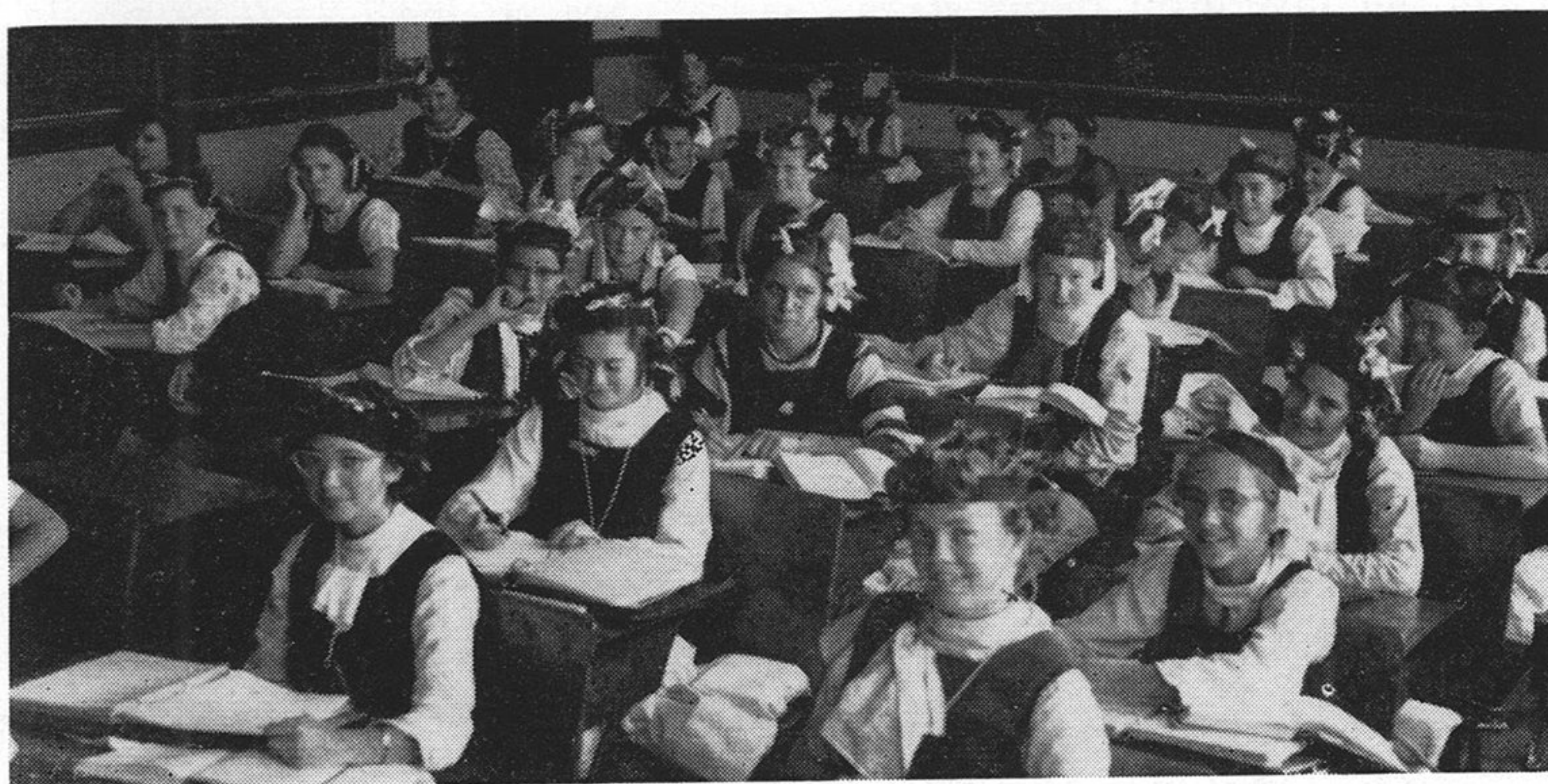


CCM.

LIGHTWEIGHT

WITH

CYCO *Sonic*
—DRIVE—



Initiation's a fearsome business for Grade Niners. Here's a group of Grade IX girls during initiation week in Mr. Hewitt's room.

Laura Ray—Did you get it done?
 Margaret Saville—Barb, did you do that work.
 Beth Sainsbury—There's Bruce.
 Carole Shelley—No, what happened to him.
 Marilyn Russell—Oh, I forgot.
 Elaine Sutton—Know what happened last night?
 Tonya Rawlings—Did you see Roger?
 Barbara Watson—Marg, give me some ideas.

C10B

Mr. Yeigh—Mr. Yeigh we all know well,
 And we think that he is swell.
 Marilyn Ball—Marilyn is more of the quiet kind,
 But to laugh and giggle she finds the time.
 Bertha Bowman—Her hair is short and so is she,
 But she is a great personality.
 Audrie Chapman—Audrie is the jester of our
 crowd,
 She's forever making us laugh out loud.
 Nancy Corbett—Form rep with mischief and a
 smile,
 That's our Nancy all the while.
 Tanna Fay—This gal has a happy smile,
 Line up, boys, single file!

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PINE ST

WOODBIDGE



**FRESH FRUITS and VEGETABLES
 IN SEASON**



DELIVERY



PHONE 28

Carol Flint—Oh, Carol, my dear, with eyes so
 bright,
 Where were you on Saturday night?
 Irene Foster—Irene is our shy little lass,
 But not in our spares, only in class.
 Daisy Grant—She is blonde, and she is sweet,
 A girl like her is hard to beat.
 Lorraine Hadaway—A laugh we hear away up
 front,
 Lorraine we think is up to a stunt.
 Pat Hazard—If the rest of us in Math do wiggle,
 Pat still finds lots of time to giggle.
 Joan Heath—A witty girl, a heart so kind,
 A nicer girl, is hard to find.
 Ann Hepton—Ann's the one with the good looks,
 She has the fellows on her hook.
 Margaret France—Margaret France is full of fun,
 And her laugh is a merry one.
 Barbara Irvine—Barbara's always full of laughter,
 So be sure to be near her, if that's what you're
 after.
 Barbara Love—Barbara is one of the quiet type,
 With her no one could pick a fight.
 Jean Love—Cheerful as the day is long,
 She makes life seem one grand sweet song.
 Marie Lund—In P.E. she tries very hard,
 And in class we think she's a card.
 Sheila Marshall—Sheila rang the fire alarm, for
 a joke,
 But when met by Mr. Worden, boy! did she choke.
 Marion Matthews—Marion on Saturday with us is
 going skating.
 But she threw us a hint to let us know that she's
 dating.
 Peggy McWhaw—Peggy is the one who in Art can
 draw,
 She beats every artist I ever saw.
 Betty Montgomery—The moon would shine blue;
 they'd blow up the dams
 If Betty Montgomery fails in exams.
 Enas Pressley—Enas Pressley really isn't so bad,
 But boy! Can she get the teachers mad.

Gail Scott—If it's good for a laugh, you'll find her there,
For things without humour she does not care.
Helen Shannon—Mischievous, but, prudent,
Actually, she's quite a student.
Ann Turner—A worker, but not a hopeful wisher,
Is tiny and English Ann Turner.
Joyce Train—Always happy, never glum,
Just a gay and cheerful chum.
Joan Williamson—Who is pretty, is the star of
our team,
When she smiles the boys follow in a long stream.
Barbara Bain—If I offended you in any kind of
way,
Please accept my apology, but what else could
I say.

C10C Girls

Heather Alexander—I always have wondered why
she and Dorothy do their homework together.
(Dorothy has a brother).
Arlene Allinson—"That's what they all say."
Conning Tower Rep.
Shirley Brownlee—Where's my wallet now?
Elizabeth Griffith—Her motto is, "If they don't
sit down we'll knock them down." (She
watches fights on Television).
Jacqueline Hunt—A real swell kid, our "Athletic
Rep."
Mary Jones—Part of the big romance between
her and Ray Usher when they both got in the
same form.
Gwen LaRose—The cute quiet blonde from C10B.
Pat Lawrence—Do they come any funnier?
Joan Love—What about the phone call you got
from — you know who.
Marlene McIntosh—Our blonde form rep.
Jean Novak—She's really a brain in typing. But
Wess is catching up to her.
Pat Porubanec—Boy can she dramatise things.
Pat Ramsperger—She eats wheaties, boy you
should see her hit a volley ball.
Carolyn Robbie—Carolyn's love will never flicker
Dorothy Smith—"Speak up, ay."
Caryll Whitmore—I wonder where she got the
bruises from, oh from him I guess.
Dorothy Winton—Where's she today. Skipping
with Heather again.
Pat Harris—A real nice kid who can play volley-
ball.
Lorna Troyer—Seems to take Shirley's wallet
down to her size. I wonder what she's looking
for"?
Mary Ellen MacDonald—Look at those bloomers.
(They're dark blue ones).
Elinor Flear—Put away the candy or she'll eat it
on you.
Beatrice Juriga—She should get up earlier in the
morning, because Miss Bullock is keeping
track of how many times she's late.
Miss Bullock—Her wedding day is coming near,
She got her ring at the beginning of the year.

C10C Boys

Harvey Adcock—A one track mind, — Women!
Paul Bennett—Love that sheet metal homework! ?
John Goruk—Say—"Hey Tegert." Bets on sure
things.
Bill Kozak—Bookkeeping's wizard of odds.
Trevor Metcalfe—Hasn't won a C10C hockey pool
yet!
Garnet Penn—Lefty, the Chicken Pox kid!
Carl Playter—Say—"Wait up Skip." Alias—The
Scribbler.
Wes Tegart—Boy wonder and renowned world
traveller. Our Rep.
Ray Torrence—Assets—curly hair, horned rims.
Ray Usher—"Silence is golden."

W. R. SCOTT

R. E. SCOTT

T H E

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T10A

THINGS T10A WOULD LIKE TO SEE

Dave Bushey—get his tonsils out.

Roger Bowles—play for the "Boston Bruins."

Ernie Barker—stop criticizing Mr. Bell's drawings.

Eddy Boht—Ha Ha — Float! !

Don Chapman—bring his prize-winning calf to school.

Bill Hartnell—become an electrician (80th class).

Ray Hook—ease up on the girl situation.

Barry Hall—play hockey for the "Canadiens."

Budd Dallas—wrestle "Yukon Eric".

Art Greenwood—lose a little weight.

Dale Flynn—sign his cheques with "Errol."

Roy Ireland—stop talking about things he doesn't know.

Don Glen—fly a model jet to school.

Paul Hohnston—take P.E. for one week.

Ron LeMay—cut down on the smokes.

Bob Howlett—play hockey for the "Leafs."

Gordon Carbis—become a jeweller at Weston Credit.

Bob Slack—drive a car one mile without an accident.

Bob Hopcroft—tell a joke.

Mike Vale—get a shave.

Ronald Garratt—shoot just one deer.

Fred Anderson—become a Canadian citizen.

Mr. Goddard—teach less "Anglais."

Paul Griffith—is T10A's representative in the Hospital. Ever since the early part of September Paul has been there, stricken with polio. Since Paul can't receive visitors in his hospital, all the fellows are writing him a letter, one by one, giving him all the news of our school and form. We are glad to hear that you are recovering steadily, Paul. Keep it up, boy, keep it up!

Mr. Goddard—is our "home-room teacher"

By the way he talks

You'd swear he's a preacher

But we consider him the best in the school

His words make us notice

Instead of the rule.

Now I'd best not get flippant

Or start to laugh.

Or I'll find myself visiting

One of the staff.

T10B1

FAVOURITE SAYINGS

MacArthur—Can we go now, Sir?

Robinson—You should have seen the one I saw walking down the hall.

Shropshire—(has a black eye) I got hit with a hockey stick. (?)

North—I missed the bus Sir.

Ofield—Why should that happen, Sir?

Mathewson—That's the way I did it, Sir.

Thomas—Watch it, buddy.

Snider—I dunno who did it.

Twisleton—I had it before you did.

Young—You boys shouldn't do it that way.

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ENTER ANY TIME

Simpson—I just love school (?)
Yuraitis—That was a bright thing to do.
Thompson—We'll get even with those guys.
Mr. Constable—If you boys want to get ahead, all it involves is a little work.

T10B2

Bryon Swarbrick—Football isn't Bryon's game.
Ron Russell—Boy, oh Boy! What class she's got.
Dave Roach—Favourite saying: "You don't say."
John Bates—Pet Peeve. People who drive on the right side of the road.
Fred Hesketh—Favourite Saying: Listen here, ya apple!
Jim Duggan—Jim's got his eye on Diane (Shh—it's a secret!)
Gary McNeill—When it comes to basketball Gary's got it beat every time (ask Mr. Bell).
Ray Walsh—Favourite Saying: All right.e
Dave Forsyth—Pet Peeve: Geography.
Bob Burlington — Favourite Song: "My old jalopy's a Cadillac." (It is?)
Dave Wilson—Form coach and our contribution to football.
Chris McDonald—Always has his eyes open. (If she's blonde).

—Terry McCreight.

9A

On the mornings of November 26 and 27, form 9A held an auction sale to raise funds for the Humber Memorial Hospital Campaign. Total proceeds were \$21.07. The auctioneers were Annabelle Smallman-Tew, Jim Coon, and Gordon Russell. All enjoyed it, and entered heartily into the bidding.

Marguerite Ashford—Likes to draw.
Anne Jordan—Pretty popular.
Maxine Anderson—Loves volleyball.
Frances Dewar—Always on her toes.
Arlene Dyrland—Nice smile.
Carol Irwin—Blue eyes.
Carolyn Forsyth's favourite expression—"Y' don't say!"
Judith Jackman—Mighty nice girl.
Vicki Juryn—Tall, dark, and slender.
Joanne Johnson—Athletic representative.

Pat Keen—Pretty keen girl.
Betty Ebert — Favourite expression — "Oh, brother!"
Eileen Goodhead—Pretty good head.
Lorraine Legault—The one with the beautiful blush.
Beverley Miller — Good things come in small packages.
Joan Livingston—Relation to David Livingstone.
Annette MacDonald—Short n' dark.
Jeanette Morvatt—The girl with the giggle.
Pat Voss—Always smiling.
Carole Williamson—Likes to play volley-ball.
Barbara Rose—Tops at baseball.
Gail Tweddle—Everyone's friend (she keeps the fine book.)
Peggy Harding—A newcomer from Port Credit.
Annabelle Smallman-Tew—Form representative.
Pat Stephen—Another blusher.
Joyce Trueman—No relation.
Carol Scott—Crazy about ballet.
Isabel Wheeler—Like to draw.
Anne Kilburn—News reporter.

9B

Here are the boys of our class 9B,
 Visit our form and then you'll see.

Bruce Barton—In certain things he is tops,
 But hardly so in the electrical shops;
Jim Barton—Is a chubby chap,
 But he insists that it is not fat;
Doug Bowers—Is often late,
 Mr. Burgess says he must suffer his fate;
Gerald Clermont—Our athletic rep,
 Is a nice pal with lots of pep;
Mike Coffey—Is a dullish red,
 We're all his friends, so he has said;
Mike Davidson—Has always had the best of luck,
 At his chief hobby of stopping that puck;
Bob Davidson—Is a talkative chap,
 One of these days he'll take the rap;
Jay Devries—See the birds up in the trees,
 They're up in the air like Jay Devries;
Alex Durrant—The quiet guy,
 He's always away as the days roll by;
John Evenden—He's round and firm,
 How will he do at the end of the term;

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Leslie Galvin—Is a silent boy,
 But when it comes to a friend, oh boy;
 Ken Golby—Is a little squirt,
 He's got brains when they get to work;
 Barry Hall—Is a smart man.
 But what will he do on the June exam;
 Jim Harman—He wants to enter the Air Force,
 And so he's taking the General course;
 Doug Harvey—Is stout, but not very tall,
 In school he does not talk at all;
 Bob Henderson—In school the quiet one he ain't,
 But in math he is a saint;
 Jim Howie—Is a Scottish lad,
 Who seldom wears the Scottish plaid;
 John Howland—Is a lazy chile,
 Look at him and you will smile;
 Mitch Krawczyk—Is a jolly good sort,
 He's a grand guy and a very good sport;
 Val Kulikow—Is a hockey player,
 He flattens players layer after layer;
 Paul LeMasurier—He's known to be clever,
 But seems just as easy-going as ever;
 Pete McCarthy—Has a big heart,
 You're sure to notice him from the start;
 Bill McKean—Who walks very fast,
 He never gets anywhere last;
 Bob McPherson—Maker of these jokes,
 Since he started he's ducked many pokes;
 Ron Mongraw—Is full of fun,
 Although his laugh is a goofy one;
 Gary Munnings—You know our 9B cowboy of
 course,
 Though in school he has no horse;

Richard Nelson—One of our pals,
 That's when he's not out with his gals;
 Ron Ofield—Is our quarterback,
 He's got something that a few of us lack;
 Neil Reed—Always has gum,
 Want a good friend? Well, here's one;
 Art Rowan—Has a roving eye,
 That winks at girls when they go by;
 Tom Scharf—Is a friend of all the girls,
 Hangs around their necks like pearls
 Richard Sharman—Has a smile all the time,
 He's always here at five to nine;
 Mr. Burgess—Rules all thirty-three,
 He is the master of good old 9B;

*Since December the boys of 9-B have missed
 JIM SMITH who was knocked off his bicycle by a
 hit-and-run driver on Trethewey Drive. Jim
 suffered severe skull fractures resulting in a
 permanent brain injury which will prevent him
 from returning to school. However, we are taking
 turns visiting him to keep him posted on the school
 news!*

9C

Jim Wakeman—The strong silent type.
 Allan McDowell—Our future scientist.
 Murray Fulcher—He loves school.
 John Graham—Our inventor.
 Murray Armstrong—A whiz at hockey.
 Wayne Colton—A guitar strummin' cowboy.
 Dean Wilson—The man in our crowd.
 Ewan Craig—He adores English.

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DEALER



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 Grant Tyler—The girls adore him.
 Keith Andrews—Always in trouble.
 Don Bain—He loves lines.
 Tom Malcho—A good little boy!
 Bob Morten—A boy with bad luck.
 Ross Currie—Our math whiz.
 Bob Terrell—A talkative boy in French.
 Keith Baker—Excels in History!
 Chuck Maxwell—Our candy eater.
 Ron Caister—A sheet metal specialist.
 Barry Johnson — Plays terrific hockey for Marlies!!!
 Baird Garvey—Our football boy.
 Jesse Weller—Short and fast!
 Stew Kinsman—A whiz with GIRLS!
 Stafford Beanland—Tall, dark and handsome? ?
 Bill Claus—Brother to Santa.
 Jack Morgan—Loves gum.
 Owen Malone—Gets things a little mixed up.
 Real Benoit—Our French interpreter.
 Gord Mullen—A boy from the city.
 Pete Gibson—"Mullen's twin."
 Fred Farwell—"Slip slop" Fred is here.
 Gary Holman—He's not very tall, but oh, what a waist line!
 John Pashley—He's fresh from across the sea.
 Ron Taylor—Hookup for "Rendezvous."

9D

Carolann Aldis—9D's pride and joy in volleyball.
 Janet Bailey—She's a poet and doesn't know it.
 Julie Boyko—"Ye gads and little fishes!"
 Vicky Bunda—9D's Athletic Rep.
 Arlene Campbell—Short and blonde.
 Lorna Cathcart—Her silence is golden.
 Joanne Clayton—"Blondie."
 Mary Coulthard—"Would you like to buy a ticket for . . ."
 Donna Dixon—One of our many blushers.
 Diane Dover—Mademoiselle Dover.
 Carole Fairley—Censored.
 Jill Goundry—Wonder what she thinks of us.
 Barbara Greco—Knows four words in Italian.
 Gail Henderson—"Parlez-vous francais?"
 Maureen Hook—Elsie for short.
 Marjorie Knapp—"For John's sake!" (Who's John?)
 Amy Lynch—A nice girl but we'd like to see more of her.
 Kathleen McGee—Mademoiselle from Thistletown.
 Florence McKnight—Call her Velma.
 Carole McMann—"Did you see that boy . . . ?"
 Nancy Weiland—"But, I thought you said . . ."
 Doreen Topper—9D's strawberry blonde.
 Betty Todd—Nice personality.
 Sandra Minns—9D's portrait painter.
 Elinor Walmsley—Good things come in small packages.
 Rosemary Wilkins—"I'm just fixing my lipstick!"
 Joyce Ritchie—A nice quiet girl.
 Sandra Byrne—What a scream!

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Marilyn Phillips—"Math, that's easy."
 Margaret Smith—No relation to Jennifer.
 Audrey Snyder—No relation to Maureen.
 Joan Smyth—Pronounced Smith.
 Maureen Schnedar—No relation to Audrey.
 Jean Stow—Our "knock, knock" girl.
 Judy Shaw—She even laughs at Mr. Hewitt's jokes.
 Jennifer Smith—Our other poet.
 Marg. Peacock—The talkative type.

9E

Karen Albarda—From Holland you see,
 Has come over here to "live" with 9E.
 Roberta Armstrong's hair is red
 But her temper's fair or so 'tis said.
 David Black's his given name
 But bright will be his future fame.
 Bill Craig—He and his pencils.
 Irene Crerar plays so gaily,
 We wish that we could hear her daily.
 Helen Dean is our musical treasure,
 Plays piano, flute and sings for good measure.
 Gerald Dome's from England's shore,
 We hope he will stay here evermore.
 Don Evans—Tall, fair, and handsome?
 Dorothy Field is tops because,
 She joins in everything 9E does.
 Valerie Findlay, our classroom poet,
 Should be writing this and don't we know it.
 Frank Fleury—"Big Deal" is another of our honourable classmates.

Keith Flinders is the boy with the violin;
The girls all welcomed him right in.
Bruce Foden—One of our better drafting students.
Lois Godfrey's lots of fun,
She makes good friends with everyone.
Jim Hatch—One of our fellow students, is a car
enthusiast.
Carol Hill is new to 9E,
But welcome is sure to be.
Roslyn Knight—Though dark is her name
Is sure to have a bright future fame.
Don Lee—His favourite pastime is ignoring all
the teachers.
Blake Noon—He is one of the newcomers to our
school.
Bob Osborne—Strictly for the girls.
Julian Peet—He believes that it's the early bird
that gets the worm.
Who in volleyball does most damage to other
teams?—**Anita Ramage**.
Dona Rice makes her own dresses,
Plays the piano and combs out her tresses.
Brian Robins with shirts so gay, brightens up our
weary day.
Here's to our friend **Barbara Sawyer**,
She talks so well she'd be a lawyer.
David Showers—Though rugby is his claim to
fame,
"Flowers" is his well-known name.
Although his name is **Cameron Simpson**,
It seems as how he's always "Eaton".
Ron Smith—He's got everything in the little box
he carries around.
Bill Tranter with the large bass viol,
Makes our "orchestra" worthwhile.
Barry Vail's a football star;
People cheer from near and far.
Don Ward—A great animal lover.
Paul Weisbrod—Getting into hot water with our
science teacher is one of his favourite
pastimes.
In art I'm sure you'll find her bright;
Look for the girl who's **Louise White**.
Gail Whittall's appearance is fine;
When she passes by, boys' eyes all shine,
Keith Williams' best sport is shooting paper
around the room.
—By Nora Young and Dan Webster.

9F

Herbert Alexander—He knows his stuff.
Richard Aylesworth—Brains of the form.
David Beech—Brother of the great Wally Beech.
Donald Broadfoot—Should be a cop (flatfoot).
David Easton—A good athlete.
Jim Fry—He loves French and Mr. Calhoun.
Keith Hansen—Ladies prefer blondes.
Michael Harvey—Red.
Nick Hathway—A friend of Frank Tumpane
(a Globe and Mail reporter).
Dave Hogben—An all-star (Ha-ha-ha!).
Arnold Katz—Professeur Kittens.
Murray Lorimer—Teacher's pest 1.
Dave MacAuley—Teacher's pest 2.

Ron Mackie—Nephew of famous football star.
Don MacKinnon—A farm boy.
Jim MacLeod—Saxophone is my instrument.
Gordon McConville—2nd time around.
Gary McFarlane—Brains 2nd.
Norm McMath—Better late than never.
John Middleton—Like a saxophone.
Derek Nagel—Likes a trombone.
John Naylor—Dennis the Menace.
Jack Peacock—Birds of a feather flock together.
Fred Preston—Sergeant Preston of the R.C.M.P.
Arnold Robb—A Woodbridge boy.
Bob Ronaldson—Our form representative.
Bob Silverton—Oh! I forgot my dentention!
Allan Todd—Little innocence.
Bob Verner—School? Phooey!
Jack Ward—Tries to play the trumpet.
Form Colours—Black, Donald; Pink, Gar; White,
Duncan.

C9A

Pauline Adcock holds a front seat.
In talking she is hard to beat.
Geraldine Ames never hard to find—
Has a certain someone on her mind.
Carolyn Andrew is a bright scholar
In an office job she'll earn many a dollar.
Beverley Bailey is often away,
Wonder when she'll be here to stay?
Jean Bordignon so happy and kind
Is a friend of everyone, you'll find.
Diane Burkhardt in mathematics is fine
Just come and prove it yourself anytime.

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Margaret Chown now seems very shy,
 Perhaps she'll change in the sweet by and by.
 Marie Craig is short and chubby,
 Should have no trouble finding a hubby.
 Helen Farmer is our scholar with knowledge,
 Doubtless she'll go on to college!
 Dorothy Fox is a T.V. fan
 Of Arthur Godfrey — oh, that man!
 Marion Fraser left us in the fall
 Before we really knew her at all.
 Gail Howarth with her smile so bright
 Always tries to do what's right.
 Georgina Hutchens is so prim and neat,
 She brightens the school with her smile so sweet.
 Margaret Johnson is a student in school.
 Though energetic, she breaks no rule.
 Janet Jordan is an expert dancer,
 As an entertainer, she's quite a prancer.
 Shirley Madden is tall and fair
 With long eyelashes and pretty hair.
 Ruth Marks with a smile on her face
 Sits in school and stares into space.
 Gaile Mawson wears a pony tail,
 And attracts the eyes of many a male.
 Lois McQuay loves to sing
 Before the class she lets her voice ring.
 Patricia Orr's dark, quiet and tall
 Does her work, and that's not all.
 Nancy Pearson is our athletic rep.
 Who tries to keep us all in step.
 Hazel Pressick our Student Council rep,
 Has plenty of brains, and lots of pep.
 Barbara Purves so tall and thin,
 Always looks as neat as a pin.
 Lois Roscoe makes little noise
 But conducts herself with graceful poise.
 Norma Seed sits in her seat
 And keeps her note-books looking neat.
 Virginia Sewell talks a lot,
 And hardly ever does get caught.
 Gwen Tawse is a donut fan,
 She eats them down just as fast as she can.
 Patricia Taylor sits at the back,
 For knowledge she will never lack.
 June Thompson, small and fair,
 Is so quiet we forget she's there.
 Betty Thomson knows how to share;
 Does her temper match her hair?
 Donna Turner likes to stand and stare

Around the halls that look so bare.
 Vera Tweddle is extremely tall,
 And very willing to help us all.
 Carol Webster is musical and artistic, too,
 And knows exactly what she wants to do.
 Patricia West when she starts to talk,
 Keeps going like a cuckoo-clock.
 Lois White sits at the back,
 And for words does never lack.
 Marion Besley and Yvonne Train
 Wrote this form news—in the main.
 So we give you the best of classes
 Consisting of thirty-seven lasses!

C9B

Miss Leckie—Maybe C9B is not in the A's but if
 you had Miss Leckie for a teacher you'd
 certainly love school days.
 Marilyn Maxwell is the jester of our crowd, she's
 forever making us laugh out loud; but when
 Bill Stephens does walk by Marilyn just
 gives out with a sigh.
 Muriel Chard—We hear a laugh from way up
 front and we know that Chard is up to some
 stunt.
 Dorothea Hanna with those long blonde curls,
 is the envy of all the girls.
 Marion Nixon is shy and if in need of a friend,
 she's the one.
 Doreen Le Grow—Doreen and Ricky are on the
 beam, she thinks that he is just a dream.
 Muriel Mactaggart—If the rest in Math do wiggle,
 Muriel still finds time to giggle.
 Pat Macumber—She is tall and she is sweet, a
 girl like Pat is hard to beat.
 Lorraine MacNeil—Always happy, never glum,
 just a gay and cheerful chum.
 Joyce Howard of C9B is out to get John Jeffery.
 Dorothy Barker is a cut little gal, just one glance
 and she's everyone's pal.
 Edna Bunn is as sweet as can be, but what
 about Pat they all say to her. She says 'I
 don't know, I'm just not sure.'
 Lillian Bollard—Keeps a straight face, when some
 people act out of the human race.
 Sandra Bourgard—They used to say 'there goes
 Sandy and Ken I wonder if they'll get back
 together again. Everyone says 'what hap-

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pened to them,' but everything will work out in the end.

Edna Bensley—Our sweet little friend, none of the boys know her but they will in the end.

Sandra Clarke—Sandy Clarke the girl with the wiggle only does this when she starts to giggle.

Lorna Dopson—Is the belle of the ball when Donney Cook stands in the hall. She says 'oh there he goes,' but if it was he nobody knows.

Barbara Francis—Our strawberry blonde, now you know why the boys are so fond.

Jane Pirie—Keen and clever a worry to the teacher? No never!

Ann Spriggs—Also one of our clan; to help us out does all she can.

Pat Summerhill—Says he's tall, dark, and 'oh' so handsome, Who, Gregory Peck? No the Wonder Horse sensation.

Marjorie Hollick is quite a gal, and with the boys she's quite a pal.

Ann Ouderkirk—The girl that can dance certainly has no time for romance.

Joan Standfield—That cute little gal is full of pep and lots of fun. You can bet.

Marie Yokom is dark and shy, but with the boys she's pretty sly.

Joyce Riddle—When Joyce turns 'round and flashes her smile, it makes you want to stay awhile.

Sharon Willoughby—She is not too shy around the boys you have noticed.

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Helen Mason—We call her our "Scotty" and she's forever being naughty.

Donna Ellis—Oh! so shy but she's no angel out of the sky.

Carol Albrecht is a cute little girl but why did she cut off those curls?

Nancy Thomas is a girl who certainly puts the boys in a whirl.

Shirley Burbidge of C9B is as shy as she can be.

Diane Kirby is swell when it comes to notes and for a friend she'll get our votes.

Beverley Hazard—Who's tall and dark, when last period comes she's as happy as a lark.

C9C

Diane Annis—The kid with the brains.

Glena Bateman—Always at school.

Shirley Chappelle—All smiles when Jay's around.

Louise Cobb—Off limits except for Bob C.

Isabella Deans—If you forget your homework go to Isabella.

Doreen Dobson—The doodler.

Dorothy Donnelly—I wish I had her swing.

Myrna Fullerton—Hard to please.

Margaret Gallagher—What a whiz.

Marilyn Gross—You couldn't find a friendlier friend.

Barbara Hadley—Out of this world.

Patricia Halder—The Shadow.

Jean Hellewell—Blonde Bomber.

Eileen Hetherington—Small but smart.

Louise Irwin—Tony's her goal.

Carol Jeffries—The lucky one.

Beverley Mason—A good sport.

Shirley Montgomery—Who will it be next week?

Joan Neilson—Sweet 16 and never been kissed.

Margaret Oldfield—Oh! those big brown eyes.

Roberta Perks—C9C's redhead.

Maija Priede—Naughty but nice.

Carol Robinson—Hard to please.

Kathleen Salter—Laughs at nothing. (I wonder).

Dorothy Schlitt—Always playing jokes.

Joan Schlitt—A rare beauty.

Carol Sharman—Always combing that blonde hair.

Marilyn Shaw—A nice girl.

Kathleen Smith—Steady as a rock.

Norma Smith—The quiet type.

Marlene Spence—C9C's glamour girl.

Marilyn Steet—C9C's comic.

Lois Stott—Baby face.

Jean Thompson—C9C's blue-eyed flirt.

Dorothy Troyer—Too smart for us.

Lois Williams—She's loaded.

Frances Zubatink—What a Frenchy?

By Myrna Fullerton and Carol Robinson.

C9D

Pat Verner—"Mr. Touchdown." (Ha! Ha!)

Gloria Atkinson—Giggling Gurdie.

Edna Laver—Without a giggle — maybe she's thinking of someone tall and skinny.

Jacqueline Davies—Loves Math? ? ?

Marilyn Elliott—North York's pride and joy.
 Doreen George—The flaming redhead.
 Joan Haley—The quiet type (in school, anyway).
 Beverley Phillips—"I can't be bothered."
 Peter Stickle—Crazy—over girls.
 Elaine Turner—Which twin has the Toni?
 Donna Wilson—Woodbridge's loss, Weston's gain.
 Sandra Wright—The sporty type.
 Pat Lawrence—"What else does a commercial plane carry besides passengers, Pat? Why typewriters of course."
 Beverley Davies—Her worst enemy is "The Fiddle."

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF

Diana Bagley—Couldn't chew gum anymore?
 Helen Dicks—Wouldn't talk to boys anymore?
 Ross Gilmore—Acted "improper"?
 Noreen Holman—Carol Lane—Weren't last all the time?
 Joana Lamont—Came to school five days in succession?
 Marilyn Mount—Failed?
 Marilyn Mousley—Wouldn't say "Holy Smokes" every day?
 Ross Robertson—Stopped playing "Dragnet"?
 Barry Thompson—Didn't do his homework?
 Frank Wilson—Couldn't play football?
 Jim Kimber—Didn't talk in B.P.?

Our Student Council "Rep" is Mayanne Clark and last, but not least, comes our form teacher, Mr. Ferguson.

T9A

T9A started off the school year by topping all other forms in Red Feather Ticket Sales. Hugh Richards was the leading salesman and was presented with a Red Feather at one of the morning assemblies.

Our form football team so capably coached by Fred Groombridge (star halfback of the Juniors) unfortunately did not live up to Mr. Bell's expectations and was eliminated from competition.

The Christmas Party was a tremendous success with a menu of cokes, hot dogs and doughnuts. The highlight of the party was a presentation of "Black Magic" by Mr. McMillan and Mr. Bell.

Lorne Blanton.

T9B

Scott Alexander—Man-a man, what a gag!
 Ken Bushey—Our boy with a physic.
 Gary Colyer—"Sleepy time boy."
 Ted Charman—Never here.
 John Copeland—Blondie.
 Douglas Davidson—Short stuff.
 Bob Day—No time for school.
 Larry Glassford—"Censored".
 Tom Gray—Dig that crazy kid.
 John Hook—"Real gone".
 Fred Johnston—Our mathematician.

David Joyce—The girls' dreamboat.
 Ross Kilpatrick—Mr. Bell's favourite headache.
 William Look—Just got to go.
 Donald Lowrie—Football hero.
 Robert Mungall—"The big flirt".
 Robert Pentney—Sleepy.
 John Pesce—"Spive".
 Vernon Pitman—You beautiful doll.
 Jack Renton—Slim.
 Larry Rose—Everywhere but where he is.
 David Rowntree—Lonely Dave.
 Alfred Smith—Happy go lucky.
 William Smith—"Hi fellows".
 Douglas Spragge—Crazy boy, crazy.
 Ernie Styles—Never on time.
 Paul Vidotto—"Poly" my boy.
 Ted Walker—"Howdy, Clam!"
 Jim Wakelin—Well, what do you know.
 Ronald Whitehouse—Our scientist.
 John Wiederhold—Check that hair cut.
 Brian Williams—Shortey.
 Earl Williams—Lame leg.
 Duncan Wilson—Export, eh!
 William Wilson—Silent Bill.
 Albert Cayer—Crazy mixed-up kid.
 Glen Gately — Our newcomer from Bathurst Heights.
 Bob Thomas—He's handsome.
 Allan Down—Up in the world.
 Doug Evans—The prize student.

(Continued from page 24)

Slater and Mr. A. Heakes in the presentation of secondary school diplomas. James Kennedy was awarded the William Tyrrell Scholarship. Ann Peterson was awarded the Wilfred E. Pearen Memorial Prize for Upper School Latin and English.

Margaret Mussmacher and John Whalen were awarded the Memorial Prize for outstanding leadership, co-operation and personality. Donald Redford was awarded the History of Weston prize. Robert MacPhie was awarded Scythes' Scholarship. James Kennedy was awarded the Canada Packer's Scholarship. Robert Fenn was awarded the Jacob Bull Scholarship. Norma Torrence was awarded the Etta Jane Scythes Scholarship. Arlene Birch and Marilyn Graff were awarded the Margaret Aiken Prize.

Dr. C. Mills of the Board of Education introduced the speaker, who was Dr. H. Bennett, B.A., Ph.D., Victoria College dean. In his address Dr. Bennett outlined the four qualities that he considered most important to a person's character. He named the qualities as resolution, idealism, energy and humanity.

After the graduation exercises, refreshments were served to the guests, teachers, parents and graduates in the cafeteria.

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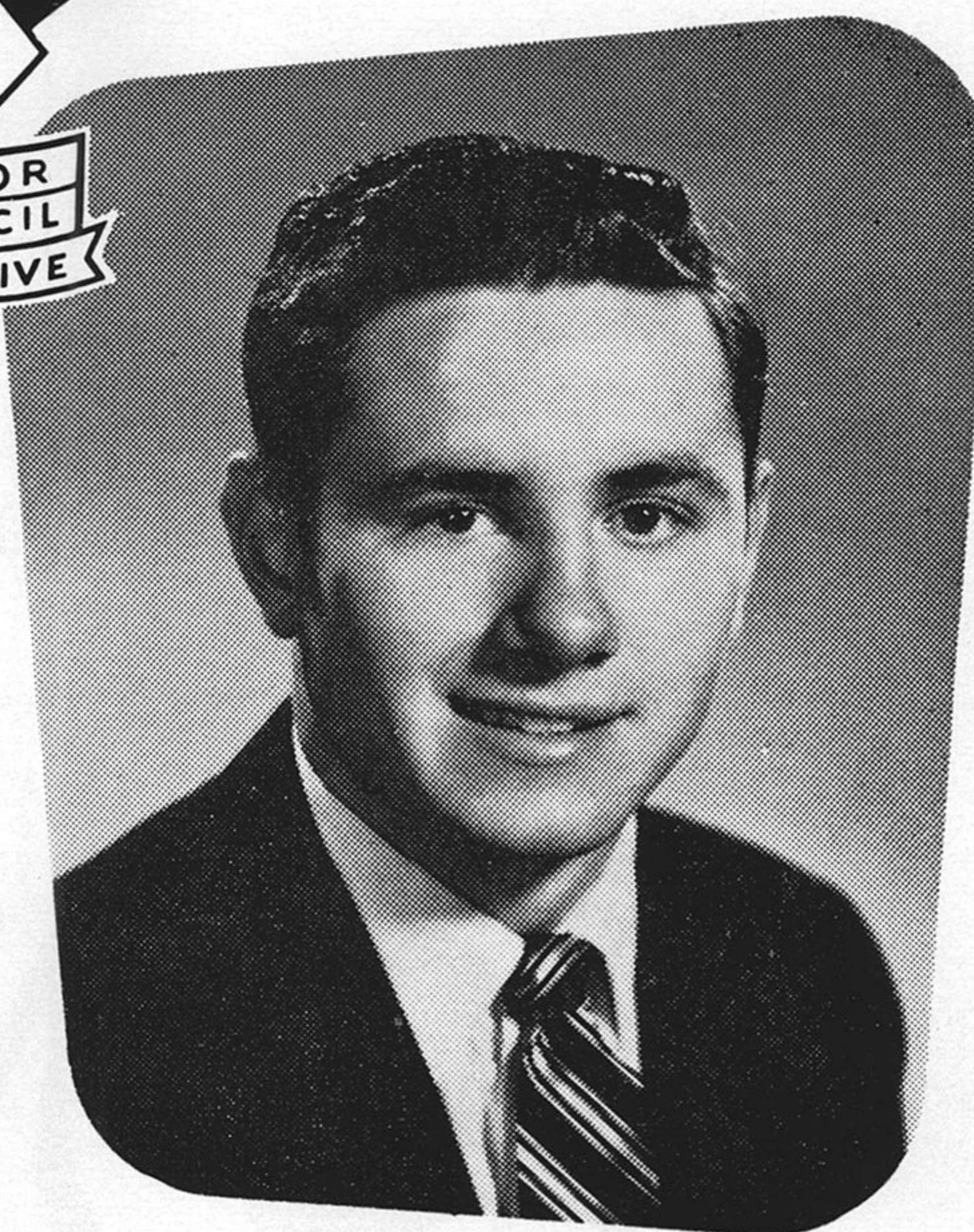
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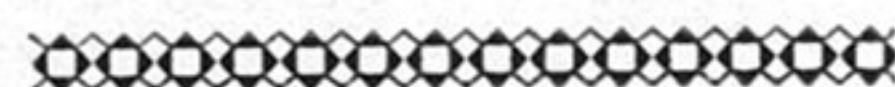
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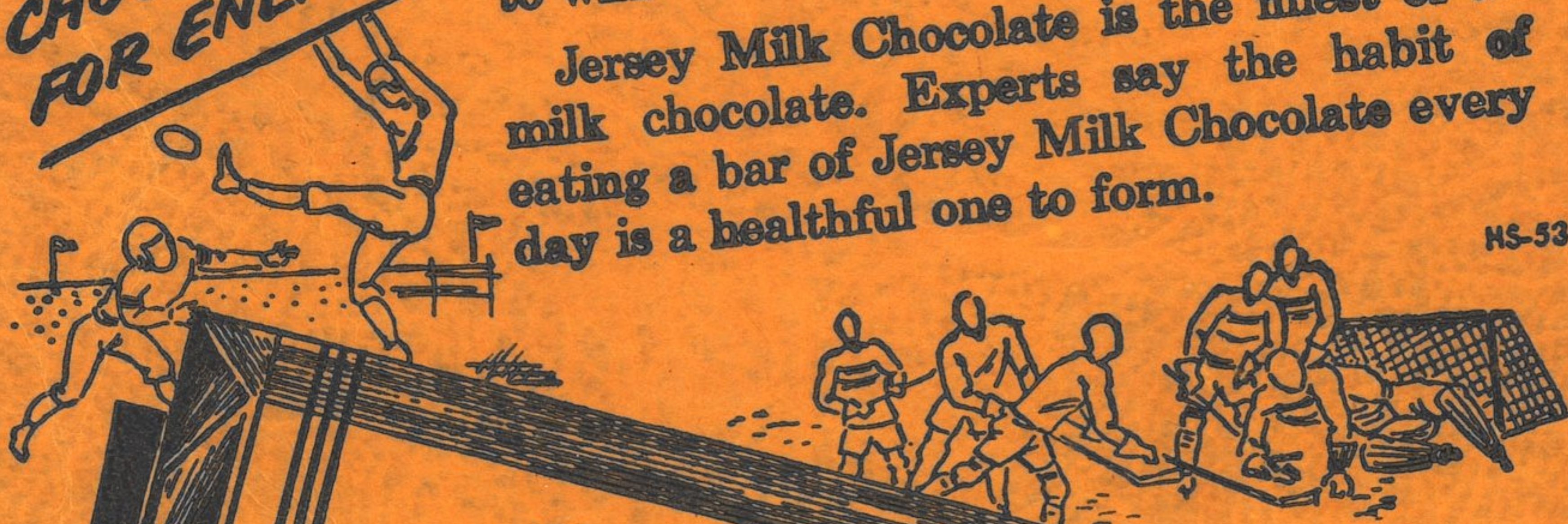
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